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THE

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Shilling Magazine

AND FAMILY TREASURY

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES MACKESON,

EDITOR OF "THE GUIDE TO THE CHURCHES OF LONDON," ETC.



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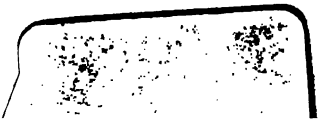
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then throwing himself full length upon a sofa placed between two of the windows, and near the first speaker, he continued,—

"Margie, I cannot find any one to talk to, so must disturb you in your writing. I know it is not important, being neither for the press nor yet for private distribution among a few 'select friends,' as the old ladies in the old-fashioned novel used to say when they had some honest folk to tea: knowing all this, I don't hesitate to interrupt you, as I have some news which I really must impart to some one; and my lady Mother being in the hands of Miss Curling Tongs, and my dearly beloved sister gone to the Continent to improve her mind at a fashionable foreign seminary, I am thrown upon your mercy prithee, fair queen, extend your bounty and hear me, and your petitioner will ever pray, &c., &c."

"Oh, Hugh, how you do rattle! I wish you could have a slave to listen to all your rigmaroles."

As the girl raised herself momentarily from her bending posture over the desk, I shall take this opportunity of describing her appearance.

The figure was in beautiful proportion; the face strikingly handsome—a face once seen, never to be forgotten. As far as regularity of outline was concerned there was not a flaw; nevertheless there was a something in the face which detracted from the otherwise perfect beauty. And what it was, it was hard to determine: some who saw her, said it was the want of softness in expression; others, that she was too supercilious-looking others, that the expression of her eyes denoted a restless dissatisfaction of mind: in fact, opinions were divided.

The features inclined to the Roman type; and the brown black hair was drawn back from a forehead which it would have delighted phrenologists to study. As she spoke there was a peculiar nervous play about the lines of her mouth, half sarcastic half petulant.

Hugh laughed good-humouredly as he said,—

"Now, Margie, I prefer you as my listener; I don't wish for a slave; I desire a willing auditor in the person of Margaret Adelaide Damer, who would, I feel convinced, be a Doctor of Laws by this time, could ladies take degrees."

"To return to your first proposition, Hugh, which was to tell me some news,—pray go on: such a commodity is at a premium just now, as all the world has deserted this dreary London except ourselves. I bless my stars for the fact that the painters

have finished at Norraston, and that we are going there on Thursday."

"Well, Margie, guess who will be there as soon as we shall?"

"How can I? You know I don't know your acquaintances at Norraston."

"My paragon doctor! that jolly brick who cured me at Barton Regis, when he happened to be on a visit with Dr. Froude."

"Who is he, pray?" Margie again stooped over the writing paraphernalia.

"Margie! how stupid of you not to remember! Why, I have mentioned his name a hundred times in your hearing, and Johnnie and Archie could spin you a yarn about Dr. Fane from the threads of the various anecdotes I have related about him."

"Dr. Fane?"

"Yes. Don't you recollect our telling you of my illness last year, this time twelvemonth; and when mamma and Nellie had to come to Barton Regis, as papa was away at Dieppe, and nurse me, and Dr. Froude, the old physician, brought his friend Fane to attend me, as he had just returned from Sydney? By Jove! he turned up at the very time he was wanted, and cured me completely."

"Sydney?" said Margie, in an abstracted tone; but as her cousin was not an acute observer, the abstraction passed unnoticed.

"Yes; he was a ship doctor."

"Well, I don't care to hear what he *was*,—what about him *now*?"

"He went off to Sydney again with another ship, after I recovered."

"Having remained at Barton until that desideratum was attained! how very considerate!" said Margie, sarcastically.

"No, not quite; he would have waited, I am sure, had I not been well, when the letter came offering him the appointment, for he is the very kindest and most tender man I ever met; but, as it happened, I recovered some days before he was to leave; in any event, went my lord to Sydney, and he returned last July; met Dr. Stewart, the Market Norraston doctor, at Dr. Froude's, and negotiated for the practice. Old Stewart kept all his friends in the dark as to his intention of retiring, until his arrangements were completed; and now I am happy to say they are made in favour of Dr. Fane, who is henceforth phy-

sician of Market Norraston. Jupiter Ammon! I am glad of it: as to Nellie! she half lost her heart to him at Barton Regis, where she was by way of nursing me. But *I* know she was in reality falling in love with my handsome Irish surgeon."

"Irish! he's not Irish. I mean I do not think 'Fane' is an Irish name," and Margie flushed crimson with embarrassment, which was so very palpable that Hugh remarked,—

"Not Irish! why, how do you know anything of him?"

"I said I did not think his name like those of Irish people: is not that sufficient excuse for my remark? I did not think it so necessary to watch my words, and I hate to be tripped up."

"Irish, or English, or Scotch, or perhaps a mixture of all three, he is coming to reside at Market Norraston. My father met him yesterday; he wrote my mother word (you know he did not see him that time I was ill), and he says he has taken quite a fancy to him; he is so thoroughly gentlemanly. As to myself, I anticipate improving his acquaintance with no small pleasure."

"I did not know that physicians were so highly thought of in England—at least, in a social point of view," remarked Miss Damer, in a tone which grated upon her cousin. He showed it, too, for he rose from the sofa with an impatient shrug of his shoulders, and rejoined,—

"You may change into my way of thinking when you know Dr. Godfrey Fane."

And with these words he left the room, banging the door behind him.

Miss Damer remained motionless for a second or so; then, flinging herself beside the sofa Hugh had vacated, covered her face with her hands, and shook convulsively. This continued for a short time; then with a mighty effort she dashed away the large tears which, in their blistering heat, seemed to scorch the hand which swept them from her cheek, and passionately cried, with a heart-agony compressed within the cry,—

"Oh, Godfrey Fane, would that I could die!"

* * * * * * *

A few words of explanation as to the *dramatis personæ* of my story may be required.

First, then, the "Hugh" spoken of in the preceding pages was the eldest son of a certain Sir Henry Temple, Baronet, of Norraston House, Devonshire. As the reader is already aware, he had been attacked by a serious illness about ten months before my story opens; he was on his way to visit some

friends in the north of England, when it overtook him, and he then met in a professional way the Dr. Fane of whom he spoke to his cousin. Lady Temple, and her only daughter, twin sister to Hugh, were sent for by Dr. Froude, the physician of Barton Regis, where Hugh lay ill, to come and nurse him; and they likewise met, and as far as Miss Temple was concerned, certainly liked the young doctor.

Hugh recovered under his care; and the same day which saw Dr. Fane sail again for Sydney witnessed the return of the Temple trio to London, where Sir Henry met them, having finished the business which had called him to the Continent. Winter passed over; and then Helen Temple was sent to a school in Germany for the purpose of finishing her education, and a few weeks after that event Sir Henry's brother-in-law, Mr. Damer, died suddenly, leaving his three motherless daughters in their uncle Temple's care, until such time as their only brother, a physician in India, returned to Europe and made other arrangements for them, or such time as Miss Damer, the Margie we have become acquainted with, chose to marry, in which case her little sisters were to reside with her and her husband after their return from school.

Miss Damer was not a legal ward of her uncle, having completed her twenty-second anniversary before her father died; and she was in possession of a fortune to the amount of £5,000 sterling. She had been with the Temples some three months when my story opens, and had been looking forward to leaving London for Norraston, as she disliked the noise and dust of the modern Babel; when, however, Hugh made known to her that Dr. Fane was to henceforth reside in Market Norraston, for reasons which, as yet, cannot be disclosed, she would have gladly gone, she neither knew nor cared where, provided only that the locality were removed as far as possible from the place where the doctor resided.

But she knew that she could not avoid meeting him, having no plausible excuse for refusing to accompany her uncle's family to Norraston, as she could not explain why she dreaded the proximity to Dr. Fane. Thus matters stood on the day when Hugh had told her the news which had so appalled her. Sir Henry and Lady Temple had two other children besides Hugh and his sister, both boys, one aged seven, the other five years.

And now I resume.

It was evening at Norraston House; Lady Temple and h niece were sitting in the library, waiting for Sir Henry an Hugh to return, after a long day's partridge shooting, ere dinn was announced. The two little boys, Johnnie and Archie, we busily engaged at a game of draughts; Lady Temple was makin allumettes, and Miss Damer was listlessly gazing at the evenin shadows as they danced in wild vagary over the park, ere nigh closed in and condemned them to depart.

(A week had passed since the conversation recorded betwee the cousins.)

Presently the door opened, and Sir Henry entered.

"Ellinor," he said, addressing his wife, "we shall have guest at dinner; I met our new doctor, and asked him to excu ceremony and come to dine with us: he must be lonely, pc young man, as he knows no one here as yet."

Lady Temple merely assented with a sound which was u commonly like "humph;" be it known, *she* did not like I Fane; at the time of her son's illness she was, of course, throv very much in his society, and she was disposed to resent h meeting her as his equal in position, on the common ground equality of birth. He felt that he was a gentleman, and feeli this, he did not choose to permit a series of "snubs" whi Lady Temple, in virtue of her being a baronet's wife, had la in readiness for due bestowal upon her son's *physician*. Bei quickly convinced of this fact, Lady Temple changed her tacti and tried to *patronize* him, and this endeavour likewise w frustrated beneath the quiet dignity which refused "co descension." He was one of those whom it is equally impossil to "snub" or to "patronize;" and Lady Temple possess that vulgar nature which delights in one or other extreme.

She almost hated Dr. Fane, because he would not consid himself her inferior; nay, further, because she was obliged confess to herself that he was immeasurably superior to he and, having no tiny bump of self-esteem, this was an unpal table reflection.

These facts borne in mind, it will not be a matter of wond that she felt annoyed at the prospect of having her *bête noir* her guest at dinner; but she knew that if once Sir Henry took into his head to desire a thing, there was no appeal again his fiat.

As to Margie Damer, her uncle's words struck with a chi upon her ears; as the life-blood gave one wild bound, and





"Margie came close to him, and laying her hand upon his arm, said, 'Dr Fane, for the sake of His great pity which teaches us to pity our fellow-creatures, meet me as a stranger in my uncle's home to-night. Dr. Fane, promise! oh, promise!'"—*See page* 7.

seemed as if it had left her body, she grew almost cold, and next the thought shaped itself, "*He coming to dine here this evening!*"

Sir Henry continued,—

"I have given Dr. Fane the key of the postern gate leading from the park into the pleasure-grounds, so I expect he will be here very soon now. I told him we dine to-day at eight."

"You had better desire Sanders to lay a place for him, Henry."

"I shall, as I pass the dining-room door on my way to dress for dinner."

"Uncle," here broke in Miss Damer—"uncle, you need not trouble yourself. I will tell him."

"All right." And Sir Henry and Miss Damer left the room together.

A few seconds later a figure might have been seen hurrying down the walk leading to the postern gate; the wan, scared face, but half concealed by a cloak thrown over it, and barely covering the thin white evening dress, which seemed an inappropriate garb for out-of-doors on a chilly September evening.

Margie, for it was she, reached the gate, and finding it still locked, she leaned against a large chestnut tree close by, and waited—waited for what?

Soon were footsteps heard approaching—crackling, so to speak, against the rustling leaves and hard, gravelled walk; and Margie Damer's heart beat wildly as the lock turned, and a man came through the gate, and stood within the pleasure-ground; he did not see her until she stirred slightly, and then the white dress was clearly visible, lying in relief against the dark shadow of the tree.

Dr. Fane turned and looked inquiringly as to who or what the figure could be, but ere he had time even to conjecture, Margie stood beside him, and then he exclaimed, "Miss Damer! *impossible!*"

Margie came close to him, and laying her hand upon his arm, said, "Dr. Fane, for the sake of His great pity which teaches us to pity our fellow-creatures, meet me as a stranger in my uncle's home to-night. Dr. Fane, promise! oh, promise!"

His face was not clearly seen, owing to the fading light, and to the fact that where they were standing was shut in by trees; but Margie felt his arm tremble slightly as she thus entreated him.

"Miss Damer," he said, and his voice was very grave, "I have

no wish to revert to the miserable, to the wretched *past;* as far as I possibly can, I try to forget our previous acquaintance; I promise you."

"Thank you, Dr. Fane."

Margie waited for no more, but quitting his side, hastened on before him, and reached the house ere Dr. Fane had sufficiently recovered his self-possession to follow her.

For a moment he leaned against the tree she had been standing by, and in tones of deep sorrow he said aloud, "This was a past time! must it always haunt me? am I never to be free?

CHAPTER II.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

DR. FANE was faithful to his promise. Margie Damer regained the library several minutes before his knock at the hall door was heard; and when, upon his being shown in, Lady Temple and her son shook hands with him, after which Sir Henry introduced him to his niece, the very slight inclination of the head made on the part of each, accompanied on the doctor's side with the most frigid politeness, led to no suspicion of there having been on any former occasion more friendly relations between them.

Strange as it may appear, Dr. Fane had not been able to recover outward composure as quickly as Margie; her smile and somewhat haughty bow were unaccompanied by any apparent agitation, and her eyes were quick to detect the slight tremor of the upper lip, which she knew of old was a sure sign with Dr. Fane of want of self-possession.

Shortly afterwards dinner was announced, and Lady Temple requested the doctor to give his arm to Miss Damer, adding, that when she had no lady guests, she preferred being led to the dining-room by her husband.

The dinner-time passed off better than either Dr. Fane or Margie had anticipated; conversation was very general, and fortunately there were no awkward lulls or pauses; the doctor never immediately addressed Miss Damer, and inwardly she congratulated herself upon the fact, as she dreaded lest a chance word, inadvertently let slip, might lead to an exposure of their being already old acquaintances.

Dr. Fane talked well, though not brilliantly; what he said was to the point, and he used no more words than were absolutely necessary to convey his ideas.

After the gentlemen regained the library, Lady Temple, who had taken her accustomed place at the tea-table, requested Margie to play or sing; Hugh opened the piano, and asked,—

"What will you sing, Margie?"

"I shan't sing, I shall play."

The library opened by folding-doors into the drawing-room, which when open, threw both rooms into one; the piano was so placed that those seated in the further end of the library could see what was going on round it in the drawing-room, as it was directly in front of the folding-doors.

Margie glanced at Dr. Fane upon seating herself at the piano. He was standing at one corner of the mantelpiece, apparently intent upon admiring its ornaments; he did not seem to pay any attention to Margie's movements, yet a keen observer might have remarked that when the opening chords in Mendelssohn's Notturno in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" rang through the room, a shudder passed over his frame, and he immediately roused himself to talk to Sir Henry who was near him.

Soon Margie's music degenerated into a less classical and more popular style; Dr. Fane quickly noted the change, for he gave a half-inquiring glance towards the region of the piano; Hugh, who had been standing behind his cousin's chair from the time she had commenced playing, remarked, when she began a fantasia upon gems from "Trovatore,"—

"I'm glad you have abandoned old Felix; I cannot understand what he had in his mind's eye when he wrote his wordless songs, or whatever you call them."

"Suppose, Hugh, you were to go and ask Dr. Fane what music he prefers."

Hugh smiled slightly as he left Margie's side, and came over to the group at the library fire, saying,—

"Doctor, my musical cousin will be piqued by your indifference to her performance! pray go and discuss the comparative merits of Mendelssohn and Verdi."

"There can hardly be a question as to whom the preference is due, at least as far as real musical genius is concerned," said the doctor.

"To whom do you accord it?" asked Sir Henry.

(Lady Temple sat working in moody silence.)

"Unquestionably to Mendelssohn; his was a master spiri grand and glorious in his conceptions, he wrote for ag Verdi's is the pretty warbling music which fascinates the ligh moods of man; and it will die before Mendelssohn has be half understood or appreciated. Operatic and classical mu have been styled the sensualistic and the idealistic; such mu as "Trovatore" appealing solely to the *senses*, whereas such co positions as Mendelssohn's Lieder ohne Wörte appeal to t higher feelings of the mind."

"'Pon honour, doctor, you wax eloquent! I had no idea y were such a musical connoisseur."

The doctor did not reply; he, on the contrary, seemed anxio to dismiss the subject, and sorry to have been betrayed in speaking upon it.

"We have forgotten Margie, Doctor Fane; will you go an talk to her? I have a letter which I must write for to-nigh mail, so pray excuse me for a time."

And Hugh left the room.

Dr. Fane looked at his host and hostess, and in less time tha it takes me to write it he came to the conclusion that he migl count upon some minutes' undisturbed conversation with Mi Damer, for Sir Henry was deep in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, ar Lady Temple, to all intents and purposes, unmindful of h existence.

As he drew near the piano, Margie, without looking u said,—

"I must explain to you why I am here, Dr. Fane; you doub less find the atmosphere an already poisoned one for you sin my obnoxious presence pervades it: am I not right? Ah!" she lifted her eyes and fixed them upon his face, "you ma spare yourself the trouble of a word response; your looks kindness are sufficient."

Dr. Fane drew himself to his full height as he answered,—

"You need not satirize my looks, Miss Damer; God knov that if I could, I should not only look, but *feel* kindly towar you; perhaps, after all, you are more to be pitied than I."

She fancied, but wrongly, that he alluded to a circumstance their past lives which demanded pity, and for the moment s imagined it she felt stung, and answered petulantly,—

"I do not want pity, least of all from you; I merely want be let alone; and now you have again crossed my path, a

brought back all the past to my remembrance in its vividness of horror." Here she paused for a second and looked at him; his eyes were bent to the ground, and a deeply pained expression rested upon his brow. She noted each feature of his face, and as she gazed upon the melancholy tenderness which pervaded the whole, she remembered that this man of all others was the last who would act ungenerously towards a girl; and with this remembrance came the conviction that she had wronged him in supposing he alluded to what she had fancied he had. No, she knew of old that he was too generous to cast *that* in her teeth, so she added, in a different tone from that at first assumed, "I have wandered from the point I started from. I am at present under my uncle's care, and therefore am here."

"Your parents?"

"Dead;" and the girl's voice faltered. "Mamma died a year after I last saw you, and papa a few months ago."

"Where are Charles and the little girls?"

"Charlie still in India, Minnie and Clara at school in Nottingham."

Both were silent for a few seconds; then Margie asked, abruptly,—

"Oh, Dr. Fane, *why* did *you* come here?"

"Shall I answer you frankly, Miss Damer?"

"Yes, frankly;" then with a tinge of the former defiant tone she added, "I know your powers of truthfulness, even when they were disagreeable to myself: supposing them to be unpleasant in the present case, I still say, answer frankly, though in so doing you should wound me; I shall be almost glad if you do: you owe me some punishment, pray inflict it to the utmost of your power."

"I do not desire to punish you; I so deeply need forgiveness myself that it ill becomes me to be unforgiving towards my fellow-creatures; nor do I wish to wound you. You asked me a question which I might answer evasively, but——"

"I begged of you to answer it frankly."

"I came here because I fancied that in a remote country neighbourhood in England I should be tolerably certain of not meeting any one acquainted with my previous history."

"And but for papa's death *I* should not be here to intrude upon your privacy."

The words would have sounded heartless to any ears but those of him to whom they were addressed. *He* knew the

undercurrent of deep sorrow which, for more reasons than one, flowed beneath the apparent carelessness of their utterance.

He said after a pause,—

"May I ask you a question in my turn?"

"By all means."

"Do you purpose to utterly ignore the fact of our previous acquaintance to your relatives here?"

The girl's brow grew crimson beneath the quiet scrutiny of his deep violet-gray eyes; but there was nothing to fear in them *then*, they were not looking at her as they had looked the last time he and she were alone together: *that* day they lost all their wonted softness (that grave tenderness of expression which many a woman would have envied), and flashed into fire which almost scorched her by its glare, as she stood literally quailing before him. Now, however, there was none of that anger resting within them; and Margie knew that this man, though she had done him an injury which would, as he himself had told her *that* day, blight his whole after life, as far as earth's happiness was concerned,—this man would, if she showed herself worthy of it, extend even to her, the spirit of forgiveness.

Perhaps, as I have partly described my hero's eyes, it would be as well to sketch the rest of his portrait. He stood, as people say, five feet ten inches in his stockings; the strong muscular frame well knit and developed into perfect proportion. Strictly speaking, his face was not a handsome one, the features not being on the whole regularly formed, but the eyes (of which I have already spoken) and mouth contained in themselves a world of beauty.

As to his mouth (and I believe that the mouth is as fair an index of character as the eyes), it was finely cut, with aristocratic curves in the varying lines about the chin, which betokened determination, but not a particle of sternness. His lips closed over teeth which were white and regular, and when they parted it was with a frankness which did not belie the generous soul which beamed forth in the smile, a smile that was of very rare occurrence. The general expression of his face was sad in the extreme, and as yet we have not seen it lighted up with gladness. His hair was brown, auburn brown, and he wore whiskers, but no beard or moustache. The forehead was broad and thoughtful, with very full brows, and "glorious bumps," as one of his admirers said of them; the clustering hair parted above it, showed the deep furrowed lines of care, which,

united to the gravity of the rest of the face, added several years to his age. Most of his casual acquaintances supposed him to be about five-and-thirty; in reality he was twenty-eight.

But to return.

Margie looked for a second into Dr. Fane's face before she replied to his question; then said,—

"I don't know, Dr. Fane; I was so utterly bewildered when uncle Henry said you were to dine here this evening, that—that I went and asked you to not recognise me when you came. Oh, Dr. Fane, I could not bear uncle Henry *to know*."

The hands which still lay idling over the keys of the piano trembled as Miss Damer spoke. The doctor replied,—

"Miss Damer, I am very sorry we were so precipitate this evening, you in asking me, and I in promising to meet you as a stranger: it will necessarily involve you in much awkwardness, for when your uncle comes to know that you met me in Dublin, he will naturally ask why did we not meet on the old premises of mutual acquaintance."

"But must he ever know that?"

"Certainly: even supposing that you and I kept the secret, remember that Charles and your sisters knew me also; and naturally they will mention me as an old friend——"

"That word makes a great difference, Dr. Fane: you are their *friend*—but to *me*——"

"I must beg you to remember, Miss Damer, that I never wished to be otherwise to *you* than a friend." Dr. Fane spoke, for him, very sternly.

"I know, I know," in a petulant tone; then she said, more quietly. "You think uncle ought to know?"

"Yes, and at once."

"Dr. Fane! what am I to say?"

"The attendant circumstances upon the disclosure of the fact of my having known you in Ireland will suggest what else to say."

"But—how can I account to him and to my aunt for not having resumed your acquaintance this evening as that of a former date?"

"You are the best judge of that; you wished to meet me as a stranger,—you best know why."

"I did not know what I was doing or saying; I so dreaded your coming into the room unprepared for my being in it, and that you might say something which would lead to a revelation

of those awful circumstances which occurred in Dublin; so, on the impulse of the moment, I went to meet you, thinking it better to ask you to ignore the past: perhaps it is better to leave matters as they are, and let events shape their course as they will.'

"I may consider it wiser to adopt the opposite line of conduct."

"*You* surely won't tell uncle?"

"Unless you do, I shall. I do not think it right to leave him under a false impression; I——"

Here Margie looked up hastily, and gave the doctor a warning glance; he had barely time to accept it as such, when Hugh came over, and accosted his cousin with—

"Margie, my mother has been calling to you for some seconds to go and help her to unravel her wools which have got into a Penelope's web—will you excuse her for a while, doctor?"

Hugh and Dr. Fane then commenced an animated discussion upon the current politics of the day, which lasted until it was time for the latter to take his departure.

After the doctor bade good night to the host and hostess (Hugh having preceded him into the hall), Margie went to a little distance from her uncle and aunt, so that neither could overhear her words; and when Dr. Fane approached her, she said in a low tone,—

"I only beg of you to leave the telling uncle and aunt to my time and discretion."

"You *will* tell then?" looking fixedly at her.

"Yes."

He bowed coldly, and left the room.

CHAPTER III.

FALSE.

LADY TEMPLE was sitting over her bedroom fire, when a knock was heard at the door, and after the "Come in," it was opened by Margie.

"Aunt Ellinor, can I say a word to you? are you busy?"

"No, but very sleepy."

Miss Damer laid her lamp upon the table next the fire, and seated herself with her back to the light, but opposite her aunt.

"Aunt, I came to tell you that Dr. Fane and I knew each other in Dublin."

Lady Temple stared in utter amazement.

"Margie! You knew Dr. Fane! and you never told your uncle nor me, though you have heard his name over and over again (for the dear knows we hear enough of him from Hugh!); and this evening you pretended he was a stranger to you! why was this?"

Margie's face was suffused with the conscious tell-tale blood which rushed to its surface, as she nerved herself to carrying on the system of deceit in which she had heedlessly involved herself.

"As to my having never told you and uncle that I knew him, though, as you say, I have heard the name 'Dr. Fane' several times since he came here, that is easily explained; you must allow that the surname is a sufficiently common one, and I could not well claim acquaintance with a gentleman merely on the ground of his name being similar to that of a medical friend of my brother, whom I had known slightly in Dublin five years ago."

"But why did you not meet him as an old acquaintance?" persisted Lady Temple.

Should she yield to the base temptation which had suggested itself to her mind? Should she endeavour to shield herself by casting blame upon *him?* "Oh no, I can't," shrank the girl's own better nature; "I can't and won't!" "If not, all will be known, and then——" So urged the tempter, and without further parley she succumbed.

"Margie, hasten and tell me; what are you staring at the fire for?"

"He was—he was involved in, or connected with, something very unpleasant—I mean, he was in some trouble or other, and as I was one of the very few who knew it, I hardly knew how to meet him this evening, the first time I had seen him since he left Dublin, when it occurred. So I——"

(How was she to confess having gone to waylay him?)

"Well?" was her aunt's impatient remark at the moment's breathing-time Margie's pause gave her, wherein to summon a further tissue of falsehood to her aid in her emergency.

"I determined upon meeting him as he met me; you saw his frigid bow, and evident dislike to recognition, so I responded similarly."

Oh, Margie Damer!

"But," said her aunt, "I am only half satisfied! I cannot

understand his cool self-possession of manner, and evident self-respect, in connection with disreputable antecedents."

"Aunt!" and there was real pain in Margie's tone. "Aunt Ellinor, I never meant to convey the idea of disreputable antecedents: you are running away with a false impression."

"Why should he seem to seek your forbearance by mutely asking you not to betray him? I confess he does not look like a man who is under a cloud."

"I can set your mind at rest as to the nature of the trouble he was in; it was nothing disgraceful or discreditable so far as —as—he was concerned; but it was of a very painful description, and he evidently seeks to have it forgotten."

"Why, may I ask, do you now tell me this?"

"Partly because I knew you would hear it sooner or later, and partly because Dr. Fane and I agreed that uncle ought to know that we knew each other before; but, aunt, I must ask you not to question me farther; I cannot say more."

"I really am most uneasy, Margie, and very nervous; I took an intuitive dislike to this Dr. Fane that time he attended Hugh at Barton Regis, and it was but partially conquered because of his skill in the case; now it is being revived. He is the most cavalier creature; though he saw her every day for three weeks when she was at Barton, he never had the grace to inquire for your cousin Helen."

Margie could not forbear smiling at her aunt's vehement protestations against Dr. Fane, and her accusation of his want of courtesy towards Helen's memory; she shrewdly guessed that had the doctor inquired for Miss Temple, all her mother's pride would have rushed to arms against his "*unparalleled impertinence.*" Lady Temple continued, "Margie, it has just struck me that perhaps he accidentally poisoned some one! did he?"

"Good mercy! no!"

"I am sure I need scarcely express a hope that he never presumed to pay *you* any marked attention?"

It was well for Miss Damer that she had turned away her head from her aunt, and that her back was against the light, else Lady Temple could not have failed to observe the vivid blush which suffused her face and neck, and which was speedily followed by an unearthly paleness as she replied,—

"I never even heard it hinted nor suggested that he liked me. Aunt, you must promise me not to prejudice my uncle against

Dr. Fane; he really does not deserve you should; Charlie was very fond of him—and—he has been so clever about Hugh."

Margie well knew her aunt's weak point; Dr. Fane's meriting or non-meriting her dislike was nothing to the purpose, nor did she care for her nephew's opinion concerning him, but his clever treatment of Hugh was quite another matter.

"Ah, true; Hugh is delicate, and it may be convenient to have a physician at hand, who understands his constitution, and be on good terms with him. But I am fully determined he shall not visit here except professionally. Save for Hugh's sake, I heartily wish he had never come here."

"God only knows how fervently I echo that wish," was Margie's mental observation upon regaining her own room; then kneeling at the side of her bed, she buried her head in her hands and wept long and unrestrainedly.

Daylight had already numbered more than one hour before she rose from her knees; and then, hastily undressing, she sought for rest in sleep, but it was denied her; and the one weird thought haunted her soul, "Am I mad? Oh, God, am I mad?" For she knew that she had dealt unfaithfully with one who——But I must not anticipate.

* * * * * * *

With wondrously diverse feelings from those which actuated Margie Damer did Dr. Fane return to his home that night; at this time and place I cannot detail them at any length; suffice for my present purpose to subjoin what were his closing reflections ere sleep enabled him to attain to a short forgetfulness of the preceding hours.

"My course is plain; I must studiously avoid Miss Damer (oh, how her very name distresses me!); and yet, as I said to her, she is perhaps more to be pitied than I, for was she not the direct cause of——But no, I will not think of *that*. I do not fancy it will be difficult to avoid her, for she too can scarcely wish to come in contact with me; for my presence must call up the remembrance of that awful time. I shall insist upon Sir Henry hearing that I knew the Damers in Dublin. And what can I say to him when he questions me, as he naturally will, as to the cause of his niece's having met me as a stranger this evening? Ought I to tell him? could I tell him? And of his *own niece* too? I believe in my heart I should spare her the degradation if I could. God direct me to do what is right, not alone concerning myself, but concerning her! I wish I had

adhered to my resolution of henceforth leading a lonely life, and never mixing with people in their domestic circle; but I was so very desolate and lone; and I cannot help feeling drawn to that bright young lad, Hugh Temple, so that I could not resist the temptation to mingle again in the home joys of my fellow-creatures. I felt that my asceticism was injuring me, rendering me narrow-minded and morose, and I yearned after the refining and soothing influences of a 'home circle;' and the first I dared aspire to since I again determined upon living in England has been thus, as *she* expressed it, *poisoned* to me by her presence. God help me, and keep me from repining at my hard lot!"

* * * * * * *

Some days later, when Dr. Fane called at Norraston House, he was infinitely pleased upon being told that all the family were out; for he thereby congratulated himself that he was free so far from meeting Miss Damer. Great, therefore, was his annoyance when, upon turning round a sharp angle in the road leading to Market Norraston, he came face to face with her. He raised his hat, and was hurrying past, when she stopped, and accosted him with—

"I am glad to see you, Dr. Fane. I want to speak to you."

"I must ask you to be as brief as possible, for I have an engagement to which I am hastening."

"Do not fear my detaining you longer than is needful," said Margie, half satirically, half defiantly; "I know full well how mutually distasteful is our society. I merely wish to inform you that I thought it would be better for me than for you to be my aunt's informant that we knew each other in Dublin."

"I am glad you told her; may I ask how you accounted for not accosting me as an acquaintance the other evening?"

She knew full well he would ask that question; and knowing also that she dared not tell him of the subterfuges she had been guilty of, she paused, and paused so long that he looked keenly at her, and she felt that however she answered this question, answered it must be; and more than ever she rued the false step she had taken in having misrepresented the secret which lay between them when she spoke of it to her aunt, "for now," she thought, "I must deceive *him*."

"I made some excuse or other; what it was is neither here nor there; I was greatly confused when she asked me for some particulars, but I conclude that whatever I said must have satisfied her, for she has made no further inquiry."

"Miss Damer, I have decided upon what I shall say if your uncle should ever catechize me."

Margie stopped short.

"You surely would not tell him?"

"Trust me, I shall not say more than I can possibly avoid, but so much as is right and just to him as your uncle, and to myself as an almost personal stranger to him, I must say; and I can add for your comfort that I shall seek the best guidance which man can have over the words which I may be called upon to utter."

"Would that I had sought it!" thought Margie; then in a very subdued voice she said aloud,—

"Dr. Fane, I have never had an opportunity of speaking to you privately since that night upon which I received your terrible letter; had I known where to write to you upon your leaving Dublin, I should have written to you, or had I been able to go, I believe I should have ventured into your presence to ask you on my bended knees to be merciful to me, should it ever be necessary to make known the dreadful past, and to hide it as long as it can be hidden. And now I implore this at your hands. Oh, Dr. Fane, grant it!"

"Miss Damer"—and she saw the nervous quivering of his sensitive lips as he spoke—"I shall try to be merciful to you, as surely as I myself hope for mercy; and in my turn *I* beg of you to leave me, to avoid me. I might not be able to keep my trust if I should be too sorely tempted by circumstances which I cannot foresee. You cannot fail to perceive the wisdom of this course. Miss Damer, let us meet as rarely as possible, and I shall endeavour to *forgive*. God help me to *forget!*"

They walked on in silence for a few moments. Dr. Fane could not avoid marvelling at the strange intricacies of the character of the girl at his side,—the haughty carelessness and defiant pretence of indifference at one time assumed; and then, again, what he hoped and believed was the better nature peeping out; while her closing words helped to kindle anew his hopes on her behalf, for she broke the silence by saying,—

"Perhaps at some future day I may be worthy of thanking you, Dr. Fane; *now* my thanks would be of little avail. Good day."

She half held out her hand, but drew it quickly back, as he made no responsive gesture; then returning Dr. Fane's parting bow, she left him and went home.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL CHARACTER.

BY DAVID KER.

OUR national characteristics have been often commented upon and compared with those of the volatile Frenchman, the stately Spaniard, the impulsive Italian, the stolid German, and the go-ahead Yankee; but no mention is made of one type which contains various points of resemblance to our own—we mean the Russian.

In the British character one feature stands pre-eminent—that of dogged endurance. The Duke of Wellington, when remarking, at the crisis of his greatest battle, "Hard pounding! but we shall pound *the longest!*" gave articulate voice to the most deeply ingrained feeling of the nation. Wherever we meet the Englishman in history, whether fighting his way against adverse elements on lonely voyages of discovery, or lying on cheerless battle-fields beneath a drenching rain, or defying the pangs of hunger in beleaguered strongholds, or meeting the hideous perils of African and Australian deserts with a kind of jovial contempt, as for some rough practical joke,—in every case we behold the same quality at its acme—an iron firmness, which never knows when it is beaten. But without detracting from the reputation of our countrymen, we may confidently assert that in this respect the ordinary Russian peasant is on a par with the best of them. To labour from morning to night without hope of recompense—to spend whole nights together in the bitterest winter, wrapped in a sheepskin, outside his master's door—to live on a scanty supply of black bread and cabbage soup, rudely prepared—to endure without a murmur, abuse, blows, and hardship of every kind,—such, till the emancipation of 1861, was the every-day life of the average moujik, who took it all with a quiet "laissez-faire" composure, apparently quite unconscious that his example might shame the most celebrated of those martyrs before whose rudely daubed portraits he daily prostrated himself. Nor is this, as some have asserted, merely the habitual torpor of the slave; for, by universal testimony, the free peasants are in this respect not a whit behind their serf

brethren. In the matter of food, especially, the lower-class Russian is a living anomaly. The fact of his being a glutton of the first order, in presence of sufficient food, does not prevent him from displaying an habitual abstinence which would startle a Blackfoot Indian; a peculiarity well depicted by the author of "Yury Miloslavski," a Russian novel, abounding in graphic sketches of peasant life in the interior, which I lately read with no small interest.

"Those of our readers" (says he) "who have not had an opportunity of living any length of time in the interior, and are not acquainted with the manner in which our peasants entertain each other, would hardly believe what a vast quantity of eatables and drinkables the stomach of a Russian can contain, when he knows that he is eating and drinking not at his own cost. Yet this very man will in time of need show not the least discontent at being obliged to put up with a scanty morsel of dry biscuit, washed down with bad well-water."

Farther on come still more extraordinary particulars:—

"A village priest on his rounds finds a feast at every cottage. Not to call at any one house would offend the master; to call, and not to eat, would offend the mistress: and thus the holy man is often compelled to eat twenty or thirty dinners in the same day one after another."

Another point of resemblance is the reverence of both nations for constituted authority. In France, in Spain, even in patient Germany, any one of the numerous arbitrary acts committed by the more absolute monarchs of England would have been the signal of revolt; but the Englishman is of another temper. In fact, John Bull is not averse to a standing grievance, which may aid him to vent the harmless grumbling so necessary to his existence, and, were one evil removed, would probably (after his first pause of bewilderment) set himself manfully to invent another. Had Adam in paradise been an Englishman, his condition, with nothing to grumble at and no "good old times" to look back upon, would have been pitiable in the extreme; and under a perfectly faultless *régime* his Anglo-Saxon descendants would probably be equally at a loss what to do with themselves. At all events, from whatever cause it proceeds, loyalty is a thoroughly British feeling; nor is it wanting in the Russian temperament. Under a tyranny to which only the reign of Tippoo Sahib or that of the late despot of Dahomey can furnish a parallel—under the iron heel of the man whom even *they* have

branded with the title of Ivan *Grozni* (the Terrible)—the long-suffering nation remained faithful to their allegiance, and when death relieved them of their oppressor, mourned for him with more real grief than has marked the passing away of many a far nobler spirit. Obedience, in fact, is innate in the Russian character, and displays itself at times in a way bordering on the incredible. It is related, on tolerable authority, that when General Loudon stormed Schweidnitz, toward the end of the Seven Years' War, a body of Russian grenadiers, while forcing the outer defences, found their way barred by a deep fosse, on the brink of which they halted. "You have been ordered to cross, and *therefore* it must be possible!" said their inflexible commander; and the devoted men rushed onward, till "enough of them were tumbled in to bridge the gap," over which their comrades crossed to victory. Horrible as the story appears, it is possible enough; and any one who is acquainted with the temper of the Russian soldiery will not lightly discredit it. As a farther instance of this latter, I may note that a friend of mine mentioned having found on the hill-side at Inkerman a British guardsman and a Russian grenadier lying breast to breast, each with his bayonet buried to the shank in the body of his opponent.

We may remark, also (though perhaps with less truth now than forty years since), that an unprogressive and "let well alone" spirit is a characteristic of both nations. Solid and deliberate in all his actions, the genuine Anglo-Saxon is in no great hurry to commit himself to any new theory, and prefers (to use his own phrase) "to see his way a bit first." Once convince him that any innovation is really for his good, and with national frankness he owns himself in the wrong by adopting it; but the work of conviction is usually difficult and tedious. And this spirit, fostered by the mistaken policy of her rulers, is tenfold more marked in Russia. Reforms are discouraged; improvements, even the most necessary, looked askance at; foreign tastes and ideas jealously excluded. Even the marvellous talent of imitation, which marks the Russian as with a distinctive stamp, renders it all the more difficult for him to work without a model; and hence, although sure and swift to follow, he is virtually incapable of leading.

The fundamental difference between the two races lies in the presence or absence of the aggressive temperament, a peculiarity still more forcibly developed under the influence of a vice too

common in both countries. The most pugnacious animal alive is a tipsy Englishman; all is fish that comes to his well-soaked net; and when no antagonist appears, he will even (like a man I once met) fall foul of his own shadow, and demand "what it means by follerin' him everywhere in that sneakin' way." The Russian moujik is the very antithesis of this. When successive "stakans" of vodka have done their work upon him, he is in love and charity with all men, embraces lovingly some bull-necked Hercules of a comrade, with a beard like a door-mat, calling him his "golûbtchik" (little dove); surveys with a grin of imbecile good humour everything that passes; and, in short, becomes the milder the more tipsy he grows. And, drunk or sober, the two men will be found to exhibit the same contrast. We have heard it said that "an Englishman is slow to go into a quarrel, and still slower to come out;" but this, like most such epigrams, has more smartness than accuracy. John Bull's blood is soon up; no one who has seen it can fail to be struck with the set, almost defiant look assumed by an Englishman on entering a foreign country, or even going into a circle of strangers,—a look as if (in common phrase) he were "laying himself out for a row." It is this combative element in the Anglo-Saxon blood which adds to the Briton's marvellous aptitude for defence, and not inconsiderable power of attack. But we look in vain for any similar spirit in the Russian. He fights when ordered to do so, and he fights well, as many who now stand among us can testify; but his disposition is peaceable even to inertness. It is true that, like most quiet animals, the moujik has a terrible *possibility* hidden deep down in his nature, which at times finds fearful vent. No beast is more furious than an enraged camel, no man more horribly ferocious than an enraged Russian. Tales there are which one hears occasionally whispered in the salons of St. Petersburg, of burned châteaux, mutilated landowners, the flesh of obnoxious overseers eaten raw, children flung alive into the flames with pitchforks,—which show, through the cracks of this crust of stolidity, what grim elements lie smouldering within. But such outbursts are rare, because unnatural, and hence it comes that since Russian and European history became identical the great military achievements of the Muscovite race have been *all on the defensive*. Under Peter the Great their attack on the Turks along the line of the Pruth brought them within a hair-breadth of destruction, while their defence of the Ukraine against Charles of Sweden culminated in a triumph which changed the

history of Europe. In the Seven Years' War their ill-judge attacks lost them the great battle of Zorndorf, while at Kuner dorf, a year later, it was their desperate defence of the Juden kirchhof which turned the day against Frederick. In 1812 w see the same phenomenon of a tremendous passivity, a gigant *vis inertiæ*, the cleft oak which wedged inextricably the hanc of the imperial Milo. And still more recently, when the Cz Nicholas attempted to play the part of Hercules mastering th three-headed Cerberus, it was on the *defensive* powers of his arm that he relied—and not in vain. While every attack made b the Russians ended in utter and sanguinary defeat, the defenc of Sevastopol was protracted for nearly a year, with a tenacit of resistance, a firmness of resolution, and a perseverance i sustaining and repairing perpetual losses, which will be memo able so long as history endures.

More than one historian has prophesied that the growt of Russia, steadily progressive ever since her famous "Fight fc the Championship" at Poltava, in 1709, is destined to culminat in a great Sclavonic empire. On the other hand, many respect able authorities, long resident in Russia, to whom I have quote this opinion, assure me that the Russian character is altogeth adverse to such a destiny, or (as Napoleon observed), "the hea perhaps, may think; but the limbs, galvanized for a moment by th Czar Peter, have relapsed into icy stillness." In the opinion c many the future masters of the world are to be looked for, not o the eastern but on the western prairies, where the blood is no drying after the great national sacrifice. In any case, the tw "coming men" are fraternizing wonderfully just now. Americ has sent her monitor to astonish the natives of St. Petersbur Russia has sold her possessions to America, that the latter ma be enabled to circumvallate the northern colonies of the "chawe up Britisher." All goes on swimmingly for the present. Wh may such a conjunction portend? Let us wait and see!

THE CHURCH IN THE NAVY.

BY REGINALD.

An outcry about naval chaplains is making itself heard. The simple truth seems to be that, for some reason or other, the supply is running short. Not that an unusually large number of ships are at present in commission, or that any particular kind of strain has been suddenly laid on the naval branch of the service. Neither has the Admiralty come to the unwonted determination that all corvettes and lesser vessels shall carry a chaplain as part of their sea-going equipment. The old rule as to the rating of a ship which bears a clergyman on its books is still observed, and there seems to be no idea of stretching it to include minor craft, the crews of which are supposed, by a technical fiction, to be able to extract spiritual nourishment sufficient for a three years' commission, out of a commander or first lieutenant. Things, then, are going on much as usual. There are about the average number of posts to fill, but the difficulty seems to be to find men to fill them. Hence the outcry, and now and then a desultory correspondence in the daily press. Service-men with a grievance or a theory think it a fine opportunity for causing their voices to be heard.

That a clamour should be raised for chaplains is, in itself, a healthy and encouraging sign. Time was when swearing, drinking, and flogging were held to be prominent qualifications for a naval officer's commission. Not so very long ago it was a service superstition that sailors would never obey an order that did not come to them in the shape of an oath. Thus, then, the atmosphere of a man-of-war of the olden school was scarcely favourable for a cleric, unless he could sing a stave and pass the can. Neglect of his professional duties might be condoned as long as he reached the recognised standard of good fellowship. Little wonder was it, therefore, that clergymen of earnestness and energy should have been slow to volunteer for shipboard. Viewed as a passenger of unlucky omen, whose presence was associated with "dirty" weather and wet watches, the chaplain's position was just what he had courage enough to make it. Nor were the captains more favourable than the crew. A chaplain

curtailed their right of gabbling through the morning prayer on Sundays, and became a restraint to the free indulgence in language and manners which they might not care to have recorded. Most captains would as soon have weighed anchor without a clergyman borne on the vessel's books as with one; and fifty years ago it would have been a strange thing to hear people grumbling that ships were compelled to put to sea without carrying an authorized teacher of the national faith. But this is the precise point at which we have now arrived. The demand for increase of spiritual privileges, which has sprung up throughout the country, has made itself heard in the navy. Sailors are no longer the men they were. The contrast comes out very broadly on the occasion of a "paying off." There is no denying it that the sea has lost much of its romance, and happily for themselves, the nautical part of the population seem to be accommodating themselves to the change. The sailor, on his "paying off" day, differs very little from the man of the day before or the day after. He may be glad to get out of an uncomfortable ship, or to be delivered from an unpopular commander; but, beyond his grievances about rating and stoppages, which he is pretty sure to carry with him wherever he goes, he takes the matter very coolly, and exhibits none of the wild enthusiasm which novels declare to be the characteristic of Jack on shore. His first thoughts may, doubtless, turn to rum, but nobody ever hears now of his keeping up a drunken bout for a fortnight or so on the stretch. And for the best of all reasons—that he has not the funds to sustain the debauch. He may have enough in his pocket to manage a run on shore among his friends till the time comes for him to join a new ship; but he cannot hope to rival the open-handed profusion of fifty years ago. But are not seamen's wages in the Royal Navy as high as they used to be in the palmy days of "paying off"? Yes, and a great deal higher. Only along with a more liberal scale of pay there is also a more careful provision as to its disposal. The evil of turning a man adrift in Portsmouth, with the proceeds of an entire commission in his pocket, was so evident that the Admiralty resolved to deal with it in the only way possible, viz., by giving the sailor the power of drawing his wages by instalments. The remedy was so obvious, that the only wonder is that any but crimps and publicans should ever have been found to favour the continuance of a system which exposed the seafaring part of our population to temptations which the

possession of a large sum of ready money enabled them to gratify to the full. It certainly was too much to expect that the sailor, fresh from a three years' cruise, should exhibit much continence or wisdom amongst the snares which thickly strewed his path. Turn whichever way he might, he was sure to fall into the meshes of the net which had been carefully prepared for his destruction. The only possible thing to keep him out of danger was the absence of money. But this he possessed in what seemed to him for the moment to be limitless profusion, and the result was seen in those acts of riot and disorder which turned a "paying off" into a byword and reproach. Portsmouth cannot be cited as a pattern of morality even now; but there are plenty of people alive who can testify that it is like a quiet village in comparison with its condition in the prize-money days of the old French war. This has exercised a great influence on the character of seamen, and has made them much more inclined to profit by the ministrations of their chaplain. Officers too have changed, in their way, fully as much as common sailors. To veterans who served their apprenticeship with Duncan or Collingwood, the present state of an average ward-room mess must partake of the marvellous. It is what they never saw, and never could have thought to see. Not long ago a frigate sailed for a foreign station, on board of which a third of the officers were found to be communicants. Facts like these speak for themselves, and show decisively that a chaplain's post has, within recent years, experienced a salutary change. But curiously enough, just at the very moment when a marked improvement in the tone of the naval service has set in, a difficulty seems to have arisen in providing those ministrations of religion which so many, both among officers and men, are prepared to welcome. But the fact remains. Clergymen appear to be shy of volunteering for the naval service, and therefore it is only left to inquire how this perplexing state of things has been brought about.

To arrive at anything like a satisfactory answer to the question, it must be borne in mind that the dearth of clergy is felt in other places besides shipboard. For years past Bishop's chaplains have been bewailing the scarcity of candidates for holy orders, and whispers have been heard that those who are admitted into the sacred office fall below the standard of former days. Whatever explanation of this disagreeable phenomenon may be offered, it is useless to evade the fact that literates, and

others who are admitted into holy orders without a universi degree, bid fair to be numerical rivals to that section of t clergy which has received a more liberal training. If, therefo a want of duly qualified clergy is recognised throughout t Church at large, more particularly will it be felt in that porti of it which depends mainly for replenishment upon the hoi demand falling short of the supply. When the opposite is t case, and when a difficulty is confessed in providing for sho appointments, the naval Church will be the first to suffer.] very maintenance, indeed, would seem to depend upon its bei able to offer brighter prospects to candidates for employme than are to be found elsewhere. Clergymen, as a rule, will n care to hurry off to sea without some substantial equivalent f dangers of climate and inconveniences of shipboard. One tem tation is, no doubt, the retiring pension after so many years' servi in various parts of the globe. Be it £100 a year or upwards, it something for a man to fall back upon, and it is quite possil for him to be in possession of this pleasant little reserve fund an age when he is perfectly well qualified to devote himself home ministrations. It stands to him in the place of a priva fortune, and, over and above the agreeable sensation of knowi that it is the fruit of his own exertions, he has the consolati of feeling that sickness or want of employment cannot depri him of it. This is a great point; and thus far a naval chaplai with ten or a dozen years' service at his back, can boast a ve decided advantage over a curate of the same standing. Th last may have worked double as hard as his sea-going broth without any brighter prospect of reserve fund in case of failu strength than may be derived from the benevolence of h friends. One thing is certain—that a naval chaplain need nev come to an utter break-down except through his own mi conduct.

But there are numbers of clergymen in the national Church- to their glory let it be spoken—who rise superior to all me monetary hopes and worldly ambition, and who give themselv up to arduous and thankless work, with the expectation of a higher recompense than that which is the fruit of an approvi conscience. Let there be rough and dangerous work to be dor and it will be strange if men are not found to do it. Missiona enterprises in deadly swamps, and by the side of fever-lad rivers, seldom make a demand upon human life which is n immediately answered to the full. The most wearying work

back lanes and unwholesome alleys will always find men of intellect and piety ready to grapple with the many-headed monster of vice and degradation. And is there, then, no work to be done in the navy? If there be, why this hanging back? The question is a serious one, and must not be evaded. With the temptation of a substantial retiring pension to back a naval chaplain's commission, with plenty to eat and drink, with no house-rent or taxes to pay, with an entire exemption from those vexatious calls upon his time which become so wearisome to the parochial clergyman, with educated officers as associates, with abundance of change of scene, and with no more risk to life and limb than is willingly encountered by hundreds of gentlemen at home and abroad,—the fact remains that the clergy, as a body, look askance at a sea-going life, and prefer the scantier pay and wearier work of shore duties. The reason for this may easily be explained. Clergymen at home, or in the colonies, have a recognised position. It may not be very grand or attractive, but it is defined by law. Though tolerably wide scope may be allowed to individual action, a conscientious man need never experience any serious difficulty in determining the limits of his ministerial functions. He may have on hand more of his own duty than he can properly perform, but very little prudence is needed to keep him clear of intermeddling with the duties of others. Let a difficulty arise, and he has his archdeacon or bishop to appeal to, men of the same sacred calling as himself, and who may be supposed to enter into his hopes and fears. He would deem it an injustice and affront to be subjected to the control of a member of any other profession but his own. The youngest curate would hesitate to take an order from a justice of the peace or a general of division. But in the navy the separation of a clergyman from all the influences of his order is complete. He may pass months, nay, years, without conference with any brother in the ministry, and he may grow grey-headed in the service without once being summoned to hear a word of episcopal counsel or reproof. Good men do not like this. The sense of isolation is too painful to be endured. And then, to crown all, he may sail with an unsympathetic captain, whose studied coldness to the chaplain will speedily furnish a key-note to the rest of the ship's company. Considering the power that rests in a captain's hands, and the summary use that he may make of it in suppressing anything that may not happen to accord with his idea of duty, the chaplain's position

must always be one of extreme delicacy. Falling beneath t service rule of implicit obedience, he naturally asks hims whether the spiritual side of his office is to be subjected to m of-war routine. This is the real difficulty of the questi The vagueness of a chaplain's position makes thoughtful n reluctant to offer themselves for the post. They may embracing they know not what, and may, at any mome have their most strenuous efforts neutralized by some vexati regulation. Small cabins, crowded vessels, foreign stations, a ocean risks, which are often alleged as reasons for the falling of naval chaplains, scarcely touch the point in question. Th are the sort of things that might affect a lazy or a self-indulg man; but the other bears directly upon men of zeal. It is t point of all others which creates an obstacle in the way valuable volunteers. So long, therefore, as chaplains occu this doubtful position, and are allowed to remain virtually un the control of laymen, who may or may not be sympathetic a kind, the office of chaplain on board of one of her Majest ships can hardly become as attractive as well-wishers to t sailors would desire it to be.

THINGS OF EARTH, AND THINGS OF HEAVEN.

BY M. C.

THERE is sorrow by the fireside
In the quiet evening hour;—
The father waits to listen
On the threshold of the door;
The children softly whisper,
And look in sad surprise,
For their mother's tears are falling,
And the baby mourning lies.

There's a murmuring sound most gentle
The farthest stars among,
The angels in heaven hear it,
Though they pause not in their song;
And there is a feeble knocking
Outside the golden door,
And a baby spirit enters,
To go out again no more.

There is silence in the chamber
Where the baby is at rest,
It lies in its little cradle
As for its christening drest.
At dead of night a footstep
Creaks on the chamber floor,
To her heart the mother foldeth
Her little babe once more.

There are joyous thoughts in heaven,
And looks of glad surprise,
As a tiny seraph stranger
Amidst the angels flies.
A golden crown it weareth,
A robe of glistering white,
As straight to the throne of glory
It wings its rapid flight.

A new little grave lies open
In the churchyard's green grass,
So tiny,—but not too narrow
To let the baby pass.
Down into the dust it goeth,
That coffin light and small,
And the sound is very piteous
As the earth on it doth fall.

Now the seraph findeth
A place by the great white throne;
He who there sits all glorious
Has claimed it as His own.
A sound from heaven's high chorus
To the mother's ear doth come,—
She telleth not, but she knows it,
Her babe is safe at HOME.

THE PRAYER BOOK IN GREAT TOWNS.

BY ARTHUR GORE, M.A.,

INCUMBENT OF ST. LUKE'S, LIVERPOOL, AND HONORARY CANON OF CHESTER.

CHURCHMEN must not be lovers of change. We have to preserve our holy Faith, not to improve it. And since that Faith is expressed in common prayer even more clearly and more popularly than in Creeds and Articles, we must regard with especial jealousy any attempt to alter the Book of Prayer.

But we are not precluded from wishing for a greater liberty in its use; and there are reasons why some relaxation in our present rules would be desirable. The masses of the people belong to us only in name; while even among actual worshippers, of whatever class, few worship in spirit and in truth. The people need *education in worship*, and it is certainly open to doubt whether the Prayer Book, as we now use it, is the best possible instrument for a purpose so important.

We may try the question by inquiring what are the results of our home missions. The Church has been working hard, and not without result. There is a sort of religion rife enough among the people. Open a cottage for a Prayer Meeting, and the people will crowd it; they will join heartily in singing the well-known hymn; though the extempore prayer be not common prayer, some spiritual affinity will draw up their hearts during its utterance; they will be visibly impressed by the sermon, even when marked by fervid declamation rather than by fulness of thought; we come away from the meeting, feeling that we dare not speak against it, lest we be found speaking against God; yet we are not satisfied; we do not know to what it will lead. Personal regard for the conductor (if he be a Churchman) may bring a few of those present to church next Sunday; but the logical connection of the meeting is with the chapel. The people attending it have been practising the form of worship common among Dissenters, and not that of the Church. Those who are educated in the Cottage Meeting will feel more at home with

the Methodists or the Plymouth Brethren than with ourselves And this, I fear, is the common issue of the religious life awakened by such means. The Church sows the seed; Dissent reaps the harvest. We hew down the forest; others cultivate the clearing

Some may think it a sufficient explanation of these unsatisfactory results of Church mission work to say, "Matters would be very different if we had the right men in the pulpit. If the gospel were preached with power in the Church, she would soon recover her hold on the masses." Let me not seem to disparage the force of this argument. We must preach with all our ability. The oil for the service of the Sanctuary should be "beaten oil." Nevertheless, in the demand for the right sort of preacher there often lurks a very radical error. Indeed, the grand distinction between the chapel service and the church service is that men go to chapel to hear, to church to pray Attachment to the preacher is not the true basis of worship. It does not lead to the love of prayer for prayer's sake. And until men recognise this they are not likely to value the church As a house of preaching, each church depends on the abilities of its minister; as the House of Prayer, the Church of England possesses advantages which need only to be understood in order to be cherished with ever-growing thankfulness.

But the evil is that our privileges are not understood, and this is one most important reason why religious life tends to die away from the Church, and why so-called revivals too often weaken the Church and strengthen Dissent. It would be scarcely worth while to notice this, were it not from the conviction that the Church is the best home for Christ's people; and that her members have, if they could use it, the best possible instrument for the cultivation of the Christian life. Nothing can exceed the wisdom or the tender love which breathes in the Prayer Book, nor surpass the delicacy of spiritual feeling with which it accompanies each from the font to the grave And as in everything, so in public worship, the standard set before us in that most precious book is the highest and the truest. Men who submit to its sacred guidance are made to feel that religion consists in something more than periodic excitement of feeling. They come to church to give rather than to receive, to worship rather than to hear, rather to swell the song of praise for mercies already realized, and which have filled their hearts with gladness, than to "sit under" a preacher no matter how eloquent, no matter even how godly he may be

and their public worship is not an isolated act, but a part of a consistent life system, by which they are led on, from strength to strength, to loftier heights of spiritual grace.

If this be the true theory of Christian life and worship, we are met at once by the question, Have we, in the Prayer Book as at present used, an instrument by which to lead men thereto? I fear not. If we had to deal with a people possessed of a well-cultured spiritual understanding, and capable of a high tone of religious feeling, we could not have a better organ of worship than we possess. But the instrument is too fine. The beginner n Greek is not set down to Thucydides. The student in mathematics has to learn, before he can use his integral calculus. A people like ours, among whom true notions of worship have so utterly perished, need easy lessons before they can join ntelligently in such an elaborate service as we render on Sundays. The Dean of Norwich tells us that "the somewhat stiff framework of the Prayer Book has not the elasticity which is required for efficient work among the masses." He insists that "we must have an instrument less refined and less elaborate, and one which allows her ministers a much greater power of adapting the service to the congregation." Mr. Walsham How, in a paper read at the Dublin Congress, accepts these words of the Dean as "utterly true." And maintaining that freedom and variety are the two chief wants of the present day, he cries out for permissive rubrics and new and varied Services. In such company I may venture the opinion, already partly stated, that our people want frequent lessons and easy lessons in united prayer. For this purpose one of the first and most needful reforms is the more frequent use of the House of Prayer itself, especially during the week. I crave a hearty daily Service; and if we had one, short and simple enough, I know that the people would learn in time to use it and to love it.

Such a Service need not and ought not to depart structurally from that now appointed. It should be a stepping-stone to the Sunday Service, and therefore should contain the same elements. Confession and absolution, praise, reading of the Word, supplication, and thanksgiving should be found in it; and (let me add) a brief word of exhortation as well. The Litany is often used when a short service is required; but, though marvellously beautiful in itself, it does not possess the characteristics of completeness. What I wish for might be had at once if it were allowed (in daily *prayer) to omit the* exhortation, to use

one psalm instead of several, a few well-chosen verses from both Testaments instead of long chapters, and after the third collect to pass on to the General Thanksgiving. Plenty of music plain and congregational, should be introduced. A Service, so formed on existing lines, would teach people to enter into our Sunday Use; and being celebrated in the House of God, it would take away that false shame, that sense of distance between themselves and the Church, which operates so unfavourably at present among the poorer classes.

It is hard to say how daily *morning* prayer would be used by the masses. About forty years ago a Liverpool clergyman tried something of the sort; and to the present day the grateful memory lives in his parish that he used to open his church for the working men on their way to work. A daily evening Service, held late enough, would, I have reason to think, be attended by encouraging success.

We have now made some progress in our subject. If we agree in thinking that there is a wide gulf between the spiritual unintelligence of our great populations and the intelligence needed for the devout use of our Sunday Ritual, that the people require easy lessons in worship, in order to be won back to the enjoyment of their church, then we are led to the conclusion that we should be allowed greater liberty in the use of the Prayer Book. *The* revision of the lectionary and a few permissive rubrics would secure all that I have asked for; but not all that is necessary. We should gain much by even this amount of change; but, as we gained, we should discover other needs. The Bishop of Peterborough was right in his idea that a town clergyman should be somewhat experimental. We have not solved, perhaps we have not approached the solution of the problem of our great towns. Many years must elapse before their unwieldly masses are brought under the yoke of Christ. During these years, experiment, within fair limit, should be allowed. Our bondage puts us sadly to disadvantage compared with other communities. The licence need not be excessive; its limits could be readily fixed. The sacred building, for example, should only be used for sacred purposes, but more freely for these. It should be the one and only parish centre in spiritual affairs. No one, again, should have liberty to impair the exalted standard of worship which we enjoy; but why must it for ever remain impossible to educate the people to its use? I claim discretionary power for the earnest men who are trying to bring the

masses into the fold of Christ; yet not absolute discretion. No deviation from common practice should take place without the sanction of the bishop—all the better, to my mind, if his sanction be publicly given in council with the clergy and laity of his diocese.

It may be alleged that freedom would soon produce as many uses as churches; at least, that we should have diversity of use in different dioceses. We need not have parochial diversity if, as I suggest, nothing be done without the bishop's approval. Diocesan diversity is not, of necessity, an evil. Circumstances vary greatly as we pass from one diocese to another. But, under all circumstances, national uniformity can always be maintained in its great features. If the time ever come when it may be possible for the bishop to allow the liberty for which I contend, sufficient safeguards will be set up to prevent undue deviation from the common practice. If there are ever diocesan synods with legislative functions, there will be councils of the whole Church as well.

If that time come—and apparently it is coming—there will be much more for the Church to do than I have now shadowed forth. It is not likely that we shall rest content with short *daily* services. The Sunday also will claim legislation. Roman Catholics use the same building for five or six successive congregations. Why should not we? Preserving one stately service, might we not have others simpler and shorter, to meet alike the capacity and the opportunity of various members of the Church? All men, of every party, will certainly demand something more suitable for children than we have at present. Many will think it well likewise to mark more emphatically the great festivals and fasts of the Church. It will be thought, too, that the existing Sunday morning service (or rather, combination of services) is overloaded with State prayers, and that the Lord's Prayer occurs too often, especially when the full Communion Office is used; and further modifications will be demanded for occasions of public baptism. It would be travelling beyond our subject to refer to foreign missions; but it is plain that the evangelists of the Church should be authorized in some greater liberty than may be required at home.

When the time comes, whatever is done will be well done if done in the spirit of the present book. To use words of Mr. Beresford Hope, "we do not yet know what the power of the Prayer Book is." Our effort must be to understand it our-

selves, and to lift up our people to the understanding of it. In proportion as we do this we shall imbue them most thoroughly with the truth of God.

I have dwelt exclusively on the public use of the Prayer Book as the best means for making the people understand and love it; because, without doubt, all persons learn better by practice than by precept, by being made to do a thing than by being told how to do it. At the same time, to frequent and easy use should be added frequent and easy instruction in schools and among adults also. For adults we need a short tract on each of the Offices. Poor people cannot read large expository books. In schools there must be oral teaching, but very different from that too commonly given. The Prayer Book lesson must instruct the spirit as well as the understanding. Important as it is to give the children a clear apprehension of the meaning of the words, and the structure of the parts of the book, much more good will be done if they learn from the lesson something about the lowly reverence with which they should approach the throne of grace. But this subject is beside the purpose of the present paper, and is of too great moment to be treated incidentally. My object has been to speak of the Service-book itself. I plead for neither verbal nor structural change in it, but only for greater liberty of use—liberty not for every man to follow his own discretion, but for the Church, through her duly constituted authorities, to adapt her modes of worship to the necessities of the half-heathen populations of our great towns.

Let it not be thought that discussions like the present are in vain; that we are only playing at legislation where legislation is impossible. Not so. The day for legislation may come sooner than we think. It will be a day full of danger, but also full of hope: full of danger so far as we then for the first time seriously face the questions which must arise; full of hope so far as we shall have used the interval in seeking safe and wise solutions of these problems. God gives us time to mature our deliberations. If we employ it thoughtfully, our action by and by will be speedy without being hasty, and the emancipation of His Church will be completed without the wildness into which the newly emancipated are too often betrayed.

GENTLEMAN GRAY'S WIFE.

BY MRS. HENRY H. B. PAULL.

CHAPTER I.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

WITHIN a screen which separated a portion as large as many a London parlour from a wide old-fashioned farm kitchen, sat a group of four round a pleasant tea-table. The cold wintry wind might whistle round the house, and find its way through every chink and cranny of door and window, but it could not pass the screen, a curious piece of furniture, valuable also for its great antiquity. The gilded figures on a black ground, though so quaintly depicted, and so grotesque in appearance, were intended to represent subjects from mythological history, but the gilt had worn away, and only two were now distinguishable,—Prometheus chained to a rock, and Hero and Leander. It required, however, a great stretch of imagination to believe that these celebrated personages ever resembled the figures represented on the screen, although the flashing, flickering light of the large wood fire seemed to endow them with life and motion.

The fireplace, with its seats in the chimney corner, or more properly speaking, under the chimney, occupied nearly the whole of one side of the space enclosed by the screen; and what a glorious fire now blazed on the hearth! The hot stone on which it spread far out to the feet of those who sat near it was far preferable to the warmest hearth-rug that ever tempted a cold, half-frozen foot in a London drawing-room. A square of carpet covered the lime and sand floor, in the centre of which stood the table, covered with such good things as the west country people think necessary to place before visitors; the absence of gas, and the feeble light of the tallow candles on the table, were quite compensated for by the blaze from the crackling logs which went sparkling and roaring up the chimney. The kitchen utensils of brass, copper, and bright tin, which hung above or stood upon

the high mantelpiece, acted as reflectors to the flame burnin beneath them, while the firelight glittered and danced on th polished teapot and curious old china, adding to the brightnes of the snug enclosure.

The four persons seated at tea represented three generations,– a grey old man nearly seventy, a man and woman in the prim of life, and a youth of sixteen. In other respects also they wer representative individuals. The one, a gentleman of the olde times, with powdered hair and a look of refinement, who thoug simply and even meanly attired, needed no words to prove hi superiority to the rest. The owner of the farm, a plain, homel easy-going man of forty-five, with noble features, and cheeks lik a dried apple, and his wife, a stout bustling woman ten yea his junior, whose clear red and white complexion, and bright dar eyes, proved her to be a native of Devonshire. The boy was a totally different type, tall and slight, who, with his mother dark eyes and hair, and his father's regular features, was as unlik a farmer's son of those days as can well be imagined. The elde are in earnest conversation, the boy is listening eagerly, now an then showing symptoms of annoyance, but always controlled an subdued.

"So you will not let your son be an architect, Farmer Gray said the old gentleman.

"No, no, let un stay here and be a farmer like to his fayth before un."

"But, John," said his wife, "Willie isn't fit for a farmer, yo know, with all the learning he's got in his head."

Farmer Gray looked grave. "Ah, friend Spencer," he crie "that's your doing, filling the lad's head with all this here stu about squares and cubs, or what is't ye call 'em; and then, to you must teach un old outlandish talk, and set un figgering awa with a pencil on paper; and what's the use o' it all? better ha' left un to follow the plough's tail, as I've a-done;" and th farmer shook his head, but his good-humoured face could n look angry.

"Well, I thought you would like your son to rise in the worl he has brains enough," said the old gentleman.

"Rise above his fayther! that's what ye mean, sir," said th farmer, rather sternly, "and be a fine gentleman; larning wo fill his pockets, will ut? it didn't fill my fayther's nor you either, friend," added the farmer, forgetting in his earnestness th he might be giving pain by this home-thrust. The pale, refin

face flushed, but before he could reply, Willie Gray spoke for himself.

"Father, I don't want to be a fine gentleman, as you call it, nor an architect if you object to my being one, but I have no taste for farming, and I am sure I should never understand it."

"More's the pity, lad," said his father; "and as for these here architects, what are they but fine gentleman? I've seen 'em a-measuring with their lines and their posts, dressed up like dandies, and I don't want my son to be one of they."

"Well, father," said William, "I am ready to give up the idea of being an architect, if you'll let me learn a business."

"And suppose I let ye learn a business, lad, what then?"

"I shall want something else," said the boy, in a low tone.

"Eh, I thought so. Well, what be it?"

Willie was silent.

"Speak out, child," said his mother, quickly; "tell your father what you wish, there's nought to be ashamed of."

Mrs. Gray had hitherto been silent, but this remark evidently showing that she approved of her son's wishes, seemed to overpower the farmer. He leaned back in his chair vanquished.

"Father," said Willie Gray, "I should like to be apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, it is such a nice clean business; and to be able to make such beautiful chairs and tables as I saw up at Squire Evelyn's once would be delightful."

"And when you'd made 'em, who'd buy 'em here, I'd like to know? Us farmers ha' got summut else to do wi' our money."

Again William hesitated, till a look from his mother gave him courage; *she* had no objection to her boy rising in the world—even to a position above her own; but her ambition did not extend beyond that which the boy now expressed boldly and openly, yet with an effort.

"Father, I'll tell you at once. I want you to apprentice me to a cabinet-maker at Exeter till I'm twenty-one, and then let me go and set up in business for myself in London."

"In London!" repeated the farmer.

"Well," said Mrs. Gray, "why not? How many young men go to London now-a-days, and make a fortune too!"

"Yes," he replied, "and gets ruined often enough, or else so stuck up with pride that they looks down upon their parents because they've got a little money in their pockets. But there, lad, if thee wants to go, thee may; and perhaps it's best for 'ee, with all that fine edecation—*I won't stand* in your way. I'll

give the money, but I can't be looking out for no 'prenticeships, your mother must do that."

"It's done already," said old Mr. Spencer. "I have heard of a first-rate opportunity for him in Exeter, with a suitable master, who will receive him directly."

"Oh, then, I see you've been arranging it all without me; and I suppose you knew it too, missus?"

His wife smiled.

"Ah," he said, "I see you planned it all first, before you asked my opinion. Well, well, lad," he continued, after a pause, and holding out his hand to the boy, "the money's ready when it's wanted. Thee shalt go to Exeter—and perhaps it's best to let you earn your own living as you like; but whatever way you does it, do it honourable and conscientious, that the blessing of God may go with ye. Never forget what I've taught 'ee about honesty and truth and industry, and then I may live to see my son a respectable tradesman in London, whether he be rich or not."

The tears stood in the farmer's eyes as he turned from the kitchen to look after some outdoor work; while the mother, rising, threw her arms round her boy, exclaiming,—

"It's all right, Willie; you've got your father's consent; but," she added, "if you go to London, don't go and bring home any fine lady wife here; if you do, I won't own her."

William Gray kissed his mother, and then releasing himself from her arms, laughed heartily.

"Oh, mother! to think I should ever choose a fine lady for a wife, after you! How should I get my stockings mended, or my dinner cooked?"

"Well, my boy," said the old schoolmaster, "whatever you do, remember to choose a God-fearing wife; that is above all things."

"True, true," said his mother; "but a good housewife, and one who is able to make her husband's home happy, must have other qualifications as well, Mr. Spencer."

"Mother," laughed William, "there's time enough yet; I'm only a boy of sixteen. One thing, however, you may be sure of —I'll never think of a wife till I've earned money enough to keep her."

"A very wise resolve," said the old gentleman; "there would be less misery in the world if young men always acted upon it."

Farmer Gray had not given up his hope of being succeeded in the management of Maplewood farm without some little regret.

There was not within fifty miles a more prosperous homestead. It had originally formed part of the squire's estate; indeed, the house still contained noble rooms, as well as the hall, so prominent a part of the building in olden times. Its irregular form, occasioned by the clearance of that portion of it which had fallen to decay, and its numerous gables, diamond-paned and oriel windows, gave it a most picturesque as well as an antique appearance.

A large modern house not half a mile distant from the farm now bore the name of "The Hall," and a lane leading from the village formed a line of separation between the park which surrounded the Hall and the land apportioned to the farm.

Nothing could be more fertile or productive than the fields and pasture land of Maplewood, and in summer its gardens and fruit-trees were luxuriant in blossoms and flowers. Even now, when the early spring evenings were still cold enough to need a fire, the monthly roses were climbing over the old porch, and peeping in through the lattice windows.

John Gray was considered a well-to-do farmer; his father had died in his infancy, and his mother, a Cornish farmer's daughter, had, for certain reasons of her own, allowed the boy to grow up with no more education than one of her father's labourers. After her death he contrived to save a little money, and found his way into Devonshire, where he soon after became the owner of Maplewood.

One hundred years before our story commences the ancestor of the present squire died and left the Hall—part of which was now used as the farmhouse—and the beautiful park and grounds to his son, a spendthrift, who in a very few years so encumbered the estate with debt that at his death his uncle, the present squire's grandfather, was obliged to reside abroad for several years till the debts were paid. During his absence the old house fell into decay, and when he returned he made his son promise to build a new one in the park, and to let the remaining portion of the old hall, with a certain number of acres that surrounded it, to be farmed.

John Gray became master of this farm at the age of thirty. With all his neglected education there was something in the fine face and noble features of the farmer which distinguished him from the country clodhoppers with whom he associated. He possessed shrewd sense, clear intellect, and a brightness of expression not generally seen in the uncultivated sons of toil.

He married the pretty, black-eyed daughter of a Devonshir farmer, ten years younger than himself, and the neighbou thought it a good match for her. Some little whisper that Joh Gray's father had been in a higher rank than his mother, ha followed him from Cornwall, but the old people were dying o and the tradition was forgotten. Indeed, John avoided the sul ject, yet in their young married days he had told his wife a fe little circumstances of his birth and childhood, which excite an ambitious feeling in her mind for her only son Willie.

There appeared, however, no chance that she would ever b able to carry out her wishes and projects, till suddenly, in th village of Lynnwood, a new schoolmaster made his appearanc He was not entirely a stranger there—for some years he ha lived in the town a life of complete seclusion, creating a myster about himself which was very exciting to the gossips of the vi lage. All at once, however, the romantic or suspicious surmis about the pale gentleman were put to flight by the fact that h had opened a boys' school, at terms moderate enough to suit th pockets of the tradespeople and farmers of the place. His plar of education were rather eccentric, but he came at length to b looked upon as a prodigy of learning. To a man of sensitiv refinement and high classical taste it must have been almo torture to have to impart the first rudiments of English t the rustics from the farms, or the dull-witted sons of th village tradespeople. Mr. Spencer, however, did it with good will, and won the hearts of all by his gentle, unobtrusiv manners.

The schoolmaster had some bright boys among his scholar but their talents seldom went beyond a keen understanding c the value of pounds, shillings, and pence.

"Don't 'ee larn my lad none o' the fine stuff ye call po'try, o about those outlandish chaps that lived so many years agon and talked so as no one could understand 'em. No, tell 'e make un larn writin', and cipherin', and spellin', and how to b a gude tradesman, that's all us wants." And this the school master did so thoroughly, that not a few found their way t London, even in those old coach days, and got on in the world to the immense delight and pride of their relations. And on and all would say, "Ah, it was all through our old schoolmaster don't tell me about your new plans of education, and you normal schools, and nobody knows what; there's none of 'en will ever come up to the teaching we got from our old school

master—a real learned man, too, there's very few like him now-a-days."

But if his pupils were pleased with their master, it was not often that they gave him equal pleasure,—in most cases his duties were a drudgery.; but there came a change. One bright spring morning a pleasant farmer's wife brought him a new pupil, her only son, a boy of ten. "Willie can read and write, sir," she said, "he's very fond of books, so you'll please to teach him whatever he likes to learn."

The schoolmaster looked at the broad forehead, bright eyes, and delicate features of the farmer's son with astonishment and pleasure.

"What is your name, my boy?" he asked.

"Willie Gray, sir," said the boy.

"Gray?" repeated the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said the mother, "John Gray's son up to Maplewood farm."

"Is Farmer Gray a Cornishman?" he asked.

"My husband was born in Cornwall, sir," said Mary Gray, with a startled look, "but I know nothing of his father's family."

"No matter," he replied, as unwilling as she herself appeared to enter into any particulars. "I will take care that your son is taught everything suitable. What do you intend to make of him?"

"His father wishes him to be a farmer," she replied, "but——" and she paused.

He understood her at once.

"Leave the boy to me for a while," he said; "in a few days I will come up to the farm and hear what your husband's wishes are."

"Thank you, sir," said Mary; but as she walked slowly homeward she felt sure the pale, refined gentleman who spoke so softly knew what she wished him to do with her boy. Mr. Spencer saw intellect in the boy's face as he sent him to a seat with the rest; he found intellect afterwards in every effort of the child's mind, and there arose in his heart a longing wish to train him to higher and nobler pursuits than generally fall to the lot of a farmer's son. When he visited the farm he tried to influence the farmer as to his son's future—all to no purpose; but he made a discovery as to the parentage of John Gray, upon which he determined to act.

To prevent the boy from acquiring knowledge while under such training as Mr. Spencer's was as impossible as for the

master to resist the pleasure of imparting some of his own lov for the grand old poets of the past. He obtained through h mother a reluctant consent from John Gray that his boy migl learn a little Greek and Latin, a little Euclid and algebra, and little drawing—that was enough. "A *little* learning!" Neithe master nor pupil were likely to stop at such a "dangerous thing and the boy who had free access to his master's library ver soon learnt to "drink deep of the Pierian spring."

Mr. Spencer became deeply attached to the boy, who returne the old man's love with all the warmth of his heart. His spar time was spent at the schoolmaster's house, and he was ofte obliged to remind him that he needed outdoor exercise, and c the pain his constant absence from home would cause hi parents, to make him give up his much loved-books and th kind old man's society.

This close association with a true gentleman of refined taste and polished manners insensibly affected the boy's character: h became so different in speech and action to the village boys tha they at first jeered and laughed at him, and then finding hir good-naturedly indifferent to their mockery, they began t respect him. Willie was a capital cricketer, and would ente into their games of football on the green with his whole heart in fact, he was a favourite in the village, and the name firs given to him in mockery became at last a fixed and acknowledge title, every one in the place knew "Gentleman Gray."

All this did not please John Gray, whose mother had fron infancy taught him to condemn those who wanted to rise abov the position of their birth; perhaps also she had tried to mak him despise education, but he had felt the want of it too muc himself to do that. There was, however, one class of men fo whom John Gray had an overwhelming feeling of contempt it was that class who because of education, or birth, or profession expect to be considered superior people, even when without a penny in their pockets. Yet he liked Mr. Spencer. "Ol schoolmaster's no pride about *him*," he would say, "earns hi money by hard work, and don't make no pretences;" and so th old gentleman was a frequent and welcome visitor at the farm Once he ventured to say, at Mary Gray's suggestions, "Farme Gray, Willie is a very clever boy, why won't you let him follow some profession?"

"What does thee call a profession?" asked the farmer.

"Well, the position of a clergyman, or a doctor, or a lawyer,'

replied the old schoolmaster, half in fear of what would come.

"What!" he exclaimed, "my boy to be a parson like our curate, with half a dozen children, and not a sixpence in his pocket?"

"Well, a doctor then," said Mr. Spencer.

"No, no, they're never rich; and as for the lawyers, they're all rogues, the lot of 'em. No, schoolmaster, none o' your perfessions for me; my son shan't be aught that 'll make a fine gentleman of 'un. You're very good to Willie, but doant ye see how bad it is for a lad to be stuck up in a place he warn't born to? there's nought but misery for 'un, and for his parents too; for if he's a-got money, or if he ain't, it's just the same, they're not good enough for 'un."

Some such speech as this led to the conversation with which our chapter commences, but when Farmer Grey gave his consent to his son learning a trade and going to London, he did so in comparative ignorance. He knew nothing of tradesmen beyond those in his own village, and he knew how very far these were removed in position from the Squire at the Hall. He could not look forward to the time when the merchant tradesmen of London would be, as so many of them now are, equal in education, refinement, and manners, to the high-born and noble of the land.

Willie Gray took leave of his parents and his native town with no little sorrow. He had never left home before, and although his heart beat high with ambitious hopes of what he would do in the great world to which he was going, yet he could scarcely restrain his tears when he took his seat on the Exeter coach. His good old schoolmaster was there to see him off; he looked paler than usual, this parting from his favourite pupil was a trial greater than he liked to own. Yet when he saw the tears glistening in the boy's eyes, he could not help saying, "Cheer up, Willie, the world is all before you. If it is God's will, I shall hope to live long enough to see you successful in all you undertake. Trust in Him and pray to Him, Willie; you will do nothing well without that. Good-bye, my boy," he added, as the youth turned to say farewell to his parents, "I shall always think of you and pray for you as long as it pleases God to keep me here. Good-bye."

"Now, sir," said the guard, as the coachman came out of the inn door. With one more farewell to them all William mounted to the box seat which had been good-naturedly given up to

him. As the coach drove off, Willie leaned back to have a last look at his father and mother and the good old schoolmaster. To his latest hour he remembered the figure of the old man as he stood waving his hat above his head to cheer Willie, while his long white hair fluttered in the gentle breeze of the early spring morning.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSING LINK.

DURING the summer that followed William Gray's first venture forth into the world as an apprentice, and while the London season was at its height, a gentleman and two young ladies sat one morning at breakfast in a pleasant parlour, the window of which opened upon one of the fashionable streets leading to Mayfair. The well-furnished room formed a striking contrast to the kitchen at Maplewood farm; perhaps the farmer's wife would have considered herself the gainer by the comparison, especially in the bright summer-time, for the most elegant of London apartments have a close atmosphere and dingy appearance after the brightness of new furniture or clean muslin curtains has faded, which it does nowhere more quickly than in London.

Not less marked was the contrast between the group at the tea-table behind the screen, and the gentleman and his daughters now seated at breakfast (with one exception). The former, who appeared about forty-eight years of age, belonged to that type of Englishman which is now so often spoken of as a "gentleman of the old school," and almost looked upon as a thing of the past.

In the present day we have no doubt more intellectual power, more energetic enterprise, more scientific and literary information, no duelling, and certainly less gambling; while swearing, drinking to excess, and other vices are not so easily forgiven in society because they are polished over with the refinements of a Chesterfield or a Beau Brummel. Still we seem to have lost that high sense of honour, that chivalrous deference to women, and that extreme polish in word and manner which distinctly marked the true Christian gentleman of the old school. Religion is walking now in her silken slippers, and Christianity is not a thing to be ashamed of as in the days to which we refer; but Christian men

need not forget the words of the apostle St. Peter, "Be courteous," a rule which St. Paul himself fully exemplified in his conduct before Agrippa.

Sir Henry Arundel was a truly handsome specimen of an English gentleman of the olden times, and as he sat intently reading a letter, his portly figure, smoothly shaven chin, polished brow, and dark eyebrows and eyes contrasted with the powdered hair, made him by far the most attractive figure in the room. His daughters, girls of fourteen and twenty, were well-bred young ladies, moving with the grace of polished society, but neither of them remarkable for personal beauty. Their simple morning costume would have been a masquerade at the present day, and their movements and manner of speaking were as much too slow as in these days they are perhaps too fast.

The baronet was the first to speak. "Caroline, my dear, this letter contains sad news."

The two girls looked up with unusual eagerness. "Oh, papa, what is it?" said the youngest; "is any one dead?"

"Augusta!" said the eldest, in a tone of reproof.

"Well, my dear," said her father, "your sister has surmised the truth. This letter informs me of the death of your uncle Wentworth in Paris, after a few days' illness."

The girls were at first silent with surprise, for their uncle Wentworth, who had married their father's youngest step-sister, was not by many years so old as he.

"Was aunt Eliza with him?" asked Caroline, gently.

"Yes, Caroline, and she and two of the children are coming to England,—this letter is from her solicitor in town, and has been sent on to Upton by mistake; I ought to have had it three days ago."

"Does the letter say how aunt Eliza is?" asked Augusta, timidly.

"No, it is quite a letter of business, and indeed your poor aunt must not think of being ill now, for her husband's death has left her almost penniless."

"Penniless, papa!" exclaimed Caroline.

"Yes," said the baronet, throwing the letter on the table. "Read it, my dear girls, and learn the consequences of marrying a man without principle, against the advice of experience."

"Did aunt Wentworth do so?" asked Augusta.

"Indeed she did," replied her father, sadly, "and painfully she has been punished for it from almost the first hour of her

marriage; but now the crisis has come we must forget her error and help her if we can. Your aunt and cousins are coming here," he added, rising as he spoke; "for the present they have no other home. If you read that letter, Caroline, it will explain everything, and you will see that they may very likely be here this evening."

"This evening, papa!"

"Yes, my dear, so have the rooms prepared as quickly as possible."

"What does it all mean?" said Augusta, taking up the letter as her father left the room.

"Stay," said her elder sister, gently taking it from her, "I will read it to you after I have read it myself, but first I must ring the bell, and see Mrs. Davis about papa's orders."

The young girl of twenty gave her directions to the housekeeper with a dignity she had acquired from having been for several years since her mother's death the head of her father's household. Perhaps the stateliness and formality of manner so much inculcated in those days had been increased by her responsible position, but she was still young enough to feel a great curiosity as to the contents of the lawyer's letter. She had now and then heard hints and remarks respecting her aunt Wentworth's marriage, and her married sister, a lady about five years older than herself, had on one occasion told her circumstances which occurred at her aunt's marriage, that were painful as well as romantic. "Don't tell Augusta," the young married lady had said to the dignified maiden of eighteen, "she is too thoughtless to be trusted with such a subject; I never saw a child with so little repose or dignity of manner in my life."

"Ah," replied Caroline, "it is entirely owing to aunt Esther's indulgence; she tells me that while she was at Upton, after mamma's death, she used to romp about the grounds, climb trees, and tear her clothes like the poorest child in the village."

The young matron lifted up her hands and eyes at these enormities, but promised to do her utmost to obtain a governess whose training would quickly reduce the vulgar little lady to order and correctness. Such a governess could not easily be found; Augusta's fond, loving, natural ways were calculated to win the heart of the most severe, and she remained still as warm-hearted, impetuous, and undignified as ever.

Perhaps Augusta Arundel was in advance of the age, yet even *she* would have doubted the nationality of some of her modern

English sisters; the careless self-possession, the defiance of criticism as to dress, the firm quick step, the independent bearing, and the fast talk of the present day, are, however, but a rebound from the stiff formality of the past; yet the tendency of the human character is always to extremes, and our young ladies would do well to hold that tendency in check.

Augusta Arundel looked serious enough as her sister read and explained as well as she could the lawyer's letter. All the £40,000 given as a marriage portion by a dear uncle to his favourite niece, Eliza Arundel, had been recklessly thrown away by her dissipated husband, the beautiful estate was heavily mortgaged, and Beechwood Park, which had descended to this uncle as the younger son from his mother's family, was lost by the reckless extravagance of his niece's husband.

"But, Caroline," said her sister, who, with all her seeming thoughtlessness, was a girl of shrewd sense, "how was it that aunt Eliza had such a large fortune? I have heard papa say that grandpapa's second wife, aunt Eliza's mamma, had no money at all."

"Well, uncle James gave it her."

"Uncle James! do you mean our great-uncle, grandpapa's brother?"

"Yes, Augusta," said her sister, seriously "but don't mention his name before papa; you know he never speaks of him without seeming pained."

"I have noticed that," she replied; "do you know why it is so, Caroline?"

Her sister hesitated. "I *do* know," she said at last, "and perhaps now my aunt and cousins are coming here you ought to be told, or else you may be saying something in your impetuous way to pain aunt Wentworth, but I am half afraid to trust you."

"Oh, Caroline, indeed I will be cautious in what I say; do, do tell me, I promise you never to speak about it to any one;" and the young girl leaned forward on her sister's lap, with a look so pleading in its earnestness that she could not resist.

"Well, Augusta," she said, "I will tell you: but I give you warning, that if you say one word before Eliza or papa, you will cause great sorrow, and perhaps make papa angry with me."

Again Augusta vehemently promised to be silent; and her sister, in a firm, formal tone, commenced her narrative.

"You are too young to remember our great-uncle James, for I was only four years old when he died, and you were not born, but

I have heard papa say how they all loved him, he was so gentle and kind, yet he never married."

"What made him leave aunt Eliza all that money?" interrupted Augusta.

"He did not *leave* it, he gave it to her. It was transferred into the bank in her name before she was twenty."

"But why did he take so much care of aunt Eliza, instead of papa or aunt Esther?"

"Well, Augusta, I suppose I must tell you all, it is rather a romantic tale, and I think you are too young to understand it."

"I will try to understand," said Augusta, looking much more likely to enter into the romance of a story than her very dignified sister.

"You know," continued Caroline, "grandpapa married twice, and he loved aunt Wentworth's mother, his second wife, very sincerely, but after he had married her he was sorry for having done so."

"Sorry! oh, Caroline, what do you mean?"

"Pray do not look so excited, child, or I will tell you no more," were the words which produced a look of demure sedateness on Augusta's face, satisfying even her sister, who went on,—

"Uncle James wanted to marry the lady who was afterwards grandpapa's second wife, but when he found his brother also loved her he avoided her society, and gave grandpapa every opportunity to ask her to become his wife. After his marriage her husband by some means obtained possession of a letter in which he discovered how much uncle James had loved *his* wife. He never told her of the discovery, but it made him very unhappy, for grandpapa and uncle James were so attached to each other. You know aunt Wentworth's mother died soon after the birth of her child, and grandpapa always thought she mourned over the mistake she had made in marrying him instead of uncle James."

"But," said Augusta, "uncle James had not proposed to her, had he?"

"He told his brother he had not, after her death, but that did not prove which of the brothers she loved best. Grandpapa always believed she preferred uncle James, and some ill-natured persons said she did not care which brother she had, because her father was only a poor half-pay officer, and that she married for a home and a title."

"Oh, what a shameful thing to say!" exclaimed Augusta; "you don't believe it, do you, Caroline?"

"No, certainly not, but you can understand now why uncle James adopted her only child, aunt Wentworth. She was very much like her mother, and he took her to live with him from the age of four years. He had a governess for her at Beechwood, but I believe he indulged her in every whim. It was known that he intended to leave Beechwood and all his property to her, but before she was twenty he made her sole mistress of £40,000, and entirely independent of himself. Grandpapa and aunt Esther tried to persuade him against it, but he would not be diverted from his purpose. "I may live for years," he would say, "and Lizzie has no fortune; young men look for money now-a-days, and none of us like waiting for dead men's shoes. No, I will not allow it to be a matter of conjecture as to how much I may be inclined to give her on her wedding day—she shall have it at once."

"How good and kind of him!" exclaimed Augusta.

"Ah!" replied her sister, "uncle James loved aunt so much that he was too good to her, at least in this, for the money led to her ruin. He had always given up to her in everything, and she expected he would do so when she came to choose a husband. Mr. Arundel's kind gift to his niece soon became known, and aunt Eliza, I have heard papa say, was a very handsome girl, therefore as an heiress she soon had plenty of offers. Oh!" continued Caroline, almost forgetting her primness at the recollection, "how sorry poor uncle James must have been when she made such a foolish choice! for she was determined to marry Charles Wentworth."

"Was he so very wicked, then?" asked Augusta.

"Not exactly wicked, but careless about money, and extravagant. He was the youngest son of Lord Milford, and dreadfully in debt when he proposed to aunt Eliza; but she would not believe a word against him; even when uncle James himself reasoned with her about it she refused to listen, and then he withdrew his consent to the marriage. Aunt Wentworth is very proud now, she was prouder then—she forgot all uncle James's kindness—she was offended with him for opposing her wishes—and in a fit of resentment she consented to run away to Gretna Green with Charles Wentworth. I dare say she was sorry afterwards, and I do not think she would have acted so had she not felt sure uncle James loved her too well not to forgive her. She had often heard him talk of living with her at Beechwood, and how happy it would make him to see her children running about

on the lawn and in the house; so after the honeymoon they returned to Beechwood."

"And did uncle James forgive her?"

"Oh, Augusta! it is so dreadful to think of—he was never heard of since the day aunt Eliza eloped! A letter addressed to 'Mrs. Wentworth' was found in his dressing-room, in which he told her that he gave up Beechwood to her and her husband, and wished her every happiness, but he could not remain there."

"What became of him?" asked Augusta, in tones of awe.

"It was never known," she replied. "A great search and every inquiry were made for him, but without success. Advertisements offering large rewards were inserted in the newspapers—all to no purpose. It is sometimes feared that he committed suicide, for he had always been very eccentric in his habits."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Augusta. "How unhappy aunt Wentworth must feel even now when she thinks of uncle James!"

"She has had just cause for unhappiness," said Caroline, "during all her married life, not only on account of poor uncle James's uncertain fate, but from uncle Wentworth's extravagance. The last time she came to visit us papa said she was quite changed from the lively, proud girl who used to do as she liked at Beechwood. Do you remember her at all, Augusta?"

"Yes, a little," she replied, "but she seemed to me such a tall lady, and so stern, you know. It is four years ago. I remember Maria was with her; such a dear little rosy girl with fair hair."

"Ah! poor aunt was very unhappy then. Her husband had been obliged to leave England on account of his debts, and she had scarcely anything to live upon. All the £40,000 was gone through his extravagance—perhaps she had helped to spend the money at first, for they lived in most extravagant style for some years after the marriage, but now uncle Wentworth is dead, and Beechwood is gone, we must try and make poor aunt Eliza as welcome as we can."

"I am sure I will try to do so," was the earnest reply.

* * * * * *

How different from the Mrs. Wentworth of her early married days was the lady now travelling day and night to England in the hope of shelter and a home at her brother's house! Her eyes had long been opened to her error in marrying Charles Wentworth, and the unknown fate of her kind uncle occasioned her

the deepest remorse. The future happiness and welfare of her four daughters was now her only anxiety, and she had contrived, by economy in household and other expenses, to save enough from a small income to pay for their education. The two eldest, Eliza and Mary, girls of fourteen and sixteen, were at school in Paris at the time of their father's death, and she decided to leave them there and travel to London with her two youngest children, of nine and four years. Her utmost anxiety was to obtain the advice and protection of her step-brother until her husband's affairs could be settled. She knew his kind heart, and had no fear that he would either reproach her or refuse her a home.

Caroline Arundel with great judgment ordered dinner an hour earlier than usual, so that in case of her aunt's arrival, tea, with more substantial fare, might be quickly prepared for her.

When the girls entered the drawing-room, they found their father already there, looking still anxious.

"I have had everything got ready for aunt Wentworth, papa," said Caroline; "when do you think they will be here?"

"I scarcely know," he replied; "I was so shocked and pained by the lawyer's letter this morning, that I put aside without reading a little note from your aunt, which he had enclosed. She may not arrive this evening after all. Here is the note," he added, offering it to his eldest daughter; "read for yourself."

It was hastily written, and contained only a few lines.

"*June*, 182-

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—We arrived at Dover from Paris yesterday. I cannot write about my sorrow. The lawyer's letter will tell you everything. I must be in England while business matters are being settled; will you, during that time, receive me in London, where I suppose you now are? for I have literally no home for myself and the two children. Mary and Eliza are still at school in Paris; Maria and Harriet are coming with me.

"I shall be glad to find myself again in dear old England, but I am so stunned by recent events that I can scarcely realize how soon I shall see you all. I hope to be in London on Wednesday or Thursday by the coach which arrives at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, about eight o'clock, so that you may expect us about nine. I shall forward this note to Mr. Howard, to be enclosed in his letter to you.

"Kindest love to Caroline and Augusta; Maria often talks about them. "Your affectionate sister, ELIZA."

Caroline read the letter and passed it to her sister; she had scarcely finished it when dinner was announced, and the baronet, rising, offered his arm to his daughter to lead her down to dinner. Augusta followed: excepting at a very large dinner party, young as she was, her father would have her at his table, she was his youngest, and motherless, perhaps therefore she had been a little indulged. At present she was without the care of a governess, and the baronet depended upon his married daughter, while in London, to chaperone her sister, but he felt the want of an elder lady in his house, even though Caroline could manage so well. Sir Henry had actually decided upon writing to his aunt, Lady Melville, when the prospect of his sister's return to England removed all his difficulties. This, however, he had not mentioned to his daughters.

During the evening the girls sat for some time in the drawing-room alone,—the eldest at her embroidery frame, with every feature under such complete restraint that no one would have supposed she felt in the least anxious about her aunt's arrival; Augusta, on the contrary, could not sit still. The blinds of the windows facing the street were of course lowered, for Sir Henry had informed his butler of Mr. Wentworth's death, and of the expected arrival of his sister. The windows were open to the ground, and a slight breeze waving the curtains and blinds to and fro felt very refreshing after the heat of a sultry day. The folding-doors were open, and Caroline sat by the window of the back drawing-room to catch the fast fading light, while her sister flitted here and there, unable to settle to anything. At one time she seated herself at the piano, and went through a few pages of Mozart—for Sir Henry Arundel's daughters were true musicians; then she got up, took a book from the table, turned over the leaves, and laid it down. Again at the sound of wheels she advanced quickly to the window, and removing a small corner of the blind, peeped out in hopes of her aunt's arrival.

"Really, Augusta," said her sister at last, "I shall be glad when your new governess arrives, if she can only teach you more power over your own feelings. Your conduct this evening is quite unladylike."

"If she tries to make me as icy and indifferent as you are," said Augusta, hastily, "I shall hate her."

Caroline looked too shocked to reply, and Augusta, rather ashamed of herself, left the room and went up-stairs to the apartments prepared for her aunt. The windows at the back were open, and admitted a purer and fresher breeze, scented with the fragrance of new-mown hay, while the sun approaching the west still shone into the room, which was on a higher story than the drawing-rooms. On the dressing-table stood a vase containing flowers. Augusta eagerly set to work to rearrange them—something she must do to keep away the fidgets; but it only filled up a few minutes. Then she entered the dressing-room, where arrangements had been made for her two cousins to sleep, and the little white beds looked cool and pleasant even in the dingy London atmosphere.

At last, feeling rather penitent for her rude speech to her sister, she returned to the drawing-room, and finding her father there, the excitable young lady subsided into a personification of patient endurance.

In the evening twilight, when the long June day was drawing to a close, a hackney coach rattled over the rough stones of Half-moon Street and stopped at the door. Sir Henry Arundel descended the stairs to receive his sister; the girls waited. In a few minutes the baronet entered, with a tall, stately lady in a widow's dress leaning on his arm, who came forward to receive her nieces' greeting. All Augusta's deep pity and sympathy for her aunt faded at once; had she been a gainer instead of a loser by her husband's death, she could not have carried herself with more dignity and ease. Her cousins who followed their mother looked like little foreigners, and answered in French when spoken to. They were, however, taken by Augusta to her own maid to be refreshed after the journey by washing and hair-brushing, and in a short time the whole party sat down to a substantial tea in the dining-room.

Till the young strangers had been taken to bed no reference was made to business matters. Then Mrs. Wentworth opened her heart to her brother, and he promised to help and advise her with every means in his power. How he kept that promise will be seen as the story goes on.

Mrs. Wentworth had no fear, her faith in her step-brother was strong, and she laid her head on her pillow that night with a greater feeling of relief from anxiety than she had experienced for years.

TWO PICTURES.

BY T. LYNTON RICHARDSON.

No. I.—Given.

A summer day and a cloudless sky,
And a crowd of the joyous people,
And the merry clang of the wedding bells
From an ivy-covered steeple.

A sweet young bride, in her white array,
And a bridegroom by the altar;
A grey-haired priest, whose solemn words
With affection's weight must falter.

The sharp, clear ring of the brief "I will!"
In a manly voice and strong,
That tells of a deep and lasting love,
Let life be short or long.

A gallant shout and a loud huzza!
From the blithesome lads and lasses,
And the fervent wish and the glistening tear
As the bride by her elders passes.

A clinging form and a timid glance,
That still keeps upward stealing;
A rosy cheek and a bright blue eye,
The light of love revealing.

A trusting wife and a husband true,
Fast bound, for life, together,—
God grant that the bark of their happiness
May meet with the fairest weather!

No. II.—Taken away.

A cloudy sky and a drizzling rain,
And the sad and silent people,
And the measured toll of the deep-mouthed bell
From the ivy-covered steeple.

A pale, still corpse, in a spotless shroud,
So sweetly, calmly resting!
And the grey-haired priest his trembling form
In the funeral garments vesting.

The sharp, shrill cry of a smitten soul,
And a strong man's heart is broken;
And comfort's words are as torture fierce,
How softly soe'er they're spoken.

Many a bursting, smothered sob
From the weeping lads and lasses,
And many a prayer for the stricken one
As the slow procession passes.

A stooping form and a rayless glance,
That still keeps downward stealing;
A sunken cheek and a faltering step,
The soul's deep grief revealing.

A widowed heart, with its light crushed out,
Of time and trouble weary;
Life aimless—left but a toilsome waste,
All dismal, dark, and dreary!

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SIR THOMAS MORE.[1]

BY THE LATE JAMES F. DIMOCK.

"He's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them."

SUCH is the sole record left to us by our great poet of Sir Thomas More. We can easily imagine why Shakspere, writing for the amusement of Anne Boleyn's daughter, should be sparing in his praise of one who had so boldly and consistently opposed the divorce of Queen Katharine. But this slight allusion to his greatness, put, as it is, in the mouth of one of More's enemies and one by whose fall More had risen, seems at least to show a silent admiration on the part of the poet for a man of whom he was forced to say so little.

Sir Thomas More was born in the year of our Lord 1480 (some say 1476). He was the only son of Sir John More, judge of the King's Bench. His mother was a Miss Handcombe, a native of Bedfordshire. On the night after her marriage she is said to have seen "in her sleep, as it were engraven in her wedding ring, the number and favour of all her children she was to have, whereof . . . the face of one of her other she beheld shining most gloriously, whereby no doubt Sir Thomas's fame and sanctity were foreshadowed and pre-signified."

In his early years Sir Thomas was well cared for. While still very young he was put to school at St. Anthony's, in Threadneedle Street, one of Henry the Sixth's four London grammar schools. He was so clever and diligent that he "rather greedily devoured than leisurely chewed the grammar rules," and soon

[1] The principal facts contained in this paper, many of which will doubtless be new to several readers, are taken from a valuable work which has been for some years out of print, viz., Hunter's edition of "The Life of Sir Thomas More, by his Great-grandson, Cresacre More." This book, although of course written *con amore* is now considered one of the best authorities on the life of More. Many of the quotations are also from the same work.

far outstripped all his schoolfellows. His father then procured him a post in the household of Morton, Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord High Chancellor. Under the eye of this great man the youth learnt wisdom and virtue, and by his lively wit and pleasant manners soon made himself a general favourite. The archbishop often prophesied to his friends that his young page would some day turn out "a marvellous rare man." Nor did the prelate leave him to his own devices. He sent him to Oxford, to Canterbury (now Christchurch) College. Sir Thomas, in his "Utopia," describes Cardinal Morton as "a man of incomparable judgment, a memory more than credible, eloquent in speech, and, which is more to be wished in clergymen, of singular wisdom and virtue."

More remained two years at college, and during that time he surprised all with whom he came in contact by his wit, diligence, and cleverness. He was very industrious, and his father, with a wisdom which modern students would perhaps hardly appreciate, allowed him very little pocket-money, and made him keep accounts. When the son was grown up, he used to praise the course his father had taken, declaring that it had kept him from vice, idle expenses, and bad company. Sir Thomas's behaviour towards his father was always most exemplary. He never contradicted or offended him by word or deed. Even when Lord Chancellor, and far above his father in rank, he came to him every day for his blessing, and always offered him precedence in public.

Before he was twenty years old, Mr. More had become so famous for his witty epigrams and elegant verses, that not only do we find authors praising him in their works, but one German writer actually published a book[1] attacking these epigrams. More's whole works form two large volumes. They are very scarce now, and the only one which is much known is his "Utopia." He was an elegant scholar, but the chief points in his writings are the vivacity and wit they display. In controversial works his sarcasm is most bitter, and in one or two cases, notably in his attack upon Luther, he is said to have used language unworthy of him. But of this more hereafter.

In religion Sir Thomas was an earnest ascetic Churchman of the age in which he lived. Consequently, we may expect to find him very strict in his religious exercises—nay, some of his practices may seem to many ridiculous. Like St. Paul, he tried

[1] Brictius's "Antimorus."

to "keep under his body, and bring it into subjection." He always wore a shirt of hair next to his skin, and rigidly observed fast days, even scourging himself on Fridays with a whip. He often lay upon the bare ground, and gave up five hours at most to sleep. After he had left college he lived near the Charterhouse, and joined daily in the spiritual exercises of the Carthusians, although he had taken no vow. He heard mass every day before going to business, and on one occasion, when Henry VIII. sent for him during the performance of it, he replied to them that urged him, "I must first do my duty to One who is better than the King." Even when Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas might frequently be seen in his surplice among the lay clerks in his parish church at Chelsea.

Whilst speaking of religious matters, it will be perhaps a well to say a few words on the accusations which have bee brought against him to the effect that he was a persecutor, an turned his house at Chelsea into a prison for those whom h thought heretics.[1] Both statements are probably in part tru There is no doubt that he did keep condemned Protestants i Chelsea before sending them to the Tower, but it was onl in order to try, by persuasion and argument, to win them back t the Church they had left; and they were probably mo comfortable there than in the Tower. In any case, it is a note worthy fact that not one Protestant suffered death while Mo was Lord Chancellor; and we find a Lutheran writer, Simo Grineus, boasting of the extreme kindness and courtesy show to him by More whilst staying in England.

Mr. More left college at the age of eighteen, and, probably, i the following year was admitted at New Inn, whence he soo removed to Lincoln's Inn, where his father then was. Here, i elsewhere, he rose rapidly, winning the highest honours.

In 1502, when he was only two-and-twenty, his public caree may be said to have begun. He was then in Parliament, an was the only member who dared openly to oppose the impositio of a tax which Henry VII. had demanded. His courag however, proved contagious, and the King received from a priv

[1] The absurd story of the "Tree of Troth," a tree in his garden to whi refractory Protestants were said to be bound in order to be whipped, has be distinctly denied by Sir Thomas. Even in this enlightened age we can call to mi accounts of more than one ludicrously awful cruelty coming to light, which ha been zealously circulated and implicitly believed in by a certain class of people, which cases Papists are invariably the persecutors and Protestants the victims.

councillor the astounding news that "a beardless boy had disappointed him of all his expectations." Whereupon his Majesty took Sir John, the father of the "beardless boy," and shut him up in the Tower, keeping him there until he had paid him a fine of one hundred pounds.

When twenty-five years old, More married the eldest daughter of Mr. John Colt, of New Hall, in the county of Essex. By her he had one son and three daughters, the eldest of whom was the famous Margaret Roper. After his marriage he seems to have studied the law for some years. He was made Judge of the Sheriffs' Court, and twice Reader at Lincoln's Inn. During this time the king died, and was succeeded by Henry VIII. More also lost his wife, and as his children were still young, and he could not look after them very much, he soon afterwards married a second time, the object of his choice being a widow seven years older than himself, Mrs. Alice Middleton by name, by whom he had no children. There is a story told in connection with each of his wooings. In the case of his first wife, it is said that he very much preferred her younger sister, but, in consideration of the feelings of the elder one, he dutifully transferred his affections to her. His second wife he is said to have been wooing for a friend of his, until she humorously told him that he might be more fortunate if he made love on his own account.

The young King soon heard of More's fame, and although he found him for some time unwilling, through his natural reserve and modesty, to come to court, yet he sent him on an embassy into Flanders, and soon after his return made him a privy councillor, and Treasurer of the Exchequer, and dubbed him a knight. This was in 1517.

For some time Sir Thomas seems to have been well pleased with his life at court. The King was very fond of him, and at the beginning of his reign the court of Henry was the most famous in Europe. Sir Thomas writes thus of his royal master:—"The King's Majesty is so virtuous and learned, and so industrious in both, that by how much the more I see his Highness increase in those kingly ornaments, by so much the less troublesome this courtier's life seemeth unto me." The only drawback to his happiness was the impossibility of his seeing much of his wife and children at Chelsea, and this he felt very keenly.

But here I must make a slight digression.

There are a very few great men of whose private life we know

much; and in not a few cases it is perhaps better that it is so. Nay, one may almost say that it would be unfair to them to pry into their domestic affairs,—into that side of their life which owes the world no duty, with which the world has nothing to do. When, therefore, as in the case of Sir Thomas More, this hidden life is revealed, and we lift the veil, and see there nothing but a reflection of the outer life, the same goodness, the same virtues as appear to the world, our admiration for such a man cannot but be increased. In describing his life at Chelsea I will quote from Erasmus. Of course his is the testimony of a dear friend; but still, he could have no object in praising one who was not even his own countryman beyond what he considered to be his due.

"There he converseth affably with his family, his wife, his son, and daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so loving to his children as he; and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid; and such is the excellency of his temper, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth it as though nothing could happen more happily. You would say there were in that place Plato's academy; but I do the house injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, wherein there was only disputations of numbers, and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion; for there is none therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sciences; their special care is piety and virtue; there is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard; none are seen idle; which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not govern by proud and lofty words, but with all kind and courteous benevolence. Everybody performeth his duty, yet is there always alacrity, neither is sober mirth anything wanting." Erasmus even notices the servants. "There was," says he, "a fatal felicity fallen on the servants of that house, that none lived in better estate. After Sir Thomas More's death, none ever was touched with the least aspersion of any evil fame."

In Heywood's "Il Moro"[1] is a description of Sir Thomas's house and life at Chelsea, of which the following is a translation:—

"It was a beautiful and commodious residence, and to this place it was his usual practice to retire when weary of London. At this house, as well on account of its proximity to London as on account of the admirable character of its owner, men distin-

[1] Printed at Florence in 1556, and dedicated to Cardinal Pole.

guished by their genius and learning, who dwelt in the city, were often accustomed to meet; where, when alone and at leisure, they would enter into some useful argument or discourse on things pertaining to human nature; and each using in the best manner his intellect and extensive knowledge, their arguments were attended with great profit to each other."

From all that we can discover it appears that there was one member of this family who was rather out of place in so studious a household. This was Lady More herself. Although Sir Thomas spent much of his spare time in teaching her various accomplishments, she seems to have been a very poor companion to him and his children. And this must have been a source of considerable inconvenience, even in the privacy of their home. For More was known by name, if not personally, to nearly all the great scholars of Europe, and any one of these would have considered a journey to England thrown away unless he had paid a visit to Sir Thomas at Chelsea; so that his house was the constant resort of learned men from all parts. Henry VIII. was in the habit of coming down unexpectedly to Chelsea, and putting his arm through that of Sir Thomas as he walked about his garden, conversing with him in the most affectionate manner possible.

There is a painting by Holbein still, I believe, in existence of Sir Thomas More and his family. In this picture there is also another very important member of the household, not yet mentioned, viz., Henry Pattison, Sir Thomas's jester. There is a good story told of him in the "Il Moro." One day at dinner the fool was standing behind his master's chair, and his eye happened to fall upon a gentleman at the table who possessed a remarkably long nose. After staring at him for a considerable time, he suddenly exclaimed aloud, "What a *terrific* nose that gentleman has got!" Everybody at the table immediately began to look very uncomfortable, and Pattison, seeing he had got himself into a mess, tried to get out of it again. "How I lied in my throat," he said, "when I said that gentleman's nose was so monstrously large! on the faith of a gentleman it really is rather a small one." This was too much for the gravity of the company, and Sir Thomas ordered the jester out of the room. But that worthy, thinking his honour was now at stake, made a final attempt to set matters right. Walking to the head of the table, he exclaimed, "There is one thing I would have you to know, that gentleman has not *the least atom of a nose*."

In 1523 More was chosen Speaker of the House of Comm and whilst holding that office he came in contact with Wol who was then Lord Chancellor. The House had been aske grant a loan, and Wolsey, fearing that it would not pass, c himself in state with all his suite, and made a speech, show how necessary it was that the loan should be granted. W everybody else was silent, the Speaker, with all reverence, t the cardinal that this his conduct was "neither expedient agreeable to the ancient liberties of that House." Wolsey w away in a rage, and from that day seems to have taken a jeal dislike to Sir Thomas.

During the next few years More was engaged as ambassa in Flanders and France. He was also made Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster. His last embassage was to Cambray, w Bishop Tunstal, whither they went to conclude a treaty betw Henry VIII., the French King, and the Emperor Charles.

Just before the journey to Cambray the question about legality of the King's marriage began to be considered. Thomas was one of the first whose advice the King sought the matter. At first he tried to excuse himself, saying he unfit to meddle with such matters. But when Henry pre and commanded him to give his opinion, he told him plai after due deliberation, that he thought—not on his own autho but on the authority of several Greek and Latin fathers, wl he quoted—that to marry Anne Boleyn while Katharine was alive would be a gross sin on the part of the King. And was his conduct throughout the rest of his life. He never fo his opinions of right and wrong upon the King; nay, he w rather have kept them to himself. But when he was oblige say what he thought, no fear of Henry's anger ever made shrink from telling what he knew would be unpalatable tru Queen Katharine used to say of him that the King had only sound counsellor in his kingdom, and that was Sir Thomas M As for the rest, they either said what the King wished then say, or else were without discretion. And this point in character, this consistency in saying and doing what he thou was right because it was right, and in spite of the dange incurred by doing it, is above all others the one which n excites our admiration. And we must be careful to remen that the points at issue were never, in Sir Thomas's estimat questions of temporal or political expediency. They v throughout questions of religion, questions of right and wr

It was not because he considered it unwise on the part of the King to marry Anne Boleyn, and to throw off the authority of the Church, that he consistently opposed his designs. It was because he thought it a sin against God. However much, therefore, his opinions may clash with ours, his conduct is none the less praiseworthy. He had been brought up in a certain faith; he had not shrunk from obeying its severest details; from a very boy he had tried to live up to its standard, and now, when the laws and the very government of his Church were called in question, what could we expect from him but that he should use all his abilities, all his power in its defence? There was every temporal inducement for him to give way; nay, every reasonable excuse; for had not the bishops, those who ought to understand such matters better than he, had not they ceded the point? And yet he could not do so, because he thought it wrong. If there be such a thing in this world as respect for the religious scruples of another, to none, surely, is that respect more due than to one who was willing to die rather than sin against his own conscience.

In 1529, the year in which the truce of Cambray was completed, came the fall of Wolsey, and the King made Sir Thomas More Lord Chancellor in his place. Thus by his own exertions he had risen from the bottom to the very highest post in his profession. He was the first layman who attained to this high honour, but the King's choice seems to have been universally applauded. Erasmus, writing to another foreigner, the Bishop of Vienna, says, "Concerning the new increase of honour lately happened to Thomas More, I should easily make you believe it if I should show you the letters of many famous men, rejoicing with much alacrity, and congratulating the King, the realm, himself, and also me, for More's honour in being made Lord Chancellor of England."

If the King thought that this appointment would in any way alter the conduct of Sir Thomas towards him in the still unsettled question of the divorce, he was mistaken. The loyalty of the new chancellor was far higher and more noble than that of his predecessor. More was willing and ready to "spend and be spent" in the service of his King, only so far as he did not fail in the service of his God.

As Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas probably did much to amend the Court of Chancery. He found it choked up with many tedious causes, some of which had been going on for nearly

twenty years, and he set to work to despatch these at one
His father was still on the bench of judges, and the courts
father and son were both at Westminster. If Sir Thomas
account of himself may be believed, he must have been a mo
impartial judge. "Although it were my father," he said, o
day, to one of his sons-in-law, "whom I reverence dearly, th
stood on the one side, and the devil, whom I hate extremel
were on the other side, his cause being just, the devil of n
should have his right."

In the next year Sir John More died, at the age of seventy
six. In this year also died Cardinal Wolsey.

Up to this point More's scruples had not stood in the way
his promotion. But now, when the King had determined
marry Anne Boleyn, and Sir Thomas More found that he woul
be obliged, from his position in the Upper House, to use h
influence with the Parliament to bring about the marriage, h
voluntarily resigned the chancellorship, after holding it for tw
and a half years. The story is told, that on the day after h
resignation, and before it was known to anybody, he and h
family were at church at Chelsea. It was the custom for one
the gentlemen in waiting to go to Lady More's pew after th
service, and say, "His lordship is gone." On this particular d
Sir Thomas went to her himself, and making a low courtes
said, "*My* lordship is gone." Lady More's surprise, when sh
found it was no joke, may be imagined.

A few years before this, when Archbishop Warham resigne
the office of Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, who had th
no idea that he would hereafter hold the same post himse
wrote thus to the archbishop:—

"I have always esteemed your most reverend fatherho
happy in your courses, not only when you executed with gre
renown the office of chancellorship, but also more happy no
when, being rid of that great care, you have betaken yourself
a most wished quietness, the better to live to yourself, and
serve God more easily. . . . For many men, and among
those some wicked men also, may oftentimes be raised to gre
offices; but when you had that high office of chancellorsh
which, as all others of the like kind are, is of that nature th
the more authority and power one hath whilst he doth bear
the more slanders he is subject unto having left it, to resi
such an office voluntarily none but a modest-minded man wou
nor any but a guiltless man dare do. Wherefore many, a

amongst them myself, do applaud and admire this your act, which proceeded from a mind I know not whether more modest in that you would willingly forsake so magnificent a place, or more heroical in that you could contemn it, or more innocent in that you feared not to depose yourself from it, but surely most excellent and prudent it was to do so."

On his own resignation he writes to Erasmus, "That which I have from a child unto this day almost continually wished, that being freed from the troublesome businesses of public affairs, I might live somewhile only to God and myself, I have now by the especial grace of Almighty God, and the favour of my most indulgent prince, obtained."

It is a noteworthy fact, and one which shows a strange difference between Wolsey and More, that when the latter had given up the chancellorship he had barely a hundred pounds in ready money.

Sir Thomas gave up the great seal in 1532, after which he lived in retirement with his family at Chelsea. He spent his time in writing books against Protestants, and in religious exercises. It has been said that in the first of these occupations he frequently used language unworthy of so great a man, and coarse to the last degree. But we must remember that it is not fair to view his conduct by the light of our own days, or, as it has been wisely remarked, "a man's virtues depend upon the standard prevalent in his age;" and many of More's contemporaries were quite as bitter, if not more so, in their writings as he. And, again, it seems only natural that such an earnest and devoted Catholic as Sir Thomas should feel his whole soul rise in indignation against any that dared to throw off the Church's authority. In one of his letters he writes, "That which I profess in my epitaph, that I have been troublesome to heretics, I have done it with a little ambition; for I so hate these kind of men that I would be their sorest enemy that possibly they could have, if they will not repent; for I find them such men, and so to increase every day, that I even greatly fear the world will be undone by them."

Sir Thomas More was not destined to remain long undisturbed. He had powerful enemies at court, chiefest of whom was Anne Boleyn herself. She never forgave him for his steady opposition to her marriage, and it was her influence which brought upon him his subsequent misfortunes. Matters came to a crisis in the beginning of 1534, when Parliament passed the Act of

Succession. An oath was framed, by which all English subjects were called upon to renounce the Pope's authority, and swear to the succession of Queen Anne's children, the Princess Mary being thus rendered illegitimate. Very shortly after this Anne was publicly crowned at Westminster, and Sir Thomas received an invitation from three bishops (Durham, Winchester, and Bath) to be present at the ceremony. He replied refusing to do so, and warning them to be very cautious, as their attendance at, and consequently assent to, the coronation would in all probability be brought against them on a future occasion. It is at least possible that this message came to the ears of the new queen. At any rate, in the very same month all the bishops and clergy were summoned to appear before a Royal Commission at Lambeth to swear to the oath of succession, and with them was summoned *one layman*, Sir Thomas More. On the day appointed he went, as his custom was before undertaking any important business, to his parish church of Chelsea, to be confessed and to attend mass; and as he was being rowed to London, he suddenly turned round in the boat, and said to his son-in-law, Roper, who was attending him, "I thank our Lord, son, the field is won." Arrived at Lambeth, and brought before the commissioners, "he requested of them to see the oath, which, when he had read unto himself, he answered that he neither would find fault with the oath, nor with the authors of it, nor would blame the conscience of any man that had taken it, but for himself he could not take it without endangering his soul of eternal damnation; which if they doubted of, he would swear unto them that that was the chief cause of his refusal." It was well known that if More gave way his example would greatly influence others, and accordingly persuasions and arguments of every description were brought to bear upon him, but all in vain, and at the last he, with two others, the Bishop of Rochester and one Dr. Wilson, refused to take the oath, and More went out from Lambeth a prisoner. "It gives almost a sacredness to Morton's gate," writes the Lambeth librarian,[1] "to think of More passing guarded beneath it, and whispering, it may be, to himself the grand words of that morning—his thanksgiving that the field was won."

For four days Sir Thomas was delivered over to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, while the King consulted with the council what should be done. Then Henry, probably very much

[1] *Macmillan's Magazine*, January, 1870, p. 225.

against his will, caused the oath again to be administered, and as Sir Thomas still refused to take it, he was sent to the Tower, charged with misprision of treason.

More was kept in prison a little more than a year. While there he spent a great deal of his time in writing religious works, until, by the King's order, all his paper and ink were taken away from him. His daughter, Margaret Roper, was constantly with him, in vain trying to persuade him to take the required oath. One day his wife paid him a visit, and asked him, "What a' God's name do you mean, here still thus fondly to tarry, when you might be abroad at your liberty, with the favour and good-will both of the King and his council." "I pray you, good Mrs. Alice," he replied, "is not this house as near heaven as mine own? . . . Again, tell me, how long do you think we might enjoy life? Twenty years? Truly, if you should say a thousand years it were somewhat; and yet he were a very bad merchant that would put himself in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years; how much the rather if we are not sure to enjoy it one day to an end?"

The King seems still to have had hopes of persuading Sir Thomas, for he frequently sent to him the Lord Chancellor, his secretary, Cromwell, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and others to converse with him. But they tried in vain to turn his purpose, and on July 1st, 1535, he was brought to trial at Westminster, having been arraigned on May 7th of the same year. His judges were Lord Chancellor Audley, Lord Chief Justice Fitzjames, and six others. Rich, the King's solicitor, was the principal witness against him, and, there seems hardly any doubt, perjured himself. In any case the jury only dared to give one verdict, and Sir Thomas More was found guilty.

Great uncertainty seems to exist as to the nature of the accusations brought against Sir Thomas, and the point on which he was condemned. Dr. Short[1] doubts the story of Rich's evidence, because, as he says, "under the second bill there was no necessity for any witnesses at all. It was by that Act treason not to take the oath, which he refused to do." Now this we submit is a mistake. The original bill had found him guilty of misprision of treason for refusing to take the oath, but to this bill no pains or penalties were attached. But it was not on this account that More was brought in guilty of high treason. The wording of the second Act was this, that it was high treason "maliciously

[1] "History of the Church of England," third edition, p. 96, note b.

to wish, will, or desire by words or writing to deprive the King's most royal person, the queen, or her heirs apparent, or any of them, of their dignity, title, and name." More, according to Rich's evidence, had said to him one day in the Tower that the Parliament could not make the King supreme head of the Church and so was considered to be within the statute. But in the first place Sir Thomas distinctly denied having made this statement and two other gentlemen who, at the time when Rich said it was made to him, were in the same room, both declared that they did not hear More say any such thing. And in the second place, as More sarcastically told Rich, it was not probable, after he had kept such a strict and careful silence on this subject both in his words and writings, out of respect and gratitude to the King, that he should suddenly say such a thing to him whom he had known from a boy,[1] and who had always been esteemed by those who knew him well "very light of tongue, a great dicer and gamester, and not of any commendable fame."

This was the sentence passed on him,—"That he should be brought back to the Tower of London, by the help of William Bingston, Sheriff, and from thence drawn on a hurdle, through the City of London, to Tyburn, there to be hanged till he be half dead; after that, cut down yet alive, his belly ripped, his bowels burnt, and his four quarters set up over four gates of the City, and his head upon London Bridge." Sir Thomas had once wittily remarked that "a man might *lose his head*, and yet be none the worse for it," but surely the King deserves no credit for cancelling this revolting judgment, and allowing one of his best and truest counsellors the poor honour of being beheaded instead.

After the sentence had been given, the prisoner thus addressed his judges:—"Like as the blessed apostle, St. Paul (as we read in the Acts of the Apostles), was present and consenting to the death of the protomartyr, St. Stephen, keeping their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet they be now both twain holy saints in heaven, and there shall continue friends together for ever: so I verily trust, and shall therefore heartily pray, that though your lordships have been on earth my judges to condemnation, yet we may hereafter meet in heaven merrily together to our everlasting salvation; and God preserve you all, especially my sovereign lord the King, and grant him faithful counsellors."

[1] In early life More and Rich had lived for a considerable time in the same parish, St. Lawrence Jewry.

The trial ended, Sir Thomas More was conducted back to the Tower, an axe being carried in front of him with the edge towards him. But on the way his only son came running to him, and threw himself at his feet, begging his blessing. A little after this, his favourite daughter, Margarite, forced her way through the crowd and the soldiers, and threw her arms round his neck, kissing him, and crying, "Oh, my father! oh, my father!" and it was some time before they could tear him from her embrace.

The remainder of his life (July 1st—6th) was spent in prayer and meditation, and other religious exercises. On the day before his execution he wrote with a coal, which had been his only pen for some time, the following letter to his best-beloved daughter:

"I cumber thee, daughter Margarite, very much; but I would be sorry that it should be any longer than to-morrow, for to-morrow is St. Thomas of Canterbury's eve, and the octaves of St. Peter; therefore to-morrow long I to go to God; it were a day very meet and convenient.[1] I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last. For I like when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look unto worldly courtesy. Farewell, dear daughter; pray for me, and I will pray for you and all your friends, that we may meet together in heaven. Commend me, when you can, to my son John; his towardly carriage towards me pleased me very much. God bless him, and his good wife, and their children."

On the following morning, to the indignant astonishment of half Europe, Sir Thomas More was beheaded on Tower Hill. Henry VIII., who is said to have tried to throw the blame on Anne Boleyn, was severely and most justly blamed on all sides for allowing the execution to take place. The Emperor Charles, on hearing of it, exclaimed that he would rather have lost the best city in his dominions than so wise and honest a counsellor as More.

. . .

There is, in many respects, a strange contrast between the characters of Sir Thomas More and his predecessor, Cardinal Wolsey; and this seems especially apparent in their death. On his death-bed, and not till then, did the great prelate discover what had been the great mistake of his life. He had served the wrong master, and the words in which he acknowledges his error are as familiar to us as a household proverb,—"Had I but

[1] This was written before he knew what day had been appointed for his execution; so that, strangely enough, his wish was fulfilled.

served my God half so well as I have served my king, He would not have left me in my old age to mine enemies." Now listen to the last words of Sir Thomas from the scaffold. Forbidden to address the people, he yet called upon them to bear him witness that he there died "a faithful servant both of God and the King." What a contrast! The one had through life put his king before his God, and was now forsaken by both. The other had not been disloyal to his king, but had sought "*first* the kingdom of God," and it mattered not to him if the King did forsake him. For mark the impotence of the punishment which the monarch inflicted on him. We are told that Sir Thomas went to the scaffold positively with joy. Nay, his very wit did not forsake him. "I pray you, sir," he said to the lieutenant, thinking the scaffold a little shaky—"I pray you, sir, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." There was no remorse now, for there had been no guilt; there was no hesitation in death, for there had never been doubt in life. And so, with hope at his heart, he kissed his executioner, uttered one short prayer, and died.

So passed away one whom a foreign Protestant writer[1] afterwards described as "that singular and excellent for learning and piety, yea, the only ornament and glory of his country, Thomas More." And we cannot conclude the paper better than in the words of another foreigner, the Bishop of Nuceria.[2]

"Every man bewaileth the death of Sir Thomas More, even they who are adversaries unto him for religion, so great was his courtesy to all men, so great his affability, so excellent was his nature. Whom did he ever send away from him, if he were anything learned, without gifts? or who was so great a stranger unto him, to whom he did not seek to do one good turn or another? Many are favourable only to their own countrymen—Frenchmen to Frenchmen, Scottishmen to Scots. This his bounty hath so engraven More in every man's heart, that they all lament his death as the loss of their own father or brother. I myself have seen many tears come from those men who never saw More in their lives, nor never received any benefits from him; yea, whilst I write these things, tears gush from me, whether I will or no. How many souls hath that axe wounded which cut off More's head!"

J. F. D.

[1] John Rivius.

[2] Some have attributed this letter to Erasmus.

ENGLISH HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS OF THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. I.—WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

AT a time when hymnology may fairly be said to have taken its place among the *quasi*-theological subjects of study which are so popular at the present day, it is a curious fact that but few persons are acquainted with our native hymn-writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries whose works are well entitled to respectful consideration, and in some cases to admission within the modern hymnals, which contain many compositions of far less value. The period to which we are referring may indeed be regarded as the Renaissance of hymnody, for within it some of the greatest authors of sacred poetry grew up side by side with those whose fame rests rather on their translations than on their original productions, while coincident with the publication of their works was the revival of church life, which naturally found its expression in the songs of the sanctuary. For these the translators of the Prayer-book had made little, if any, provision. The ever-glorious Psalter, the golden song-book of the Church in all ages, they had, it is true, pointed for congregational use, but here they had stopped short, making no effort to furnish any English rendering of the old office hymns, or to add to the existing but practically unavailable store. Scarcely was their task completed, and the Prayer-book finally authorized for general use, when the need for some such additional means of uniting the people in common worship became evident, and the initial attempts at constructing an English hymnal were seen in the rude efforts of the earlier versifiers of the Psalms.

Their name was legion. From all classes of the people they rose up, until their ranks were swelled by kings and statesmen, by fair dames and humble citizens, numbering in all from a hundred and fifty to two hundred authors. Their works, as a rule, furnished a striking proof of the truth of the well-worn assertion,

that "fools rush madly in where angels fear to tread;" for, excep in a few cases, the dross far outweighed the sterling metal; th true poetic ring was generally wanting, and the uncouth attemp at versification was seldom atoned for either by force of languag or beauty of thought. The earliest of those who thus came for ward to improve upon king David and his fellow-psalmists wer the celebrated rhymesters, Sternhold and Hopkins, who, unde the sheltering approval of "good Queen Bess," saddled th national Church with a collection of doggerel which for many long day formed the popular hymn-book. Their intentions wer doubtless as laudable as those of many of our nineteenth centur editors, who provide congregations with new hymn-books differ ing little, if at all, from existing collections, but the execution o their design was far from satisfactory, at any rate when judge by modern canons. They possessed, it is true, a fair acquaintanc with the original Hebrew—a point in their favour, on which M Keble and other writers have strongly insisted—but we ar inclined to agree with Montgomery, that while "the merit o faithful adherence to the original has been claimed for this ver sion, and need not be denied, it is the resemblance which th dead bear to the living." The work, in fact, was beyond the powers, and it has proved too great a task even for the best o Christian poets from that day to the present.

Nothing daunted, however, the crowd of imitators increased until the land was filled with the crude publications of men "whose piety was better than their poetry, and who had drun more of Jordan than of Helicon."

Following Sternhold and Hopkins we find a long list o authors, all more or less famous in Church and State, includin Archbishop Parker, Sir Philip Sidney, and the Countess of Pem broke his sister, Lord Bacon, George Sandys, Bishop Hal Bishop King, Patrick, Herbert, and Sir Richard Blackmore, of th last of whom these quaint lines were written:—

> "He took his Muse at once, and dipped her
> Full in the middle of the Scripture;
> What wonders there the man grown old did!
> Sternhold himself he out-Sternhold-ed!"

But it was reserved for Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brad finally to dispute the place of honour with the older poetaster These worthies, who enjoyed the patronage of King James th First, obtained an "allowance" from the Court at Kensingto

in 1696 for their volume, to be used by "such congregations as shall think fit to receive it;" and the result was that it found its way into the Prayer Book, with which it was usually bound up. Of this collection again Montgomery wrote with not a little severity, declaring that "it is nearly as inanimate as Sternhold and Hopkins, though a little more refined;" and speaking generally, the justice of his verdict cannot be denied, for although amidst a mass of verbose doggerel there are some good specimens of the poetic spirit of the age, and of the genuine devotion which distinguished many members of the middle and upper ranks of society, it must be admitted that as a whole their compositions were utterly unfitted for use by "wise men and Christians." Their popularity was nevertheless unquestionable; and as a proof of the encouragement accorded to their authors, we find that they followed them up from time to time by some equally unsuccessful paraphrases of the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and even of the long confession of St. Athanasius, resulting in that jingling rhyme which by some extraordinary means found its way into the Prayer-book year after year, until at last its use became rather a sign of orthodoxy than otherwise.

England was thus practically without a hymn-book, although furnished with a duplicate psalter, and the conduct of the leaders of the Reformation in this respect furnishes a striking contrast to the course adopted in Germany, where Luther and his followers, with a keener perception of the important part which popular hymn-singing was destined to play in connection with the spread of the doctrines they preached, provided original words and music, with some few adaptations of the old Latin hymns, well suited for the purpose. It may be argued, as it has been, that the only reason which prevented the English reformers from following the example of their Continental brethren was their incapacity for the work; and as in the single instance—that of the *Veni Creator* in the ordination service—in which they admitted a hymn into the Prayer Book, it was a translation of one of the ancient hymns, it has been not unfairly asserted that "so far as their principle can be ascertained, it is in favour of ancient hymns."[1] To supply worthy translations of the old Church songs was, however, reserved for a later day, and

[1] *Vide* Mr. Pearson's article in the "Oxford Essays" of 1858. The sentence "In the midst of life," &c., in the Burial Office, is another relic of an ancient hymn forming part of a Latin antiphon written by Notken, a monk of St. Gall, in 911.

it was to meet the want thus left unfilled that, by slow degrees, a school of native songsters pressed forward to devote themselves to the noble task of contributing to the "hymnarium Ecclesiæ," which still remains unfinished; and it is to the works of some of the minor writers among their number that we propose to direct attention in these papers. Although not always distinguished by the beauty of diction and elevation of style which characterize those greater Christian poets whose hymns have become "household words" amongst us, their writings are nevertheless full of fervent aspirations after holiness of life and purity of thought, and, as such, are fitted for constant use in private, if not always so well adapted for purposes of public worship. From the admirable reprints published by Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, the veteran student of hymnological lore, we are enabled to form a fair opinion of their merits, and it is impossible to read them carefully without arriving at the conclusion that they exceed in originality and in power very many of the hymns of more recent date which find a place in our popular collections.

The first author whose works we shall notice is the Rev. William Williams, of Pantycelyn, in Caermarthenshire, of whom the following lines were written:—

> "Then Williams came, sweet singer of God's love,
> With melody to raise our souls above;
> His hymns will live, and be for ever new,
> Instruction rich, and full of heavenly dew."

He was born in the year 1717, and having received a good general education, entered the medical profession. During the time he was pursuing his studies he heard one of the eminent Welsh preachers of the day, the celebrated Howell Harris, and the impression he received from the sermon was so great that he resolved to abandon the practice of surgery, and in 1740, we find that he was ordained deacon. From some disagreement with his diocesan he was refused priest's orders, and subsequently left the Church, becoming an itinerant preacher in the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist connection, of which he was, until his death, one of the leading members. His work seems principally to have been that of a home missionary, and we read of his travelling between forty and fifty miles every week on preaching tours for upwards of forty-five years. The first signs of Williams' talents as a poet were given at a meeting of the "Association," a society which bears some resemblance to the General Assembly

in the Established Church of Scotland, and forms the directing body of the Welsh Calvinists. The first meeting was held at Watford, in Glamorganshire, in January, 1742, and at a subsequent gathering it was suggested that each member should compose a few stanzas, with a view of discovering if they had amongst them any men capable of doing service to the cause by writing hymns. The result of this was that Williams was acknowledged to be the most gifted, and he was encouraged at once to set about the work. Although the majority of his hymns were in his native tongue, in which they form a goodly collection, he published two volumes in English, one of which was written at the special request of Lady Huntingdon for the use of an orphan-house in America. These books, which Mr. Sedgwick has reprinted with their original title-pages, are—"Hosanna to the Son of David, or Hymns of Praise to God for Redemption by Christ," published at Bristol in 1759; and "Gloria in Excelsis, or Hymns of Praise to God and the Lamb," published at Caermarthen in 1772. Some of the hymns on our Lord's Passion are the most remarkable in the two volumes, and although their language is at times too highly coloured to suit our modern ideas, yet for forcible expression they are unequalled. In the first hymn, for instance, this verse occurs, almost equal in intensity to Faber's "O come and mourn with me awhile:"—

"Ye that pass by, look to the Tree,
The harmless Crucified;
Behold the Victim, stand amazed,
And love the God that died."

It is to be regretted that occasionally the metres are interfered with by a surplus word here and there, but these could easily be struck out, and then there would be many hymns well worth the attention of editors. Another of his Passion hymns runs as follows:—

"Beneath Thy cross I lay me down,
And mourn to see Thy bloody crown;
Love drops in blood from every vein,—
Love is the spring of all His pain.

"Here, Jesus, I shall ever stay,
And spend my longing hours away—
Think on Thy bleeding wounds and pain,
And contemplate Thy woes again.

"The rage of Satan and of sin,
Of foes without and fears within,
Shall ne'er my conqu'ring soul remove,
Or from Thy cross or from Thy love.

"Secured from harms beneath Thy shade,
Here death and hell shall ne'er invade,
Nor Sinai with its thund'ring noise
Shall e'er disturb my happier joys.

"O unmolested, happy rest!
When inward fears are all supprest;
Here I shall love and live secure,
And patiently my cross endure."

The whole of the following hymn is well fitted for use i church, although a few verbal corrections would be necessar The last verse is especially worthy of notice:—

"Jesus, lead us with Thy power
Safe unto the promised rest,
Hide our souls within Thy bosom,
Let us slumber on Thy breast;
Feed us with Thy heavenly manna—
Bread that angels eat above;
Let's drink from the holy fountain
Draughts of everlasting love.

"Throughout the desert wild conduct us,
With a glorious pillar bright,
In the day a cooling comfort,
And a cheering fire by night;
Be our Guide in every peril,
Watch us hourly night and day;
Otherwise we'll err and wander
From Thy Spirit far away.

"In Thy presence we are happy,
In Thy presence we're secure;
In Thy presence all afflictions
We will easily endure;
In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die;
Far from Thee we faint and languish,—
Lord, our Saviour, keep us nigh!"

Nearly all the hymns in the second of the English collecti are either directly addressed to the Saviour or refer to His wo and it is impossible to read them without feeling that th author must have been a man of great spirituality of mi From the first line to the last the key-note is the same, and spirit of the opening hymn—

"Each letter of Thy holy name,
Sweet Jesus, sounds of life"—

runs like a golden thread through the whole of these earnest though sometimes quaint compositions. Not the least noticeable feature in the volume is a versified transcription of the events of the Passion of Christ, detailing, with scrupulous fidelity to the Gospel narrative, the mysteries of the Holy Week, and culminating with a description of the crucifixion. Among the more general hymns, the following, on the Rest of the Saints, is a fair specimen of his work, although it must be remembered in reading it, that the author was writing in what was to him a foreign language, and that more than a century has elapsed since the words were penned, considerations which are too often disregarded when we are weighing the merits of the hymns of past days:—

"Tired with the world and all its vain,
Illusive, empty boast,
I long with martyrs there to land
On Sion's happier coast.

"Here lions roar, here tigers sway,
And cruel foes destroy,
But in those purer realms above
Nothing shall e'er annoy.

"Oh! happy they that now have reached
Their longed-for, joyful home,
Whose unmolested dust remains
Within a hollow tomb!

"Satan, with all his subtle wiles,
Shall never more molest,
Nor all th' impetuous force of sin
Disturb their silent rest.

"Beyond those seas of guilt and woes
With golden harps they stand,
Praising for evermore Thy name
Within that holy land.

"Jesus is all the anthem there
Amidst the glorious throng,—
His grace, His love, His agony,
In a repeated song."

The only two hymns from Williams' pen which have to our knowledge found their way into any of our modern collections are the celebrated missionary hymn, "O'er *those* gloomy hills of darkness," which, by some strange misapprehension of the author's meaning, has been altered to "O'er *these* gloomy hills," thus utterly overlooking the almost prophetic spirit which animated the writer long before the days of the Bible and Missionary Societies at which it has since been so often sung;—

and the hymn, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!" a transl tion from one of his Welsh originals. This, too, has been ver much altered without being improved by modern editors. W give the text from Mr. Sedgwick's volume :—

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,—
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven! Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

"Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer! strong Deliv'rer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield!

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

"Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing,
Come, my Jesus, quickly come!
Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with Thee."

This hymn is perhaps best known from the adaptation of by the late author of "The Christian Year;" and it may n therefore be uninteresting to compare the original text with th verses of Mr. Keble, which run as follows :—

"Guide us, Thou whose name is Saviour,
Pilgrims in the barren land;
We are weak, and Thou almighty,—
Hold us with Thy strong right hand,
As in Egypt,
As upon the Red Sea strand.

"Let the cloud and fire supernal
Day and night before us go:
Lead us to the rock and fountain
Whence the living waters flow;
Bread of heaven!
Feed us till no want we know.

"When we touch the cold, dark river,
Cleave for us the swelling tide;
Through the flood and through the whirlpool
Let Thine ark our footsteps guide:
Jesu, lead us!
Land us safe on Canaan's side."

It is said that this hymn, taken from the Welsh of Williams, appeared in Mr. Whitfield's collection, 1774, two years after the publication of *Gloria in Excelsis;* but whether translated by the author, or by O. Evans, the translator of Prichard's "Divine Poems," is not quite certain. It is included among the specimens of Williams' works in Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise" in its original form, except that the fourth verse is omitted; and as a proof of its popularity it may be added that in common with the missionary hymn, "O'er those gloomy hills of darkness," it finds a place in nearly all our hymnals. His first book of Welsh hymns, according to Mr. Miller, was the "Alleluia," which went through three editions about 1750. In 1762 his second collection, "The Sea of Glass," passed through five editions, and this was followed by "Visible, Farewell! Welcome to Invisible Things!" and a fourth, entitled "Alleluia again," all of which are now collected in one volume.

Many others among his Welsh hymns, which are said to possess remarkable beauty, still invite the hand of the translator, and suggest whether, amid the recent efforts to open out for the English Communion the storehouse of hymns in other languages, those of the ancient British Church have not been unfairly neglected.

Of the zeal and devotion of the hymn-writer to his work as a minister of his chosen sect, there are many records extant; but perhaps the most striking tribute to his memory is the following notice, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1791:—

"In early life, a pious but amiable enthusiasm induced him to adopt the itinerant but apostolic mode of Methodism; and uniting a talent for poetry to an insinuating and captivating eloquence he contributed greatly to its prevalence and support. He is, perhaps, the last lyric poet of South Wales, the language of the country giving way. His muse was wholly religious, yet many of his hymns have the property of the ode,—true poetic fire, striking imagery, and glowing expressions, united with the plaintive muse of the country. Their effect on the people is

astonishing, and the veneration in which they are held is litt short of devotion. In this veneration the author greatly partic pated, and it will not be wondered at when it is known that f fifty years he almost continually traversed the Principality : the ardent discharge of the duties of his ministry. His imagin tion gave variety and interest to his orations; his piety w warm, yet candid and charitable; his manners simple, y affectionate and obliging; and his moral conduct without blemi or imputation."

Williams died on the 11th of January, 1791, and a sto erected to his memory in the little churchyard of Llanfair-a y-bryn is inscribed with an epitaph which gives a brief b emphatic testimony of the respect in which he was held. Fro an interesting sketch of his life written by the Rev. E. Morg we are enabled to quote the words of this inscription :—

"Sacred to the memory of the late Rev. William Williams, Pantycelyn, in this parish, author of several works in prose a verse. He waits here the coming of the Morning Star whi shall usher in the Glories of the First Resurrection, when, at t sound of the Archangel's Trump, the sleeping Dust shall be animated, and Death for ever shall be swallowed up in victor He laboured in the service of the gospel for near half a centur and continued incessantly to promote it, both by his labours a writings: and to his inexpressible joy he beheld its influen extending and its efficacy witnessed in the conviction and co version of many thousands. After languishing some time, h finished his course and life together, January 11th, 1791, aged 7

THE FELLS OF ENNERDALE.

BY R. W. BADDELEY, B.A.,

AUTHOR OF "CASSANDRA, AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

LIFE'S sad refrain of Nevermore!
We three forgot the word!
Time's sea had end on Pleasure's shore,
Joy of the earth was lord;
When, wandering while the summer shone
Through a white vapoury veil,
Our staves were hid in fern upon
The fells of Ennerdale.

Around us many a mountain brook
Made music, and the swing
Of many a laden bee o'ertook
The hill-moth's feeble wing.
The lowest wind of paradise
Kissed, under us, the vale;
The loudest beat, beneath blue skies,
The fells of Ennerdale.

Far was the sorrow of the towns,
And we forgot it here
Upon these hyacinthine downs,
And where the streams were clear;
High, upon peaks by sunlight crowned
When thunder fills the vale,
We traced the wide horizon round
The fells of Ennerdale.

Soon o'er us rose the heights again,
And, as we left them, walled
With purple the approaching plain,
A hill-set emerald.
It seemed a home of peace and love,
Where passion could but fail—
The golden cistus bloomed above
Care's grave in Ennerdale.

Only few years, but many tears
Divide those hours that shone
From these that shine, while I recline
Amid the fern, alone;
The moth still wavers o'er the moss,
The summer vapours sail
Beneath blue skies, again I cross
The fells of Ennerdale.

True are those comrades still, and tried,
Whom here my thoughts recall;
Yet memory, e'en of summertide,
Though sweet, is sad withal.
The very breeze, so blithe of yore,
Goes sighing past the shale;
Your streams all murmur, "Nevermore!"
Ye fells of Ennerdale.

MEMORIALS OF SOUTHWELL.

BY REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

NESTLING among the hills which succeed the first ascent from "the wide vale of Trent," and from which the towers of Lincoln Cathedral may be seen, lies the little town of Southwell, in past days called Suell or Sudwell, and still pronounced *Suthell* by the natives. Although by no means destitute of other beauties, the chief attraction to the visitor, and the most favourite resort of residents, is its collegiate and parochial church, which Camden calls "not indeed splendid, but strong, ancient, and famous," and which possesses a few memories not altogether uninteresting to antiquarians. Indeed, the whole history of Southwell is centred round the fine old fabric of the church, and we shall not therefore apologize for first directing the reader's attention to it.

What at once strikes a stranger on surveying this church, dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary, is its vast solidity. Both transepts and their central tower, together with the spacious nave and twin western towers, belong to the earliest and most massive stage of Norman architecture. The nave may be advantageously compared with Waltham Abbey, and is indisputably earlier than the naves of either Norwich, Peterborough, or Ely. The north porch, and a curiously grotesque bas-relief near the north transeptal door, are in the richer vein of this effective style. The composite nature of the pile, however, considerably lightens the general character of the church. The choir and east end, with their delicate lancets, vaulted roof, and the richly carved corbels which carry the vaulting-shafts, are Early English; while the chapter house is a magnificent specimen of Decorated work; indeed, the arch forming the entrance is almost unrivalled in its symmetry, and the graceful foliage of its capitals and mouldings. The intricate ornamentation forming the canopies of the seats surrounding the open central space is true to nature, and carved with all the delicacy of lacework. Previously to 1711 the two west towers and chapter house were crowned with characteristic wooden spires. On the 5th of November in that year one was struck by lightning at *midnight*, and set on fire;

the flames soon seized the roof, melted the bells, and destroye the organ. The final loss of these spires and of the lofty ro of the Chapter House in 1801 has considerably dwarfed th Church, and deprived it of much of its original majesty. Th present bells, which succeeded those unfortunately lost in th fire, bear the following mottoes:—

1ST BELL, "Abraham Ruddall of Gloucester cast us all, 1721."
2ND ,, "Peace and good neighbourhood."
3RD ,, "Prosperity to this town."
4TH ,, "Prosperity to our benefactors."
5TH ,, "From lightning and tempest, good Lord, deliver us."
6TH ,, "Prosperity to the chapter."
7TH ,, "Prosperity to the Church of England."
8TH ,, "I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all."

The style of the arcades on the two west towers shows th they belong to the infancy of Norman architecture: they ma even be referred to the period before the Conquest, for Norma artists and Norman workmanship were not uncommon i England before that event, owing to the intercourse kept u between the two countries. The nave and west towers we disfigured by the insertion of Perpendicular windows until th last twenty years, when one luckily falling in, set the examp of gradually removing them and substituting in their stea Norman windows. Several of these, together with all th windows of the south transept and one in the north, have be filled with stained glass, chiefly by O'Connor, some of whi is of a very praiseworthy character. The glass in the lance of the east end (themselves of the thirteenth century) was pr sented by H. Gally Knight, Esq., and procured by him from pawnbroker's shop in Paris; it originally belonged to a chap of that city.[1] In accordance with their style, the roofs of na and transepts are of wood, and flat. The roofs of Peterboroug and Ely were originally of this character; indeed, the ear Norman architects do not seem to have possessed the sk requisite to construct a vaulted roof of stone. The circul clerestory windows are noteworthy features of the church, well as the curious Norman zigzag work on the exterior of t north transept. Between it and the chapter house is t library, containing a few hundred volumes, chiefly old editio of the classics and mediæval divinity. Dr. Peckham, a prebe

[1] Le Temple, where Louis the Sixteenth was confined. This glass is conside to belong to the fourteenth or fifteenth century.

constructed it. He died in 1798, of an illness caused by cutting a wart from the side of his face in shaving. The late Dr. Wilkins, Archdeacon of Nôttingham, during the latter years of his life perpetual Canon Residentiary at Southwell, besides superintending the above-mentioned conversion of the Perpendicular windows, made a complete restoration of the nave and transepts, chipping off all the whitewash, and repairing the exterior of the church in many places where it was imperatively needed. A stained window has lately been inserted to his memory in the nave, but this good work which he inaugurated and successfully carried through is the best monument of his love for Southwell church, and of his taste in ecclesiastical architecture. In clearing the whitewash from one of the piers in the south arcade of the nave, a fresco of the Virgin, with the usual pot of lilies near her, was discovered; this soon faded when laid open to the air, as is so often the case when early mural paintings are exposed to the vicissitudes of our climate. The total length of the minster, it may be added, is three hundred and six feet, and the highest point is one hundred and twenty feet from the ground.

It will thus be seen that Southwell church is well worthy of the affectionate pride with which the townspeople regard it. Forming a centre physically and socially to the little town, and engendering that atmosphere of peaceful repose which always encircles a large ecclesiastical establishment, no wonder that it gives the tone to the society and reminiscences of Southwell. As for the surrounding features, which contribute so much to the grandeur of the pile, never seen to so great advantage as on a balmy day of early spring, we may name its spacious churchyard, a quadrangle of vicars' houses enclosing a trim lawn on the east end, the ruins of the old palace of the Archbishops of York (popularly connected with the munificence of Wolsey, but more probably built by Booth) on the south, and a noble avenue of elms on the other side planted in 1784. On such an April day as we have imagined, when "blue isles of heaven laugh between" their circling tops, in which a colony of rooks caw in response to the "plain song" of the busy jackdaws on the grey old towers opposite, few scenes are more redolent of that lovable and homely beauty we justly ascribe to our country. Whatever were the eventful dissensions of Anglo-Norman prelates and barons when the solemn towers before us were reared, it is impossible to fancy the face of nature here in spring ever

different from what it is at present, monotonous and dreamy as th hourly chime of the great clock overhead, with a certain sombi air in deference to the *genius loci*, and yet budding into leaf an flower, to pass away in autumn with as little apparent yearl change in the landscape as the lights and shades of to-da differ from those which centuries ago stole over the walls of tl minster.

From the remains of Roman entrenchments found on i Burgage Green (formerly the most populous part of the tow though now a vacant space) zealous local antiquaries ha tried to identify Southwell with the Roman station Ad Ponte of the *Itinerary* of Antoninus. Patriotism apart, we believe th Newark, from its situation, answers better to the name. Sout well first appears through the mists of early ecclesiastical histo as *Tiovulfingacester*, near which, according to Bede, Paulin baptized the country people in the Trent. We can see him nc before us, thanks to the graphic touches of the old mon "longæ staturæ, paullulum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilent naso adunco pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."

He baptized King Edwyn A.D. 627, and built a church befo 633 at Southwell, portions of which are doubtless embedded the present fabric. Kings Edwy and Edgar granted revenues the infant foundation, the former making over his domains Southwell to Oscitel, Archbishop of York. Alfric, a succes of Oscitel's, gave two bells to the church (A.D. 1023). Domesday mention is made of Sillaria de Sudeville having considerable property belonging to the see of York, and bei endowed with prebends. In Stephen's time Pope Alexander I was a great benefactor to the church. Richard I. and Jo granted it charters of liberties. The chief inn of Southwell the present day, "The Saracen's Head," "and which long sin has been so called," says Camden, is a memorial of t Crusades; perhaps of that amusing story told in the old ball how instead of swine's flesh, by the fraud of his servants, Richa partook of—

> "A Saracen young and fat,
> Opened, and his skin off flayn,
> And sodden full hastily
> With powder and with spicery."

The "swarte vis" (dark visage) of the unlucky misbeliev with—

> "His black beard and white teeth,
> And his lippes grinning wide,"

is still to be seen over the archway. The house was made over by deed to John Fysher of Southwell by Thomas Arundell, Archbishop of York, in the nineteenth year of Richard II.

Onwards to our own days the Archbishops of York have ever been munificent patrons of Southwell. Here they had "a very fair palace," "a goodelie mansion-house builded of tymbre and stone adjoynenge to the collegiat churche," and "three parks of fallowe deere," according to a valuation (temp. Henry VIII.) in the British Museum. Wolsey and Sandys are names amongst them which the good folk of Southwell still remember with affection. The latter of these "lyeth in the quier in an arch," says Leland, alluding to the high alabaster tomb now to be found in the north transept; he was "an excellent and painful preacher; while he had one foot in the grave he had the other in heaven" (Fuller).[1]

It would take long to tell which of our kings or what eminent personages were benefactors of or visited Southwell. A licence of Edward III. is still preserved in the *Liber Albus* (old register of the Chapter), empowering stone to be cut for the church in Sherwood Forest. Charles I. slept at the above-mentioned inn on his way to Newark; Montreville, the French ambassador in the Civil War, resided at Southwell; Cromwell and Monk rested there. James I. had previously wondered at the spacious church when on his way to London to take possession of the kingdom, and on his attendants remarking that York and Durham were more magnificent structures, observed, "Vary well, vary well, but by my blude this kirk shall justle with York or Durham, or any kirk in Christendom!" One more eminent man may be named, who was prebendary of the church, and resided much at Southwell, the good and learned Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester. On Lee's pillar (one of the four supporting the central tower) the history of the church is thus briefly told:—

"Reges et Reginæ erunt nutrices tuæ.
Hanc
Collegiatam et Parochialem Ecclesiam
Religiosa Antiquitas
Fundavit

Rex Henricus 8 Illustrissimus { restauravit 1543 } Edwardo Lee Archiepiscopo Ebor. Piissimo. } Petente

[1] "Mr. Bloxam deems the recumbent alabaster effigy of this prelate perfectly unique, as being the only effigy of any prelate bishop or any of the clergy of the Reformed Church of England who is represented with the vestment or chesible."

Reg Elizabetha	sancivit 1584	Edwino Sandys Archiepiscopo Ebor. Dignissimo.	Intercedente
Monarcha Jacobus Præpotentissimus	stabilivit 1604	Henrico Howard Comite Northamptoniensi Prænobilissimo.	Mediante

A Domino factum est istud:
Da gloriam Deo.
Honorem Regi.
Sint sicut Oreb & Zeb, Zebe & Salmana,
Qui dicunt possideamus Sanctuarium Dei.
Psal 83. 11.
Det Deus hoc sanctum sanctis; sit semper Asylum
Exulis, Idolatras Sacrilegosque ruat.
Gervas Lee
In piam quatamque Mæcenatum memoriam
Posuit
1608."

The constitution of the church was made up regularly of sixteen prebends and six vicars choral. Several canons lived here at the Conquest, but the number sixteen was not settled until the next century. There is a residence house in which the prebendaries took their turns of living till within the last twenty years. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have now dissolved this foundation, and only one prebendary remains, but ere long it may be hoped that Southwell will arise more splendid from its ruins. It has for some time been evident that the present large diocese of Lincoln should be divided; in this case Southwell would naturally be made the seat of a bishopric, as it possesses peculiar advantages for such a scheme, a cathedral and a palace, and an ecclesiastical atmosphere.[1] The chapter was always given to hospitality and magnificence. Through their vicar-general they exercised all episcopal functions except ordination and confirmation. Until quite recent years they met in solemn conclave in the chapter house to manage their revenues or give away the Lincolnshire livings. These benefices originally belonged to the Præmonstratensian Priory of Ravendale in that county, and were made over to Southwell by Henry VI. in 1438. The King's Justices in Eyre were to hear and determine all causes affecting the Chapter at the south door of the church. The chapter was dissolved about the second year of Edward VI., and its revenues granted to the Earl of Warwick; but Mary restored their former endowments and privileges, and the church was reputed the mother church of the town and county of Nottingham.

[1] Since the above was written the Diocese has been divided, and the seat of the Suffragan Bishop fixed at Nottingham.

As for the town of Southwell, it was in Leland's time "neately well builded," and is still conspicuous for its many good houses, each surrounded by its trim garden. It has long been famed for its healthiness and the longevity of its inhabitants. Visitors to Ilfracombe will remember the curious tablet of centenarians let into its churchward wall. According to Dickinson's "History of Southwell" (published at the beginning of this century, and to which we are indebted for several of the previous notes), it is only necessary for any one who doubts the salubrity of the air to look at a few of the inscriptions on the gravestones at Southwell. One of the minor canons lately informed us he had intended preaching a solemn sermon on death at the end of the year, pointing his observations by a reference to the death statistics of the parish, but that he found them so unfavourable to his purpose on examination that it seemed advisable to give up the plan. Till within the last hundred years Southwell was little known to the rest of England: there was no turnpike road to it, and it possessed no trade. Those who held its preferments and their families grew up around the church, forming a little society with manners and customs of its own. Then coaches invaded its privacy; lastly, twenty years ago trains were drawn up the branch line from the Midland by a horse. Now, like every other place, it has its telegraph, cheap trips, rifle corps, and all the concomitants of civilization,—some of them, such as tall smoky chimneys, not much to the taste of the old generation, apt everywhere to set a greater value on well-grown trees than on the development of a town's industrial resources. The bull of Alexander III. (1171) previously mentioned proves of an ancient custom of the church, "that both the clergy and laity of the county of Nottingham should at the feast of Pentecost come to Southwell church with solemn procession; and that every year, according to the old and rational usage of that church, a synod should there be celebrated." This custom was abolished at the end of last century, but the present Rector established an annual gathering in spring (the first among many that have since been established through the country) some fifteen years ago for the improvement of church music, when all the neighbouring village choirs, with their clergy and friends, marched into the fine old minster in a similar procession. This was the time to see Southwell to perfection, and people flocked to these choral meetings from far and wide. Every house was hospitably thrown open to receive friends, the town

wore an aspect very different from its usual quietness; an church, with its crowded nave, the triforia hung with col stuff, and a mighty red cross flag flying from the central t as the long procession of surpliced priests and choristers v through the massive Norman columns, still studded with the to which Cromwell is said to have fastened his steeds,—al irresistibly brought before the spectator's mind what a s pageant of the Middle Ages must have been. The l these meetings was in 1867: the association, however, has good service to the cause of church music in the vicin Southwell, and for the future will live in its results.

Amongst the antiquities of the place may be mention four famous wells, from one of which it takes its name. one of these, St. Catharine's well, remains. Even old in ants may require to be informed that this one, formerly renowned for the cure of rheumatism, is to be found obscure cottage garden at the end of Westhorpe. I religious houses existed here in old days. The ruins palace are a picturesque appendage of the church. In 1 large gold ring, supposed to have belonged to one of the K Hospitallers of Winckbourne, some of whom are believ have been buried at Southwell, was found by the sext digging a grave. It is six-eighths of an inch in diamete three-eighths of an inch in breadth. The following mo deeply cut on the inside:—

+MIEV+MOVRI+QVE+CHANGE+MA+FOY.

A family of considerable note in our history (says Thor called Southwell, flourished here in the reigns of Henry Edward I., and Henry VI., when they spread into Norfol Suffolk. In Charles the Second's reign, Sir Robert Sout settled at King's Weston, Gloucestershire, was orig descended from this town.

A curious story may be mentioned in connection wi fine brass lectern used in the church. At the commenc of the century it was fished up by an angler from the bott the lake at Newstead Abbey. On being cleaned, it wa covered to be hollow. It contained deeds belonging to the a

[1] Amongst them was a document containing a grant of full pardon from H of every possible crime (and there is a tolerably long catalogue enun which the monks might have committed previously to the 8th of December ing—"murdris per ipsos post decimum nonum diem Novembris ultimo pre perpetratis si quæ fuerint exceptis." (Moore's "Life of Lord Byron," i., p

They had been deposited in it during the troublous times of the Dissolution, and sunk in the lake for safety, to be recovered so many years after in this strange manner.

This relic may well serve for introduction to the latest noteworthy memories of Southwell. These are connected with the occasional residence of the poet Byron in the place during the years 1804—1807. His mother had taken the manor house on Burgage Green, and with the genial society of the place, private and public theatricals (the little theatre in which these last-mentioned revels took place has lately been turned into a Mechanics' Institute), dog fancying, and boxing, the young lord managed at first to amuse himself tolerably well. Readers of his poetry will remember the names of Pigot, Becher, and Houson families of the place, with the different anecdotes annexed to each. It was at the house of Miss Pigot (a lady who lately died at Southwell in her eighty-fourth year) that the idea of printing his poems first occurred to Byron. They were entrusted to a bookseller at Newark, and save two or three copies were all committed to the flames by the young author in deference to the judgment formed on one of them by his friend Mr. Becher. Afterwards "The Hours of Idleness" were brought out, and much of them written at Southwell. In a letter to the Earl of Clare (dated Southwell, February 6th, 1807[1]) he says, "My time has lately been much occupied with very different pursuits. I have been transporting a servant who cheated me—rather a disagreeable event; performing in private theatricals; publishing a volume of poems (at the request of my friends, for their perusal); making love, and taking physic. . . . . Between Venus and Æsculapius I am harassed to death." He would also swim in the little river Greet, which runs hard by the town. The above-mentioned lady possessed a thimble which he brought up three times, by diving, from the bottom of this river. Pleasant as all this was, soon, to use his own words, "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." The natural influences of a small country town made themselves felt. It is amusing to find him writing in 1807,[2] "To forget and be forgotten by the people of Southwell is all I aspire to. I have lost two pounds in my weight since I left your cursed, detestable, and abhorred abode of scandal." Again we hear of "the eternal dulness of Southwell." "Oh, Southwell, Southwell, how I rejoice to have left thee! and

[1] *Moore's Life, i., p. 122.* [2] *Moore's Life*, i., pp. 160, 174, &c.

how I curse the heavy hours I dragged along for so many months among the Mohawks who inhabit your kraals!" In after years, however, lovers of the quiet little town will be pleased to know that these sentiments of Byron's once more changed. He said to a friend, "I shall never be so happy again as at Southwell," and strenuously recommended it as a desirable residence to his correspondent Mr. Dallas.

Since these days, as for long before them, nothing of public interest has befallen Southwell. For themselves, indeed, the inhabitants have seen their traditionary glories blotted out, institutions and men and manners altered to meet the times. Not even in such a conservative retreat as Southwell do things remain as they were;—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new;"

and the grave old rooks cawing in the budding elms of the churchyard as they overlook the boys of the Grammar School at play, in all the activity and promise of their age, form no inapt image of the present juxtaposition of old and new institutions at Southwell. We leave the venerable minster, grey and weather-worn, full of memories of the liberality of bygone generations of Churchmen, with earnest hopes that its daily service, its many solemn influences, the increase of splendour which time has in all appearances in store for it ere long,[1] may foster true religion and godliness, and create a seed even more zealous to serve God in Church and State than those who have for so many centuries lived, worshipped, and died under its shadows. To dwell a short time on the memories of Southwell has been a grateful task to one who owes much to it, and may not, he trusts, be unwelcome to others who love to look upon the most glorious works of our forefathers, and note their points of harmony and divergence from the bustling life of to-day.

[1] It has been recently determined to remove the cumbrous galleries which present disfigure the interior, and entirely to reseat the area.

MONTH: IN THE CHURCH AND IN THE WORLD.

Chancellor's judgment in the Voysey case, the chief
al topic of the month, is well worth an attentive
ɔt because the condemnation of the author of "The
the Stone" takes any one by surprise, but because it
:lusively, at a time when such proof is valuable, that
imits beyond which even the broadest of so-called
hurchmen must not stray. To an ordinary mind it is
that an honest man could convince himself that he
within the law in teaching as Mr. Voysey taught;
ɔsition in which the Dean of Westminster and his
ıathizers are placed by the decision is anything but
. If they merely assisted him in order to testify
:ation of his private and personal character, their
o his Defence Fund are easily explained; but if they
tered themselves as his supporters from a desire to
his views were admissible within the Church of
ıen it is almost impossible not to feel that the judg-
s them most seriously. Those who subscribe to the
Defence Fund are not unnaturally regarded as men
lling to cast in their lot with Mr. Mackonochie; and
ıe ground those who have publicly lent their names
sey must accept to a greater or less degree the con-
f his condemnation.

ting of Convocation has been chiefly noticeable for
of Winchester's motion to remove Mr. Vance Smith's
the Biblical Revision Committee, followed by the
of the Bishop of St. David's, as a protest against the
: the eminent Unitarian. After all, it was but an act
n due to Churchmen, and rendered needful by the
Vestminster's proceeding in inviting Mr. Smith to
ommunicant; and although it may be argued—and,
nnot be *denied—that the* committee of Convocation
› *elect the company of Revisionists* was responsible

for his admission, and for the subsequent "Westminster scandal English Churchmen generally will welcome their lordships' de cision in the matter. A grave mistake was made when M Smith's name was placed upon the list, and it is impossible t avoid the conclusion that the selection of the names, a wor even more important than the revision itself, inasmuch as it success must depend on those who are engaged in it, was con ducted in a careless and slipshod manner. The Deans of West minster and Canterbury, in carrying their proposition to includ a Unitarian, acted in opposition to the spirit of the resolution by the mere words of which their proceeding was covered; an the bishops who consented seem to have altogether failed to se the importance of what they were doing. When, however, mistake has been made, the most honest course is to admit and correct it; and we rejoice, therefore, that the Bishop Winchester carried his motion. The perusal of the debate c the subject is fraught with lessons of deep significance, ar should teach even the bishops that when matters of faith a concerned not a single step should be taken unless all who a responsible for it are present, and then only after the mo mature deliberation.

The reception of the valuable report on the Welsh Church the Lower House gave the opportunity for a few well-deserv congratulations on the increase of spiritual life visible throughc the Principality. As the subject has been recently dealt wi at some length in our own pages we need do little more th recommend our readers to procure a copy of the report, and, the face of the attack on the endowments of the Welsh Chu which is promised in the House of Commons, to make kno far and wide the valuable facts and figures which it contai Most conclusively does it prove that a great work is being do not only in the English-speaking districts, but among those w still cling to the old tongue of the country; and it shows t not a few of the statistics put forward by interested adversa are highly coloured, and in many instances contrary to the tru

The decision of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to celebr a dedication festival was worthy of higher praise than manner in which their design was carried out. The servi were of the ordinary slovenly type, with the choir stalls l filled; indeed, the musical arrangements at the cathedral are absolute disgrace, and would not be tolerated in a well-regula parish church if the same opportunities existed for obtaining

effective service, and if similar provision were made for the adequate remuneration of the choir. The death of Canon Melvill removes the last member of the old chapter, and reform which might have been hard of attainment a few years ago can now surely be carried out.

The announcements of the special Lenten services, which will have been commenced by the time these lines are in our readers' hands, continue to show a large increase in the number of churches where fast and feast are now commemorated as they should be. The Bishop of Winchester, continuing the practice which he established with such signal success in his old diocese, is holding a Lenten mission, with a body of eminent clergy to assist him, and metropolitan Churchmen have again a full series of week-day services at hours when business men can attend at St. Lawrence Jewry.

There is, however, a curious development of these Lenten services which deserves to be noticed in order that it may be condemned,—we refer to the system which holds out attractions to people to come to church by announcing well-known preachers, and yet which makes no attempt whatever to bring out either in service or sermon the distinctive teaching of the solemn season. Well would it be for all those who thus neglect one of the greatest opportunities for carrying forward the missionary work of the Church if they would remember good old George Herbert's words, and act upon them :—

> "Welcome, dear Feast of Lent: who loves not thee,
> He loves not temperance or authority,
> But is composed of passion.
> The Scriptures bid us fast: the Church says, Now
> Give to thy mother what thou wouldst allow
> To every corporation."

With disturbances abroad, and what looks very like an unsettled policy at home, the session has opened under anything but auspicious circumstances. The hopes of peace for France are indeed heightened by the result of the elections, which place the extreme republican element in a very different position from that in which Gambetta and his colleagues tried to persuade their fellow-citizens they would be found, but there is still a Bismarck to be conquered, and the end is even yet difficult to foresee. That the demands originally talked of as the price of peace will be insisted on can scarcely be credited, for although Europe might stand by and see the conquered thus trampled

upon, such a policy would, even in the first flush of success betoken anything but the shrewd, calculating spirit which has hitherto actuated the German minister; and now that time has been allowed for deliberation, such a course seems impossible. To insist on the pound of flesh when the foe lies prostrate would not only be unworthy but unwise, for peace would then be nothing better than a taking breath for a renewal of the struggle—a cessation of hostilities with an inward resolve to recommence them on the first opportunity. Wiser counsels will, it may be hoped, ultimately prevail, and the fact that the initiative in some effort at mediation has been taken by Mr. Gladstone may, we trust, be accepted as an assurance that the English Government is prepared to do its duty in the matter.

After the quiet of the recess, rendered more striking by the sad contrast afforded on the other side of the Channel, Parliament meets with a long list of "agenda" on the paper, which will try its powers even more than the all-important question of our foreign policy. The reconstruction of the British army, for that is what Mr. Cardwell's scheme practically amounts to; the inquiry into the state of the Admiralty, both as regards its internal affairs at Whitehall and its relation to the defence of the country at home and abroad;—these and a host of minor questions which have been shelved too long will demand and receive public attention; and although prophecies are always unwise when the curtain is only just raised, it is not by any means a matter of certainty that the Cabinet will come out unscathed from the criticism which evidently awaits the acts of more than one of its prominent members. Even the *Daily News* has sounded an ominous note of warning to the Premier, suggesting that if he cannot keep order in the council-chamber, he is unlikely to retain the confidence of the bulk of his followers; and the motion of the Duke of Somerset for an inquiry into the management of the Admiralty shows the existence of a spirit which is unlikely to assist the Government in its conduct of affairs. When the investigation takes place the revelations will doubtless astonish some of those who have placed unlimited trust in the laudatory articles which the *Times* has published on the reforms of the First Lord; and if to the dismissal of Sir Spencer Robinson is added the still more questionable treatment of the minor officials whose prospects have been seriously injured, the case will require all the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, the ingenuity of Mr. Lowe, and the courtliness of Earl Granville

to prevent a return to the old system of divided responsibility. In the meanwhile Lord Halifax, better known as Sir Charles Wood, is virtually First Lord, and a curious combination of authority is the result.

The opposition to the grant of a dowry to the Princess Louise, which met with the fate it deserved, will render Mr. Taylor an historical personage, although but few will envy him the distinction he has achieved. Still less will the majority of Englishmen agree with Sir Robert Peel, who, while he declined to go into the lobby with Mr. Fawcett, spoke against the motion on the ground that he disapproved of the alliance of a princess with a subject. If a lackland prince from a nameless German state had been the suitor, Sir Robert would not have grudged the small bridal gift; but because the bridegroom is one who in England is only a nobleman, but in blood and rank is far above the owner of an insignificant Continental duchy, he refuses to sanction it. Popular feeling, however, is manifestly in the other direction, and although we should gladly have welcomed a disposition on the part of her Majesty to consult the feelings of her most loyal subjects by postponing the wedding day until after Lent, their sentiments will remain uninfluenced towards the happy pair; and in the words of a song, composed, if we remember rightly, for the marriage of the Princess Alice, the general wish will be—

> "Fair be their future,
> Joy with them stay,
> Love make their lifetime
> One summer's day."

The most important social question of the month is unquestionably the rapid increase of small-pox throughout the country, resulting in a death-rate which has created a panic in certain infected districts. There can be little doubt that the severity of the epidemic is largely owing to the neglect of vaccination, not only among the poor and ignorant, but among the better educated classes, a state of affairs resulting from the culpable neglect of the local authorities, who have in some cases allowed the Act to fall practically into abeyance. Although its provisions are far from being stringent enough to secure the universal observance of the practice, owing to the impossibility of detection in cases where families move from place to place within a few months, it is still sufficient to insure a general compliance with the law, and a grave responsibility rests upon those who

have failed to enforce it. Now, at the eleventh hour, large proportion of deaths among unvaccinated person pared with the death-rate among those who have sub the operation, proves the crime of neglecting it, the ap of public vaccinators is being insisted upon, and th action of guardians is being quickened by a stimulus Poor Law Board. In many cases we are glad to hea London clergy, who were among the most efficient health during the cholera of 1866, have again com most nobly, and have provided for the vaccination school children. The appointment of a commission to what improvements can be made in the law with render it more efficient, will be of some value, and th figures from the Reports on the Health of the Army a which so clearly prove the value of vaccination, w material importance in such an inquiry. As a prac it may be of service to state that in the opinion of eminent authorities re-vaccination is necessary for but that care must be taken in no case to use lymph from re-vaccinated persons, a matter which some surgeons have overlooked, thus rendering the operation tively worthless as a safeguard.

The relation of epidemics to ignorance and the c neglect of sanitary laws, is so generally admitted, transition from the subject to which we have been a the doings of the Education Board is natural, for it ca be questioned that its work in the spread of educ materially aid in the removal of the chief causes o These are early days to attempt to form an opinion working of Mr. Forster's scheme, but the country ma rate be congratulated on the satisfactory manner in w rule the elections of the Boards have been carried ou the general respectability, and in some cases the emin fications of their members. In London, Lambeth cepted, the various divisions returned first-rate men, grappled with their work in honest fashion. A major Board was indeed induced to vote for a permissive res enable those members who wished to meet for pra their labours began; but we confess we think that very miscellaneous assembly it would have been bet on the spirit of the words, *Laborare est orare*, and to religious exercises to the members' private discret

actual work of deciding upon the subjects of instruction for the schools of the various classes is now before the Board.

The ecclesiastical debates in the House of Commons have been commenced by the second reading of the Bill for Legalizing Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, now a Government measure,—in opposition to which a well-timed and influential meeting was held on the following day, a Presbyterian minister making a telling speech against the proposed alteration in the law, and proving very clearly that the feeling on the subject is as strong in Scotland as it is in England, and that not only English Churchmen, but Christians generally, deprecate such a calamity. The *John Bull* does well to call it "essentially a woman's question," and the women of England should lose no time in making their voices heard upon it. The University Tests' Abolition Bill has passed its second reading in the Commons, after a severe struggle on the part of Mr. Fawcett to strike out the first proviso of the third clause, in order that heads of houses and fellows might no longer be required to be in holy orders. This impudent proposal Mr. Gladstone declined to accept, and the result was, that on a division the Government was only saved from defeat by the votes of the Opposition, a position the reverse of pleasant for the Prime Minister and his colleagues. The Bishop of Winchester's much needed Benefices Resignation Bill has also been read a second time in the House of Lords.

The preparations for the opening of the Albert Hall at South Kensington are nearly completed, and as far as results of preliminary tests can be trusted, the building promises to prove fairly successful as a monster concert hall, which will be one of its main uses. The seats are being let out to proprietors at enormous rentals, and there is a general disposition to take them up. This, however, is mainly owing to the *prestige* attached to the undertaking, and to the fact that her Majesty has taken a constant interest in its progress.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOK

Memoir of Bishop Cotton. Edited by Mrs. Cotton. Longmar

THE life of a Christian bishop must always possess an in Churchmen, more especially when, as was the case with D his days have been spent in the superintendence of the Chur of her distant outposts. Even at home the career of a meml episcopate presents much that is worthy of attention at th time, when history is so quickly made, and when startli crowd upon each other in rapid succession; but the dar difficulties incidental to residence in the East lend an charm to the story, and impart to it a vividness and vari carry the reader on from page to page without the slightest weariness. It is thus with the volume before us. From the chapters—in which Dean Stanley writes, in his usual pleasan style, of the early days of the Bishop at Westminster and C and of his life at Marlborough College—to the last pages, the sad record of his sudden death is told with a brevity mo eloquence than the longest panegyric, the reader never tires. out he sees the bishop constantly at his post, never withho hand in his Master's service, and always ready to offer both and laity the benefit of his fatherly advice and encouragen quote the words of his widow, "The duty to which he fel most imperatively called was to keep alive and kindle to a lustre the beacon of Christian example in India itself, to el condition of existing converts, and to clear away the mutual which too often obscured their relations with their European while, for the further abatement of the darkness resting on whether as regarded the supply of fresh missionaries for the or the proof to be held up to the Indian mind of the nature a of our holy faith, he felt that the hopes of the future must sti rest on Christian England." With such aims the good bisho steadily and faithfully, and his rule was distinguished by reaching sympathy which made even sectarians and unbeli friends, and won for him the esteem of the highest auth Government House. The extracts from his diary and h scattered throughout the volume, are full of interest, not only us glimpses of his personal character, but as supplying a tr account of the actual work done by the Church in India trying period of her history.

Golden Counsels: Persuasives to a Christian Life, from the Rev. Canon Melvill's "Lothbury Lectures." Edited by the Author of "Pietas Privata." Houlston & Sons.

THE venerable Canon of St. Paul's, whose funeral was attended by many thousands in the metropolitan cathedral last week, was in his day one of the Chrysostoms of the Church. His sermons at Camden Church, Camberwell, and at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, attracted congregations largely consisting of business men, and it was one of the strongest points in his preaching that it appealed to the thoughtful and intelligent. To the young he was always most affectionate, and it was thus a happy thought on the part of the editor of "Pietas Privata" to collect, in the volume before us, some of his "golden counsels," so well adapted to strengthen the character and to aid in the fulfilment of the duties of Christian life. Emphatically is it true of Mr. Melvill that "he being dead yet speaketh;" and if anything were wanted to lend additional force to his words, it is supplied in the remembrance that they were the result of a firm, unwavering faith, which gave their author comfort in his latest hour.

Some Memorials of Renn Dickson Hampden, Bishop of Hereford. Edited by his daughter, Henrietta Hampden. Longmans. 1871.

THERE are but few of our older readers who will not turn with considerable interest to this volume, the result of a daughter's affectionate regard for the memory of one whose innermost thoughts she describes as "those of a little child in purity, in reverence, and in sweet humility." The history of the nomination of Dr. Hampden by Lord Melbourne to the Regius Professorship, and by Lord Russell to the Bishopric of Hereford, and of the strong opposition raised to his appointment to both these offices, is here supplied from contemporary records; while, as a curious illustration of the different views men take of the same things at various periods of their lives, we find a letter from Mr. Gladstone, dated 1856, in which he expresses his regret that twenty years previously he had concurred in the vote of censure which the University of Oxford had passed upon some of the bishop's publications. The whole of the transaction formed, indeed, one of those painful episodes inseparable from the history of a national church; but now that sufficient time has elapsed to enable the reader calmly to survey the merits of the question apart from the exciting din of controversy, the perusal of this memoir can scarcely fail to have a salutary effect. Although but few of those who opposed Dr. Hampden will, we imagine, be inclined to follow the Premier's example in retracting the condemnation which, with deep reluctance, they felt compelled to pass upon his writings, all will gladly welcome the opportunity of learning more of his life, and of admiring those

personal virtues which, with his unequalled intellectual attainment served to raise him to a high position in the esteem of all who knew hin The letter of Mr. Gladstone, which we subjoin, will be read eagerl especially at the present moment, as furnishing another proof of th extraordinarily expansive mind of its writer :—

"HAWARDEN, CHESTER,
"*November*, 9, 1856.

"MY LORD BISHOP,—

"Your lordship will probably be surprised at receiving a letter from me a stranger. The simple purpose of it is to discharge a debt of the smallest possi importance to you, yet due, I think, from me, by expressing the regret with whi I now look back on my concurrence in a vote of the University of Oxford, in t year 1836, condemnatory of some of your lordship's publications. I did not ta actual part in the vote; but upon reference to a journal kept at the time I find th my absence was owing to an accident.

"For a good many years past I have found myself ill able to master books of abstract character, and I am far from pretending to be competent at this time form a judgment on the merits of any propositions then at issue.

"I have learned, indeed, that many things which, in the forward precipitancy my youth, I should have condemned, are either in reality sound, or lie within t just limits of such discussion as especially befits a university. But that whi (after a delay due, I think, to the cares and pressing occupations of political li brought back to my mind the injustice of which I had unconsciously been guilty 1836, was my being called upon, as a member of the Council of King's College London, to concur in a measure similar in principle with respect to Mr. Maurice, that is to say, in a condemnation couched in general terms, which did not rea declare the point of imputed guilt, and against which perfect innocence could ha no defence. I resisted to the best of my power, though ineffectually, the griev wrong done to Mr. Maurice, and urged that the charges should be made distir that all the best means of investigation should be brought to bear on them, an opportunity given for defence, and a reference then made, if needful, to the bis in his proper capacity. But the majority of laymen in the council were inexora

"It was only, as I have said, after mature reflection, that I came to see the bearin the case on that of 1836, and to find that by my resistance I had condemned my I then lamented very sincerely that I had not on that occasion, now so remote, and acted in a different manner.

"I beg your lordship to accept this expression of my cordial regret, and to a me to subscribe myself, very respectfully,—

"Your obedient and humble Servant,
"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"*The Lord Bishop of Hereford.*"

Sermons in Town and Country. By ALFRED BLOMFIELD, M.A. J. and C. Mozley. 1871.

MR. BLOMFIELD is a practical preacher, and he chooses definite subj for his sermons instead of following the too common habit of draw a number of indefinite lessons, good in themselves, perhaps, lacking force and unity—from some text of Scripture. It is owin a great degree to this fact that the volume of sermons before u so thoroughly readable, and we gladly commend it to notice. language is always forcible, although at times it perhaps tend

convey an impression which is not altogether satisfactory, as, for instance, when, after a strong plea against mistaken sabbatarianism, with which we cordially agree, he writes, "I don't say that the way in which French people spend their Sunday is altogether a model for us; but, for the life of me, I can't see in what respect a Sunday begun in the church and ended at the theatre is worse than a Sunday begun on the railway and ended at the public-house." If Mr. Blomfield had gone a step further, and explained that both were equally worthy of condemnation, he would have avoided what with a middle-class congregation might fairly result in a most serious misconception. One of the most admirable addresses in the volume is that on "Thanksgiving," in which a contrast is drawn between the past and the present as regards the attention paid to the Festival aspect of the Church's services, and rules are given for the right use of the joyous celebrations which have had so important an effect in attracting the people to our churches and in making them popular amongst the masses. Altogether the volume is one which may be read with both pleasure and profit.

Church Design for Congregations: its Developments and Possibilities. By James Cubitt, Architect. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1870.

With the exception of Mr. Petit's interesting volumes on church architecture, which are comparatively rare, there are but few books on the subject designed for the general reader. New churches in every style rise up around us, and even the Dissenting chapels are borrowing the tapering spire and the noble arch, in common with other æsthetic attractions which in former days they regarded with rigid puritan horror; but amidst this unmistakeable improvement there is very little general acquaintance even with the leading features of architecture, still less with the advantages which one style possesses over another in its fitness for modern use. Thus in one place we find effect made subservient to accommodation, while in another the sole aim is to erect a building giving the largest available space for seats. Both these views are alike mistaken, and we therefore welcome the volume before us, which is put forth by a professional architect with the object of proving that beauty and utility can be combined. Mr. Cubitt has evidently studied the subject with great care, and while, as he admits in the preface, it is unlikely that he will make converts to his own special views, we believe nearly every one will agree with him that "we have still too much antiquarianism put in place of design; if not too much learning, at any rate too little thinking. The temptation of an accomplished architect at present is to be out of sympathy with his times, to look back to the golden age of his art, and hope that it will yet reappear." This *is unquestionably* true,—we copy too much, and *originate too little; and a volume such* as that before us, which sets

forth the merits of varied systems with fairness and ability, is therefore most valuable. The illustrations are numerous and effective, and render the text easy to be understood of all. The book should find a place on the table of every one who has any connection with church architecture, or who takes an interest in its development.

Clement Marot, and other Studies. By HENRY MORLEY. Chapman and Hall. 1871.

ALTHOUGH the name of the poet whose career has been the subject of so much misrepresentation is placed on the title-page of these volumes they form in reality a series of sketches of French life during the eventful period when Henry VIII. was upon the English throne, and when on the Continent, as in England, the Reformation was making steady progress. The prominent figures in the book are Jean Marot and his son Clement, whose connection with the ever-varying fortunes of the court naturally brought them into contact with the most eminent men and women of the age, and thus their lives are in effect a chronicle of the times in which they lived. And most interesting the chronicle is, as related by Professor Morley, whose unrivalled knowledge of the history and literature of the period gives his writing a charm which appeals to the general reader as directly as the historical value of the book makes it welcome to the student. Dealing as it does with a page of history too seldom opened, it is doubly welcome, while the single essays which fill up the second volume are also full of interest. These are mainly reproductions from *Fraser's Magazine*, the *Fortnightly Review*, and other serials, and include a very attractive paper on College Work, supplying a sketch of the rise and progress of the chief European seats of learning, coupled with some wholesome counsel originally given by the Professor in the form of a lecture at University College, London.

Journeys in North China, Manchuria, and Eastern Mongolia. By REV. ALEXANDER WILLIAMSON, B.A. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1870.

ALTHOUGH recent events have not tended to raise the Chinese in our regard, there is scarcely any other country which possesses so much that is attractive to the foreigner, or with reference to the interior of which so little reliable information is procurable. It is to supply trustworthy particulars of life among the natives in North China that Mr. Williamson, whose work as the agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland has given him ample opportunities of seeing things as they are, has published these volumes, which are written in a popular style, and are very different from many of the antiquated and highly imaginative records of travels in the Celestial Empire. The author is of opinion that the residence of foreigners in the interior of the country is a necessity if the natives are to be raised either morally

or socially, and his experience leads him to believe that the masses of the population are not responsible for the inhuman attacks which have created so much indignation in Europe, and which he describes as being the work of a small section of the people who might easily be kept in order by the exercise of judicious force. In fact, he goes so far as definitely to ascribe the outrage to the ultra-liberal policy of the Home Government, "leading the Chinese authorities to believe either that we were shorn of our strength or had lost all interest in our countrymen in China."

This is probably a true view of the matter, and the knowledge of the Chinese leaders that the tendency of the British Government was rather to withdraw than increase the protective forces granted to our colonists, doubtless led in no small degree to the horrible massacre of the French missionaries, although the author goes farther, and ascribes it partly to the unpopularity of the French residents. The records of Mr. Williamson's journeys, chiefly in the form of a diary, are full of interesting notes on the manners and customs of the people, and on the natural features of the numerous places visited. Of Pekin we have a full description, including varied particulars of the town and its chief buildings, selected from native works, by the Rev. Joseph Edkins, B.A. Not the least noticeable feature of this chapter is the detailed account of the chief religious services in the temples, and of the sacrificial and symbolic worship carried forward on the great festivals. Mr. Williamson is evidently an accomplished botanist, and his list of Chinese plants will be read with interest. A series of maps and illustrations forms an additional attraction to the volumes.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Since the *Christian Remembrancer* was discontinued the want of a Church quarterly review has been generally admitted, and we are glad to see that it has at last been supplied by the publication of the *Sacristy* (Hodges), which is to be exclusively devoted to ecclesiastical art and literature. The first part promises well. The contents are varied, and dry-as-dust subjects are eschewed; matters of current interest, such as "The Completion of St. Paul's," "Modern Parish Churches," and the like, being ably handled by a staff of well-known writers.

A fresh attempt to furnish a weekly paper for the working classes among our church-going population is being made under the guidance of Mr. Erskine Clarke, whose *Parish Magazine* has attained such a world-wide circulation. *Church Bells* (Wells Gardner) aims at being a newspaper and something more, as it not only supplies notes on current events, Church news, and short articles, but also gives its readers some devotional papers by such writers as Mr. Walsham How, and sketches *of cathedrals and bishops* with capital illustrations. The

idea is a good one, and Mr. Clarke, who has made many successful ventures, deserves success. The monthly parts are well adapted for the use of Churchmen abroad.

Among the annuals on our table, which include the *Guide to the Churches of London* (Metzler), and the *London Diocese Book* (Church Press Co.), we find a new candidate for public favour, entitled *The Clerical Year-book* (Dennant), which can by no means be regarded as a work likely to be of service to Churchmen, although it is edited by "Clericus." The most interesting matter in it is that which is quoted from *Whitaker's Almanack*.

Those who care to know what they eat and drink, and what in consequence they ought to avoid, should take in the *Food Journal* (Johnson), an admirable publication, with illustrations which, while they are calculated to make the nervous shudder, are at any rate capable of being turned to the best advantage if the reader has the moral courage to face his tradesmen and demand purity in their supplies. A more instructive paper than that on Port Wine in the February number it would be difficult to point out, proving that "out of five samples analyzed, two had been under the 'doctor's' hands, one was fast turning sour, while none had the appearance and flavour of genuine fully fermented ports." We spare our readers the list of the component parts of this deceptive mixture.

A publication with the name of Dr. Monsell on the title-page, and the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of Winchester, will need little recommendation at our hands, but we cordially wish God-speed to the *Winton Church Catechist* (Bell and Daldy), of which the first quarterly part has reached us. It consists of an elaboration, and thus virtually of an explanation, of the Church Catechism, and is admirably designed for use in the family and in the Sunday school.

From Messrs. J. & C. Mozley we receive two capital books for the young—*Stories for Children*, by the late Mrs. Herbert Candy, and *Stories of Youth and Childhood*, reprinted from the *Magazine for the Young*, one of the old-fashioned publications, which, without changing its character, has always maintained its popularity.

We have also on our table *Luther and Justification*, two lectures by the Rev. S. Baring Gould (Church Printing Co.); *Colonial Questions*, being some papers on the subject, by Mr. Macfie, a Scotch M.P. (Longmans); the January and February parts of *Golden Hours* and *Sunshine* (Macintosh) two of Dr. Meynell Whittemore's pleasant magazines; the second edition of Miss Caulfeild's *Desmond and other Poems* (Longmans), already favourably noticed in our pages; *The Preaching of the Cross* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.), two sermons on the true scriptural view of the subject, by the Rev. C. F. Chase; and *A View of the Nature and Strength of the Experimental Evidence of the Gospel* (Simpkin).



GODFREY FANE'S TWO LEGACIES.

BY E. C. HICKEY.

CHAPTER IV.

HUGH'S DISCLOSURES.

One evening, about two months after the conversation between Dr. Fane and Miss Damer which was recorded in our last chapter, the doctor returned home tired out with a long and weary day's work, and threw himself into an easy chair, drawn close to a warm wood fire in the sitting-room of his cottage. He had scarcely taken his seat when a knock was heard at the hall door; he rose, determining to answer it himself, and recognised in the visitor his friend Hugh Temple. A strong affection seemed likely to grow up between the doctor and his Barton Regis patient. Hugh passed more than half his time with Dr. Fane, often accompanying him on his rounds, and generally spending every alternate evening at Norraston Cottage.

Lady Temple had told her husband of Margie's insinuations about the doctor, and suggested that after all he might not be an eligible companion for their son, to which Sir Henry replied,—

"As to Dr. *Fane's escapade, or whatever* it may have been,

which occurred when he was a young fellow, it never does to inquire too closely into an affair which took place during the sowing of a man's wild oats. I venture to assert he is pretty well toned down by this time, and I do not think he bears the look of a scamp; as to his not being an eligible companion for Hugh, I must say I consider he is improved since the doctor has come here and formed this friendship for him."

This, and more to the same purpose, was said by Sir Henry, and his wife clearly saw that her husband had taken what is commonly called a "fancy" to Dr. Fane. This weakness of taking fancies was one to which Sir Henry was addicted, and he was sure to be pertinacious in his adherence to any newly found favourite. But to return.

Dr. Fane admitted Hugh, saying,—

"I knew your knock; have you come to finish our match at chess?"

"I have."

Hugh flung his cap upon the table; Dr. Fane mentally remarked that the youth appeared out of temper. He followed him into the sitting-room, and after a somewhat awkward pause Hugh broke the silence by saying abruptly,

"Fane, I am as hungry as a hawk. My mother and I have been having some words, and I came off without my dinner. Will you give me some when you are having yours?"

"Surely, and with a hearty welcome."

The doctor rang the bell, and desired his servant to prepare the dinner-table for two. When the door closed upon the man, Hugh burst forth with,

"Fane, I verily believe my mother is ——" Hugh here stopped short, and looked confused. The doctor smiled.

"Excuse me, Temple, but really you look so dumbfounded that I could not forbear being amused at your woebegone face."

"By my word, Fane, I was on the point of making a blunder."

"Then by all means, old fellow, stop short at the point."

"But I wish to explain to you."

"Temple, do not be annoyed if I suggest to you, that even to an intimate friend the less said of home affairs the better."

"I must tell you frankly that which I commenced," replied Hugh, "even though it be a blunder; but I want to explain and ask you about it."

"My good friend, you are not lucid."

"Possibly not. Dame Nature never meant me to shine as an

; still I contrive to make my meaning clear, in a kind of
ınd after all, you know the first rule of language is, or
ɔ be, that you should convey your ideas to your hearers
ıs which are best suited for the transit."
ld hard there, Hugh, and remember your own words,
best suit suited for the transit.' "
ı are chaffing me, Fane; let's waive the subject for the
. You would never guess the rock upon which mother
plit this evening. Well, it was this. She had some idea
ı are under a cloud, and that you are not a good companion
and that I must not be so much with you. I vowed and
d by all the hair in the beard I hope to see growing upon my
me day soon, that I would be with you as much as I chose,
you chose to have me; that you were the very best Briton
ɐr drew breath,—a right, jolly good fellow, a regular brick."
Fane had risen from his chair, and was pacing up and
he room. Hugh turned and looked at him as he wound
speech with a triumphant blow from his clenched hand
cabinet which was near him, and which seemed to say,
;h no great orator, you must confess I could hardly have
d you better;" but his look of triumph was changed to one
ıay as he saw the doctor's face; it was death-white, and
ɜs of his mouth were rigid with suppressed passion.
ıe! I say, Fane! I ought not to have told you this; what
unded idiot I am! I——"
p, Hugh; it is better I should know; it is, no doubt, better
d suffer, though mine be a hard fate; but, Hugh, my lad"—
ıre his voice changed to softness, "God knows I never
to fail in my duty to *you*."
at down and leaned his head against his hands. Hugh
the awkward predicament of not knowing what to say;
ɐd lest, in attempting to palliate his mother's unkind
he might only say something which, instead of helping
d, might but make matters worse; so he did the best thing
d have done,—he remained silent.
ıntly Dr. Fane spoke again. His voice was low and
, and he fixed his grand, truth-speaking eyes upon Hugh's
ɔon face as he said,
ıple, it is true, quite true, that a deep cloud has fallen on
, though not in the sense your mother believes; it would
ıo use at this crisis to enter into particulars, even if I
ıerve myself to tell you *them*. *I* have promised that for

as long as I could I should be silent upon the subject, for it co cerns another as well as myself, and that other has sought this pr mise at my hands. It may be that at some future time you wi come to know the circumstances in my past life which ha coloured the last few years with their gloomy remembrance, a which will doubtless darken all my future; but in the meanwh let their memory rest within my own keeping, and that of t other who is concerned therein. As to my not being a associate for you, old fellow, I tell you solemnly that if I co believe that I were capable of doing you injury by my influe or otherwise, I would sooner—Hugh, I would sooner die, th merit the woe denounced on him who would 'cause his brother offend.' I once did so; God alone and my own heart know h bitter has been my punishment."

Hugh laid his hand affectionately upon Dr. Fane's shoul as he said,—

"I believe you, Fane. I believe in my soul that you are t strong in your own moral goodness to do me harm; and I t my mother so: I said to her in connection with you, 'He ca be wrong whose life is in the right;' and short as has been t acquaintance with you, I feel my own manhood energized your strong perception of what is good and noble. Fa I can't and won't forego your friendship; you surely will n fight shy of me because of my mother's absurd notions?"

"Hugh, I told you that did my conscience testify against t purity of my intercourse with you, I would forego your acquai ance; but believing as I do, and as God bears me witness in heart, that I seek not your evil, but your good, I shall not h your mother's fears, knowing them to be unfounded. Hug am a lonely man, and for years I have never sought a frie and it seemed to me so sweet to have found one in you. Hugh, I will *not* fight shy of you."

"I shall do my utmost to conquer my mother's preju against you. But, Fane, somehow I fancy that my co Margie fosters it; you know she told us that she had known in Dublin, and that the reason she had not spoken to you t evening in our house was——"

Hugh coloured and hesitated.

"Tell me frankly what she said."

"I hardly like to do so; but, as usual, I recollect myself, find my foot considerably involved when too late to retreat w flying colours."

"Hugh, I wish to know."

Godfrey Fane spoke sternly.

"Well, then, she said you had been mixed up with—or rather, had got involved in some difficulty of an unpleasant nature when you were living in Dublin, and that you evidently wished to have the remembrance of it ignored by any person who knew you at the time; and as you met her as a stranger, she concluded that you wished her to have apparently forgotten your existence."

"She *dared* to say *that!*"

The doctor's eyes flashed fire.

"Hugh, ask your cousin is that *true*. I shan't say more."

"No, Fane, I shan't promise to ask her. I believe your assertions to the contrary, and I do not desire a word-war with Margie; and yet, on second thoughts, I think I shall speak to her of this."

Both young men were silent for a time, then Hugh asked,—

"Will you tell me why you dislike my cousin so much?"

"No, Hugh, do not ask me. And now will you oblige me by not recurring to what we have been speaking of? it is to me a most painful subject."

"Trust me, old fellow; I am 'true blue,' and can hold my tongue when desired, if I have no other virtue."

At this juncture dinner was announced.

CHAPTER V.

EDRED.

It was December 20th, 1863; time, four o'clock in the afternoon; place, a small but beautifully situated villa a few miles south of the Peak in Derbyshire.

1st Scene.—A drawing-room; occupants, a gentleman and lady, both young, both good-looking, both apparently embarrassed, both standing near the window, and both, at the moment of their introduction to the reader, silent.

The gentleman was the first to speak.

"Edred, do my credentials carry no weight with them?" He spoke sadly.

"None, John: I am very sorry to pain you; it pains *me* to have to do so; but I can't consent to what you wish, even though it would please papa."

"You do not mean this as *my final* answer? I have loved

you for more than five years,—does this avail me nothing? Edred! can you not love me a little?"

"Not as you would have me love you."

She who was addressed as "Edred" moved away towards fire. John remained where he was. Our girl friend gazed i the fire for a few seconds, as if reading somewhat there apparently she found the information she sought upon mystic fiery scroll, for she returned to John's side, saying,

"John, I have been pondering whether I should tell something which may help you to understand why it is possible for me to love you as your wife."

He looked at the fair sweet face, which was alternately cove with scarlet and then deadly white, and he waited in e expectancy.

"John, more than five years ago I loved."

"Well?" was all he said.

"Well, I can have no other Love."

"Are you then—to marry——?" his words came slowly disjointedly.

"No, he is married."

Spoken with a calm, dull submission; spoken as if submission could never yield the holy fruit of resignation

"He loved *you* once, and then was false to you!"

The girl raised her eyes, which had been bent upon the gro raised them to his face, and the light of indignation fla bright upon him as she said,

Hush, John Græme!—he was *not* false; it was my doing we parted."

"Whereupon he married another!"

"John, is it kind, is it generous of you to say these thing me? You do not know the circumstances."

"Forgive me, Edred; I was wrong: my excuse must be I love you so dearly myself that I am—I am indignant any one could ever forget you so far as to love another."

"And yet—oh, John! how inconsistent you are! You w me to forget him and marry you!"

"The cases are different—wholly different. He is marrie you cannot love him now. I do not ask you to be false to memory of him; I only ask you to learn to love me n Edred, I shall wait; even for years, if you will but try to me, and finally be my wife."

"You said that I cannot love him *now;* this is true in

sense; but, would you be contented, were I your wife, to know and feel that never to the end of time could I give you the same love, or aught akin to it, which still lingers and burns in my soul towards the memory of one whose love for me was the bright joy of my life? John, that joy has been snatched from my keeping, but I never can forget having once been blessed with it."

"I should be contented if you loved me at all; my love for you would teach me to rest satisfied in being near you,—having you for my own."

"You are not like me, John: were I to love, nothing short of a similar love could make me content. I should *not* be 'your own' even though I were your wife; my soul's deep reverence of its holiest earthly love rests with the memory of my lost one. Oh, John! do not press me. I could not marry you or any one unless—unless I could honestly say that I loved him to the exclusion of that memory of which I spoke. This I could never say, therefore I shall never marry."

He saw that the case was hopeless. He knew by the tone of the voice, even better than by the words themselves, that, as she herself expressed it, "she could have no other Love."

He took her hand and said, "God bless you, Edred." Then—he went.

SCENE II.—The same evening, past eight o'clock; two ladies sat in the drawing-room in which the first scene was enacted. The elder is a gentle-looking woman of fifty, or thereabout, seated at a small oval table of walnut wood, upon which the tea is laid; the younger, in whom we recognise Edred, is dreamily looking over the pages of the *Saturday Review*—not reading, not even skimming the cream of its articles (cream of tartar)? The urn pleasantly sings its teapot lullaby, and the elder lady looks up with a smile, saying,—

"Your paper appears uninteresting, niece mine; have you found no smart article against the sex?"

"I was not reading, auntie; I was thinking."

The lady looked lovingly at the speaker, who went on,

"Aunt Janet, do you know what day this is?"

"December 20th, and your birthday, little queen."

Little queen rose, and coming over, knelt down beside her companion, and laying her head against her knee, murmured,

"*He* left me this day five years. Oh, auntie! I do wish I could see him,—my dear Godfrey."

The last three words in themselves were simple; the tone spoke volumes.

"My dear one," said her aunt, fondly stroking the head with its wealth of silken hair which lay upon her lap.

"Aunt Janet, this afternoon John Græme, before he left for London, asked me to be his wife. I told him I could not, and why, Oh, auntie! Godfrey is so near me to-night! if I could only see him—*once!*"

"It would not be right you should, my Edred, while you love him so. Try, my dear one, and think of him as he is *now*, not as he was when you first knew him; remember it is sin to love him now."

"I know—but——" She passed her hand wearily over her temple; then shaking back the clustering hair,—"I do not often yield to this weakness; sometimes 'tis more present with me than at others, for sometimes I cannot believe that he is not still my own. I feel nearly convinced that there is nothing in reality to keep us asunder; that his going away and—his marriage were only a cruel delusion; and then, when I wake up from this—oh, aunt Janet! . . . I often think that if I could once see him *and his wife*, I could bear all my sorrow better, for then I could picture him in his married home; but *now*, I never can think of him but as he was when he was mine. Aunt Janet, I do indeed struggle for submission; it has come—a little; but is it *wrong* not to be *resigned?*

"God will help you, darling, to learn to blend your will with His."

Just then the door opened, and a gentleman who was verging close upon sixty entered the room, followed by a young lad of seventeen.

They were father and brother to Edred.

Edred rose from her kneeling posture beside her aunt, and drawing a chair close to the fire, said to her father,

"Padre mio, did you visit Sleepshire since dinner?" Then, without waiting a further response than a tap upon her cheek, accompanied by "Naughty insinuator," she turned to her aunt with,

"Auntie, will you dispense tea? 'twill rouse papa, and here is Vere waiting for his, as he is going to the rectory to see Edward Orme at nine o'clock."

"And eat oysters afterwards," said Vere, laughing.

The tea passed round; Vere left the room, having turned at the door for a second, making a mock bow, and exclaiming,



dear one,' said her aunt, fondly stroking the head with its wealth of
r which lay upon her lap."—*See page* 118.

night, friends all! and hurrah for Edward and the

aufort (for such was the old gentleman's patronymic)
daughter towards him, and seating her on his knee,
sotto voce, "Poor John Græme, Edred. You were
-hearted."
lushed crimson.
sorry for the unfortunate," continued Mr. Beaufort, in
:ey; "I should have preferred him next to one other
n-in-law."
is the Preferred, papa?"
child, since you ask me, the husband that I should
liked for you was Godfrey Fane (my dear Janet, you
g a great noise with the teacups); I often wondered
ıd you did not love each other, being thrown into such
-(Janet! you are putting too much water in the tea-
second cups will not be worth drinking)—I say, I
dered—(there, my dear Janet, I knew you would do
ıy is full of water. Had I not better ring, and have
l?)."
ıough Mr. Beaufort little dreamed that such was the
sister had been making all these awkward efforts to
s attention, in the hope that he would drop the
She fortunately succeeded; for with the clutch at the
vanished, apparently, all thoughts of Godfrey Fane
ɔrother's head.
ıad left the room under cover of her father's distress
t the superabundant watering of the teapot.
ıave seen, Mr. Beaufort knew not that any love had
:d between his child and Dr. Fane.

CHAPTER VI.

EXPLANATIONS.

ing of the same day upon which Edred Beaufort had
Græme that she would not be his wife—one of those
tic days when everything looks bright and jubilant,
Fane started from his cottage to walk to Hycombe
a village situated six miles south of the town of
Torraston, where he intended visiting a patient who,

though she had but little hope of perfect recovery, yet dea liked a visit from the young doctor.

The road lay along the south end of Norraston House demea the ground was dry and hard, and footsteps as they fell upon sounded crisp and springy.

Godfrey walked along at a quick, sharp pace, but with nc of that lightness of heart which seems so naturally associa with Christmas. As he approached the second gate of Norrast he descried a lady and two little boys passing out of it, a upon coming nearer, he recognised Miss Damer and John and Archie Temple. The little boys were bowling their hoo and left their cousin to her own devices.

Margie Damer looked lovely that bright winter morni She had begun to lessen her mourning, and her dark g jacket and black silk dress, looped in graceful festoons ove handsomely braided violet and black petticoat, beneath whi peeped the dainty foot and ankle, set off to best advantage the tight-fitting boot, were by no means unbecoming items her walking costume. Added to these, the coquettish hat, w its soft white ostrich feather, surmounting the chiselled f with its flashing eyes and sweeping lashes, completed l portrait as she stands before us. Godfrey Fane's appro brought the faintest possible addition of colour to her cheek and when near enough to speak, she stopped him as he w passing on by—

"Dr. Fane, I have a word to say to you."

He was struck by the tone of the voice,—so unlike Marg usual half-defiant, half-*insouciante* manner of addressing him.

He shook hands with her, or, I should say, touched her fing for a second; then, accommodating his pace to hers, said cold

"You want to speak to me?"

"Yes. I have been trying to meet you for the last two da but missed you each road I took."

"I have been in Barton Regis."

(He had not seen Margie save at a distance since he s Hugh had had their memorable conversation together.)

"I want you to do me a favour, Dr. Fane."

He looked fixedly into her face as he replied, in a cold, gr voice,

"Miss Damer seems to forget that the favours I have alre accorded her, at her own request, have only been abused by h

"I know I have abused them;" and then, in somewhat

the old defiant tone, she added, "Perhaps I am sorry for so doing—who knows? I have heard that some small amount of grace lurks even in bad hearts—perhaps the grace of acknowledging my misdeeds is my redeeming quality; perhaps if I tried very earnestly I might convince you, even *you*, who know all my wickedness, and who think worse of me than any one else on earth, that I *can* be sorry a little."

"I believe you are; I believe that your apparent hardness is only a feint to carry off a sorrow which you wish to conceal."

"Do you honestly give me credit for having such?"

"I do; I think you would not speak as you do if you were not—I will not say *repentant*, for I fear you are not,—but if you were not at least convinced in some measure that you need repentance."

"Why do you say you fear I am not repentant?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Please answer my question."

"I must answer it then in the Irish fashion of asking another. Do you remember the first evening I——?"

"Yes, yes;" and the words came quick and impatient, as if the very allusion to the occasion he spoke of pained her.

"You remember a conversation I had with you?"

She bowed silently.

"In it, if I recollect aright, I begged of you to tell your relatives frankly of your having known me in Dublin; you asked me to conceal some circumstances from them; I promised this; you did tell your aunt you knew me some years ago, but you put our cases before her in a false light; you tried to prevent her and your uncle from thinking well of me; you spoke of my miserable secret as a 'cloud' upon my character; perhaps not in these terms, but in others equivalent. Do you now understand why I asked you a question by way of answer to another?"

"I do." The voice was again unlike Margie's.

"Can you wonder that I said I feared you are not repentant?"

"Oh, Godfrey! don't reproach me."

He gave a spasmodic shudder as she uttered his Christian name, for it was the first time for nearly five years that a woman had called him by it, and it roused up memories which gave him intense pain. He went on after a moment,—

"I allow that it is a painful matter for you to have met me again, and I can understand your anxiety to have our previous

relations forgotten; but the more I reflect over my promise to meet you as a stranger, the more I see how wrongly I acted. My rash promise has been the indirect means of leading you into falsehood and deception."

Margie stopped, and looking into his face, while her own was wet with tears, said,

"Godfrey Fane, I want a friend."

He was silent and embarrassed; his own kindly nature prompted him to speak in words of Christian sympathy to the erring girl at his side, but pride and wounded feeling, excited by the remembrance of her untrue representations to her aunt, kept back the generous impulses of his heart. Margie waited a second or so for a response, and seeing the proud flush which mantled his face, and the reserve which she rightly guessed was prompting him to refuse her his friendship, she gave an impatient jerk, and stamping her foot, said,

"I suppose I have sinned so deeply that I am unworthy of requesting the friendship of the good and moral Dr. Fane?"

Still conflicting feelings were at work,—should he forgive, or should his pride still prompt him to be unrelenting? He had forgiven, or thought he had, all that had gone before his first meeting with Margie Damer after his coming to Norraston; but after all this, after his forbearance from justifying himself at her expense, she had wounded him again; she had tried to injure him anew. No, he would *not* forgive *this!*

Margie was leaving him. A proud, angry curl rested on her beautiful lips as, with a haughty bow, she bade him "Good afternoon, Dr. Fane."

Should he speak? should he stretch forth the "friend's" hand she had asked for? Should he?

Godfrey Fane, there are turning-points in each life. There are boundary lines in the history of each soul; there is a Rubicon which divides vice from virtue, guarded jealously by the ministering spirits which attend our path, and which strive to keep us in the way of life. Sometimes the Angel of the Covenant sends His ministers in human guise, to aid Him in His work of keeping the feet of those who waver as to the road they shall take; to speak words of kindly persuasion,—"Come with us, and we will do you good." Though our road be narrow; though there be pitfalls spread on either side to catch the feet of those who would swerve, yet are there printmarks traced in the blood of The Great Example, which, if followed, lead unto Eternal Life.

Godfrey Fane, look! there is a soul which is hovering on the brink of evil. Keep your hand tight locked and shut up with your unforgiving pride; keep your heart seared against the striving spirit of Him who never refused aid to one who sought it, though He has oftener met with ingratitude, with contumely, with slights and false dealing, than He has ever allowed to fall to the share of those who follow Him. Struggle now, Godfrey Fane! and leaving this erring one unfriended, will you be ready, will you be willing to take upon you the guilt and the responsibility of having stifled any longing after better things in her soul?

He had allowed her to pass on some distance. He was close to a turnstile which, leading through some fields, would bring him by a short cut to the cottage of his patient. He waited before it for a moment, with one foot on the lower step, prepared to get over into the field.

Man, pause ere you stifle your better nature, and let slip for ever a golden opportunity, the like to which may never in God's wisdom fall again in your path.

Margie was nearly out of sight: she walked very rapidly,—and the boys were a good way beyond her.

The die was cast!

He turned back to the road, and quickened his pace to overtake his late companion.

Margie held her breath, while she felt her heart beating louder and stronger as he gained upon her; and she knew by the sound of his steps that he was trying to come up with her.

He was near enough to speak; he came close; he even passed her by a few inches, so that when he turned he stood in front; then he extended both his hands, and said,

"God helping me, I shall be your friend!"

She gave him a quick, penetrating glance, as if trying to read his face: she saw that he must have had a hard battle with the pride which had been the predominant passion portrayed on his features a few moments before; it had quite disappeared, and tender forbearance and forgiveness had succeeded.

She laid her hands in his, and murmured,

"From my heart I thank you; you do not know from what you may have saved me." And she shuddered.

He saw that she was fearfully agitated, and he generously strove to divert her thoughts from their present channel.

"You said you wished me to do something for you,—what is it?"

"Hugh had been speaking of you to me some days ago. He told me of his interview with you the other evening; the evening he and aunt had——" She coloured deeply.

"I know," he said, kindly.

"Hugh asked me why I had told such falsehoods, and why I had misrepresented you to aunt. I thought of course you had told him the truth; and when he said that you had promised 'some one' to be silent as long as you could, oh! then I saw the extent of my wickedness. I saw how unworthy of your forbearance I had proved myself; I saw how you must despise me, and for the first time since—since THEN—I really wished to repent. I have felt remorse, I have been in such a frenzied agony that I have thought I was going mad; but I never wished to repent until your kindly generosity to *me*, at the expense of justice to yourself, broke down my hard heart. Then I wanted to see you, to tell you this; and first when you spoke of your belief that I had some sorrow for the past, though I feigned to be careless, I thought that I *might* live above that past and be a better woman. Then you scorned me when I told you of my need of a friend—one who would help me in my weak search after repentance. *You* are the only one now (since mamma died) who knows my —my sin; and I knew you were good and true-hearted; you had proved yourself so, even to me, who was so undeserving, and I had been hoping that perhaps, as you only knew all, you could guide me, if you would but again forgive. When I saw you stand by me, so proud, so cold—oh! I can't tell you how I despaired. I thought there was no use in trying even to be better, that I was meant and destined to be so wicked that a good man or woman would instinctively shrink from me; and I walked on, determining never again to try even to feel sorrow, real repentant sorrow. And now you have given me *hope*. Oh, Godfrey Fane! tell me, tell me from your own lips, and from the convictions of your stronger judgment, is it possible that I have not sinned too deeply for forgiveness from God?"

"I believe in my heart that there is *no* sin too deep for forgiveness; when once it is repented of, when in penitent prayer and faith in Christ we seek for pardon, I believe that it is cancelled—blotted out—forgiven."

"You think I may believe this?"

"I do: the promise is changeless, that, 'if we confess our sin, God is faithful and just to forgive our sin.' "Oh, Miss Damer, many a time have I fed upon those words with the eagerness of

a starving soul! When I left Dublin that night on which I wrote to you, I too felt that I had sinned beyond forgiveness. The thought that through my failure of duty——"

"Oh, Dr. Fane! *don't—don't* speak of *that!*" Margie shut her eyes as if trying to keep out some horrid sight; and Dr. Fane too, shuddered visibly.

They walked on silently, until Margie said,

"We have wandered from the favour I want; it is this: Hugh means to have you asked to dine with us on the 25th—will you come? I mean to tell aunt"—here her voice faltered, and the words were uttered as if with difficulty; "I mean to tell her that I wronged you; that it was by my wish you did not recognise me: that you were not to blame in the deception; I know she only is prejudiced against you because of my false statements; these will be removed, and Hugh will be so glad. You will come, then, when he asks you? You will not shun me?"

"I never shun my friends," he said, as he smiled.

The simple "thank you" was very fervent.

Just at this moment Helen Temple (who had returned from school the day before) and her brother rode by; they were going at full canter, and were thus unable to rein in and speak to the doctor and his companion. They had now reached the point where the road to Hycombe, the doctor's destination, joined that on which they had been walking, so, with a kindly grasp of the hand, Dr. Fane bade adieu to Margie Damer.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIENDS IN CAMP.

The brother and sister had come in; and as they stand for a moment in the hall, ere the latter goes upstairs to change her riding dress for one more suited to the house, we may take advantage as licensed eavesdroppers, to catch some part of their conversation.

I must first state that Helen had learnt from her brother the cause of Margie's strange conduct towards Dr. Fane, and the various other circumstances therewith connected, of which the reader is already aware.

"Shall I ask her, Hugh?"

"I should, if I were you, Nellie; 'tis to me incomprehensible, how a pair of people who apparently dislike each other so cordially as do our cousin and Dr. Fane, should walk along a lonely road deep in earnest conversation. Margie and he have some secret understanding which I confess I should like to fathom."

"But I do not like to seek Margie's confidence; she has never given it, and she is so proud and reserved."

"Just as you like, Nellie. I think you might ask her why she was walking so confidentially with the Doctor, when she professes to dislike him."

"I shall think over it, Hughie."

Helen met her cousin on the stairs as she was going down to the drawing-room, after having changed her dress. Margie was very pale; and traces of weeping were visible upon her face. Helen was more and more mystified; why Margie should weep after an interview with Dr. Fane, and why she should have refused to go out with her and Hugh, preferring instead the companionship of the little boys, which in general she shirked, for the express purpose, as it seemed, that her movements might be free, and she herself at liberty to walk where she thought it likely she might meet Dr. Fane; all this puzzled Helen.

"Had you a nice ride, Helen?"

"The beginning was very pleasant, but shortly after we met you and Dr. Fane (Helen gave a wicked little glance at her cousin, but saw nothing which gratified her curiosity) Black Molly fell lame, and we had to let her walk home."

Helen was longing to ask particulars as to the pedestrian excursion, but Margie did not court enquiry.

When the girls entered the drawing-room, they found Lady Temple there, working.

Margie sat down near the fire, and took up a book without making any remark; Helen, on the contrary, began talking of her ride and various other matters.

Lady Temple after a while addressed her niece. "Where did you walk, Margie?"

The question was simple—so simple that to one uninitiated it would seem too frivolous to cause the start which Margie gave.

Helen felt the hot colour rush to her cheeks, in her anxiety to hear her cousin's answer.

"I walked by the south avenue—on the Hycombe road. I had Dr. Fane as my companion for the last hour."

Margie had set herself as a flint for the occasion.

"Dr. Fane! how came that?"

Margie drew her chair, so that she was directly opposite her aunt; then said, in a clear tone,—

"Aunt Ellinor, I have a confession to make to you."

It was Lady Temple's turn now to start. Helen's heart began beating very rapidly.

"Margie! I am certain there is a love affair between you and Dr. Fane; your manner is so mysterious; and I do not half believe your insinuations against him; young ladies always pretend to abuse the gentlemen they like."

"Aunt! how can you be so absurd?"

Margie's face was hot and angry.

Helen sat mute. Lady Temple continued,—

"Really, I cannot understand you and the doctor; you pretend to dislike him, and yet you walk with him for an hour! I am sure your uncle will be angry when he hears it; and I must beg of you, Margie, to explain why you did not choose to recognise him that evening when he dined here."

Margie knew by her aunt's manner that she was vexed and irritated.

"Aunt Ellinor, I told you I had a confession to make; 'tis this—I have wronged Dr. Fane deeply by what I have said to you, and through you, to uncle Henry. It was *not* his wish that we should meet as strangers. I had seen him" (here Margie coloured violently, and her voice trembled) "before he came into the room, and asked him not to recognise me as an old acquaintance. Aunt, it was a wrong done by me (Aunt, I *will* tell you the truth) that I wished to conceal." Margie was interrupted by an exclamation of horror which burst simultaneously from her hearers. She did not heed it, however, but continued, "I was afraid of his saying or doing something which would attract your notice, or uncle's suspicions, so I asked him to ignore my acquaintance. Aunt, trust me, will you? and do not ask me any further. I have suffered more than anyone can ever know, since Dr. Fane came here; but I cannot tell the cause. I tell this much, because I wronged Dr. Fane, and I wish to exonerate him. Aunt! do you believe me? it was *no wrong* done by Godfrey Fane. *I* brought him into the 'trouble' I spoke of; *he* was guiltless."

Margie sat quite still, and a shade of her habitual nonchalance was stealing *over her face; but* I do her the justice

done to her by Godfrey Fane, in saying she endeavoured to feign a carelessness only too foreign to her heart. It died away almost before it had time to settle on her countenance, and an expression of deep sadness supervened.

"Aunt Ellinor, speak to me, or I shall be wild; speak to me, and say that I have not utterly shocked you."

Lady Temple was both proud and haughty, and one who had little of the womanly tenderness of her sex. She fancied, from her niece's manner, that the "wrong" spoken of must have been something very dreadful. She *knew* Margie would not reveal it unless she chose; she hated to be baffled in anything she set her heart upon—and she actually hungered to know this.

When she spoke, it was in a cutting, hard tone; the very worst she could have used to Margie.

"You *have* shocked me deeply. I had no idea you could have acted with such duplicity, combined with such a want of maidenly reserve. I cannot comprehend how a niece of Sir Henry Temple could act as you have done. Your uncle will be the best judge of how you are to be treated. I shall consult him upon the subject."

And Lady Temple considered she had done her "duty," and resumed her work.

Margie rose—all the careless defiance had left her—and she stood, pale and sorrow-stricken before her aunt.

"Aunt Ellinor, I asked you to trust me; I asked you not to seek my confidence; I cannot give it. I ask you again to accept my confession of wrong-doing—and to forgive my deception to yourself. My sin was one which has done wrong to no other person, (here she became deadly pale, and added) to no other *living* person but Dr. Fane and myself; it only concerns us—and——"

"You need say no more, Margie; I do not intend or wish to be a party to your guilty confidence." Lady Temple's eyes flashed with irony.

"Mamma!" exclaimed Helen, now speaking for the first time since the conversation began, "Mamma, you are very hard on Margie."

"I consider myself the best judge of that, Helen."

Margie was leaving the room, and as she gained the door, she turned to her cousin, saying,—

"I deserve it, Helen; perhaps, if my mother had lived,

I should have been a better woman, but, as it is—however thank you for taking my part, Nellie."

And here the door closed behind her.

* * * * * *

"Papa, may I speak to you for a moment?"

The speaker was Helen Temple; her father was having his customary mid-day cigar after luncheon, and Helen knew she should probably find him in his study, where he generally smoked.

(Sir Henry loved his daughter better than he loved anyone else, and whenever there was a favour to be granted, which the rest of the family feared to sue from Sir Henry, Helen was always the deputed applicant.)

"Certainly, Miss Temple; what may be your business?"

Helen seated herself on a low stool at her father's knee, and laying her hand in his, said playfully, "Before I proceed to 'business,' I must make myself very cosy."

Sir Henry patted her cheek, as he rejoined, "I see I must prepare to be coaxed; eh, puss?"

Helen's look was a grave one, as she glanced at his face, "No, papa, I do not want to 'coax;' I wish to set something before you in a plain, matter-of-fact way, and I want you to be——"

"Very lenient in my judgment?"

"Oh yes! I do, indeed!"

"Well, Nellie, and what is it?"

"Margie is very unhappy, papa."

"I am very sorry to hear it, my dear, what makes her so?"

"She says she has wronged Dr. Fane in your estimation."

"In mine—no, forsooth; I think highly of the new doctor."

"You know she told aunt the evening he dined here that he was under some cloud."

"Ah! I remember somewhat of that; but I never heeded the story. I suppose it was owing to some insignificant peccadillo."

"Papa, Margie did not tell exactly the truth."

"Eh, Nellie! and pray what induced her not to do so?"

"Oh, papa! I don't like to have to reveal this."

"Nonsense, Helen!" Sir Henry was growing impatient.

"Papa—in fact—papa! she has done him a great wrong—and has brought a heavy sorrow upon him. Papa, you will not ask me what it was? Margie told me the whole story a little while ago, and I promised to keep her confidence. Papa, *you* will not ask me to break it?"

"Nellie! I cannot promise in the dark."

"Oh, papa! you can trust me, surely? You know, at lea I hope you know, I would not keep any wrong confidence; a it could do no good, my telling you the secret which is betwe Margie and Dr. Fane. Papa, dear, I may not say any farth If you knew how sad and wretched Margie is, you would pi her; and if you knew as much as I do, you would not jud her hardly. She has suffered such remorse for her error; a at the time she committed it, she was very young; not nin teen."

"Nellie there is one thing I *must* know. Did Dr. Fa commit any crime, in which Margie was, innocently or oth wise, concerned?"

"No, papa, he committed no crime. He has had a gr sorrow which Margie was the indirect means of bringing abo She never anticipated the consequences of her conduct. C papa, dear! will you not promise *now*, not to ask me farther

"I promise, Nellie."

"Thank you, dear papa. I have yet another favour to a from you."

"Am I still to be lenient?"

"Will you persuade mamma not to pursue this subject wi Margie? Margie told her how sorry she is for having deceiv you and her by pretending not to have known Dr. Fane th evening."

"I thought it was *his* wish not to recognise her."

"No, papa. Margie had asked him before he came into t room not to appear to know him."

"Asked him? Why, does she write to him?"

"No. She had seen him for a minute, and asked him the She told mamma she regretted having acted so wrongly, a begged her forgiveness; but mamma is still very angry, a says Dr. Fane shall be forbidden the house."

"He shall *not*," said Sir Henry, warmly. "*I* like him; h is a clever physician; and I consider him a good companion fc Hugh. I have seen a good deal of him, even in the short tim he has been here; and, as I said, I like him. He shall not b forbidden the house."

"Oh, papa! I am so glad! Margie was so afraid you woul consent to his being dismissed from being family physician *and then it* would be all her fault."

"*Don't* be alarmed, Helen. I'll settle it with your

that Dr. Fane be not only our physician, but one of our guests now and then."

Helen could not repress the very undutiful thought that perhaps it was because her mother disliked him, that her father liked Dr. Fane; just out of contrariety. The girl could not be blind to the fact, that there was not much conjugal affection between her parents. The truth was, that Sir Henry's and Lady Temple's marriage had been one, not of love, but of *convenance*.

Sir Henry kept his word with his daughter. He intimated to Lady Temple that it was his desire that Margie should not be cross-questioned; that he saw no reason why she should be forced into a confidence she did not wish to give; that, in fact, he considered it would place both his niece and Dr. Fane in a mutually awkward position, were he and Lady Temple to appear cognizant of there being any mystery between them; which mystery, he doubted not, if solved, would prove of very little import.

Lady Temple said she differed essentially from her husband's opinion; and that she thought that either he or herself ought to know what had been Margie's antecedent connection with Dr. Fane, and his secrets.

But Sir Henry negatived this, saying, that there was no "ought" in the matter, as far as he knew; for Margie was under no legal obligation to either of them, being of age, and, consequently they had no supervision over her as her guardians; and that, where Dr. Fane was concerned, they had no right to dismiss him from his attendance on the family, merely because he and Margie had a secret they did not choose to reveal.

"Lady Temple, seeing she lost her case, lost also her temper, and querulously exclaimed,—

"I see you have taken one of your absurd crotchets about this matter. Weak men are always pertinacious in trifles; and it is impossible to turn you from a course once you are bent upon adopting it. Pray, Henry, may I ask, will you take the consequences upon yourself, if this mysterious and calumniated doctor should fall in love with your daughter, and she with him?"

Sir Henry changed colour for a second, then, with his wonted coolness of manner, replied,—

"I trust my daughter will make a better connection than one with a physician, *however estimable he may* be in his way."

"Well, take your own course, Henry; and with it, take, as I said, the consequences."

"I intend to take both, my dear."

Sir Henry was preparing to leave the room, when he suddenly turned round, saying,—

"I have given Hugh leave to ask his friend here on Christmas day, and I shall expect him to be treated with courtesy and cordiality, if he accept the invitation."

"Hugh's friend! bless me! Henry, have you allowed yourself to associate that idea with Dr. Fane? a common, country surgeon."

"No matter what his position may be, he is a gentlemanly fellow; and I repeat, that in this house he must be treated with the courtesy and cordiality due to Hugh's friend, who is *not* a 'common, country surgeon.'"

"Courtesy, I guarantee him; I shall treat him with *that*, as being due to my dignity as mistress of the house; but *cordiality*, I shall never extend to him!"

And Lady Temple's words were prophetic.

STRONG-MINDED SEANCES.

BY A WEAK-MINDED VISITOR.

"You know we women cannot choose our lot."—OWEN MEREDITH.

BUT this was written by a man—and written many years ago. Now it appears women are quite determined to choose their lot, or at all events to clamour with immense pertinacity till every avenue is open to their choice.

I have lately attended some assemblies of a society which I do not feel at liberty to mention by name, but which will be readily identified by all students of the strong-minded movement. It claims fully to represent the opinion of woman on the vexed question of her rights, her wrongs, her duties, and her future (by which I don't at all mean her husband, who is rather kept in the background). On these occasions there has seemed to me a "missing link" which I should like to supply, taking the proceedings of one particular evening as my text.

This society meets for discussion, and claims as its distinctive feature strict impartiality, and a fair field for the expression of all views; but in the nature of the case this is not practicable.

The gentlemen who agree with, and the gentlemen who differ from the self-constituted champions of our sex come forward freely. Of course the ladies who agree—"platform ladies," as one of their number frankly denominated them—take care that their convictions shall find utterance. But how about the ladies who differ?

I am not not a regular attendant, and it is possible that some woman, not belonging to the party of progress, may have had moral and physical courage enough to state her views; but it is not probable. Nor do I think we should accept her as our representative woman if she did—addressing a mixed audience on topics of such intimate importance would hardly be her forte. The power to do so belongs to few even among the leaders of what is called the woman's movement; and I plead on behalf not *of that exceptional* minority (whose members, as a rule, can so fluently assert themselves), but of a majority which

is not only unrepresented, but if I may venture to say so, misrepresented at these meetings.

A society which so far puts into practice its ideal of intellectual equality that women not only take part in its debates, but frequently preside over them, is sufficiently novel to attract large and attentive audiences. Occasionally one lights on a well known face; a philanthropic peer, whose mind, well-regulated though it is, surely sometimes gets entangled in a labyrinth of societies, he patronizes so many—a philosophic diplomat from the flowery land—a fair and fashionable woman, whose clear-cut features, dark flowing curls, and elegantly simple dress, refresh the eyes on that eccentric platform.

Here, since digression is a woman's admitted privilege, let me ask why those who profess to pioneer their sex to "fresh woods and pastures new"—to higher culture, better training, more profitable employment—should think it necessary to make themselves, and through them their cause, as unattractive as possible? Need one tasteless fashion be resented by another, yet more hideous since it is a feeble imitation of that adopted by the tyrant Man?

Because silly women disfigure their heads with hairy turrets of preposterous size, or straight streaming tails of savage wildness, ought sensible ones to destroy their most exquisite natural decoration, and appear in a "crop"—trying to every face, absolutely distorting to some?

Because dresses distended to the size of balloons, or trailing yards of expensive frippery on the ground, or panniered and puffed out of all symmetry, are graceless and absurd; is it mending matters to assume, to all appearance, one thick skirt clinging uncomfortably to the figure, and displaying needlessly clumsy boots?

Do feminine reproductions of cravats and waistcoats, rough jackets and Inverness capes, testify more emphatically to strength of mind or want of taste?

Surely our leaders and teachers might show us that dress can be both practical and beautiful—that they forsake fashion to follow art, not oddity—that an educated eye can find prettier as well as more useful models than those furnished by *Le Follet*. Real service to her sex would be done by any fair oratress who would, on opening the next session of the Discussion Society, take her text from "Dress as a Fine Art."

Women preponderated in the audience, and the sprinkling of

gentlemen looked half ashamed, half uneasy. Certainly the ladies and their advocates had oratorically the best of it, both in manner and matter; the opponents of the "new order" being the feeblest and most inconsequent of their sex—secretly subsidized, one might imagine, to form such an attacking party as would afford their antagonists an easy victory.

When the committee emerged from their retiring-room they caused a little stir of curiosity and amusement in the audience. As the gentleman who was to read a paper *against* the claims of women advanced, serenely smiling, in full evening dress, surrounded by a body-guard of ladies, some severe and spectacled, it was impossible not to sympathize with the rather tremulous movement of his white kid gloves and the flutter of the flowers in his button-hole. Although one of his names might be Macgregor, his foot was certainly not on his native heath; he was in the camp of the Amazons. I wish he had been a better match for them.

The president of the evening was a lady whose name has for many years been prominent in every effort to extend the employment and enlarge the sphere of her sex. She might possibly have achieved more by concentrating the remarkable energy which has been diffused through such varied channels; but assuredly her pen and voice have enlisted many adherents, and her courage has confirmed many waverers. Her followers point to her as a triumphant instance of the fitness of women to exercise men's public functions. I hold her one of those exceptions proving the rule of their general unfitness. If—as she certainly did—this lady occupied the chair with self-possession and tact, and spoke in well-chosen phrases with delicious distinctness and deliberation, her ability only threw into broader relief the agitated incoherence or complacent commonplaces of other lady orators.

In a few courteous words the president introduced the exponent of manly opinion, who twaddled and temporized, begged the question, and three times slew the slain, to the manifest delight of the enemy. He took one peculiarly untenable position,—that it is the difficulty of obtaining husbands which induces female rebellion against the powers that be.

Setting aside the fact that many lady agitators—the late Mrs. Mill, Mrs. Fawcett, Lady Amberley, and others less known—work hand in hand with their husbands, does our Scottish chief really imagine that the moment a girl ceases to scramble for an

establishment she hoists the red flag, mounts the rostrum, and clamours for entrance to the senate, the pulpit, and the bar?

Have single women no natural interests, occupations, duties? With *naïf* egotism the speaker called female celibacy "exclusion from home," and pronounced woman created but for one object —to marry man.

This is where it seems to me the declaimers on woman's rights—opponents and advocates alike—so hopelessly confuse themselves and misrepresent their subject.

The former assert that women have but one mission—matrimony, fulfilling which women are all-engrossed, all-satisfied, all-absorbed; their very identity happily and completely annihilated. But failing which, gentle, intelligent, useful girls—good sisters, devoted daughters, helpful aunts—are instantly transformed into demagogues and mob orators. History corrects this theory; the same epoch produced Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland. And if we recall the women most distinguished and active in artistic, social, or philanthropic circles, we shall find the honours pretty equally divided between matrons and spinsters.

On the other hand, the champions of women too sweepingly divide the sex into the reactionary and the domesticated dunce. Surely we all know plenty of well-educated, sensible, practical women, quite capable of taking a helpful part in the battle of life, who protest with all their energy against any wish to break down the natural barriers between them and public offices and careers, or to revolt against a distinction between their occupations and ambitions and those of men. This is the class I wanted to hear represented in argument. But I lost all hope when I found our Scottish chief citing Balzac as his oracle on female character, and indulging in the stock nonsense about the "shrieking sisterhood." On the whole I thought we were hardly dealt with by both friends and foes. Pope's "reasonable woman" seemed to be a genus unknown to either party. I felt equally humiliated by the blame and the praise bestowed upon us.

A lady rose to speak, however, who was clearly not of my opinion. Composed, fluent, with a beaming face, a *suave* voice, and drooping curls, she placidly declaimed in a high, distinct treble on "fate, free will," etc., and I cannot say that she gave me any practical directions for my guidance. "We are not like the portraits men draw of us," she said; "we are to strive for our 'duties,' not our 'rights;' we are to do nothing

inconsistent with our womanhood." All very right, of course; but probably most of us knew so much before.

Then a gentleman rose, who assured us that woman could not properly do her work of teaching the young and nursing the sick without the franchise.

It may be from a feminine failure in logic, but I cannot see the connection between the two. Doubtless I shall be told that woman's work will not be organized, utilized, authorized, while men alone legislate. But it seems to me that if it be so the fact only proves that our social legislature is in some respects in the hands of the wrong men, not that women ought to take it into theirs. Experience has repeatedly shown that feminine work is twice as valuable when directed by men. This gentleman's testimony was more conclusive on another point, when giving his professional sanction to the practice of medicine by women.

Some inconsequential young gentleman feebly remarked that women were weaker than men, and that the gentlemen of England could lock all the ladies up in the cellars "if they wanted to."

What bearing he imagined this extraordinary statement to have on the vexed question is difficult to imagine, but on being interrupted by laughter and derisive cheers he was good enough to explain that he did not himself advocate such a course.

A lady who followed remarked that women needed the franchise in order to have better educations. Surely they want the education first to enable them to use the franchise judiciously?

An aggrieved orator who imprudently attempted to try back on points debated at a previous meeting, was put down by the lady president with a quiet determination which elicited warm applause, and went away muttering rebellion. The next speaker had a chivalrous appearance, and spoke with an enthusiastic *tremolo* suggestive of impending tears. He told us that St. Paul was inspired; that "Wives, obey your husbands," was only morally binding during St. Paul's own epoch, which was one of submission. On the authority of Mr. Mill he assured us that women who would influence their husbands to accept a bribe would yet vote conscientiously themselves because they would feel personally responsible. I very much doubt it. I think in nine cases out of ten a woman is more tender-conscienced for her husband than for herself, and far more likely, in her illogical devotedness, to do a shabby action for his sake than to urge him to do one for hers.

We were also told that every woman whose husband has a vote ought to have one herself; but prudent wives would decline so inconvenient a privilege. Women *have* political convictions already, though they have not votes, however incredulous the party of progress may be on this point; and not always the same as those of their husbands. Would not the wife's vote become an apple of discord in such households? No conscientious woman would vote for her husband's nominee if she disapproved of him. There may be some Utopian establishments in which the wife could fearlessly remark while pouring out coffee, "When you return from Mr. Smith's committee-room, my dear, I shall require the carriage to go and vote for Mr. Mill." But in most families this division of opinion would rouse bitterness intolerable to the stoutest-hearted female patriot. Women's convictions, when genuine, are ordinarily as sensitive to rough handling as their feelings; but at present there is no necessity to expose them to controversial ridicule and opposition. While, on the other hand, to give votes to the large class of women whose ideas are simply and honestly the reflection of the strongest mind near them would be merely to double the masculine power which advocates of female suffrage think already unfairly dominant.

A clergyman consoled the ambitious ladies for their exclusion from Parliament on the ground that their native eloquence would make them too dangerous rivals; adding that the whole question had been brought forward thirty years too soon, as the imperfect education of the present generation did not entitle them to any extension of their privileges; in proof of which he made the startling assertion that many ladies presented at court could not write or spell their own names!

Unquestionably the system of female education is imperfect, and combination is requisite to reform it, since individuals cannot control a fashion. But why need an improved girls' school be an imitation college? Granting that girls are not taught history, geography, or arithmetic intelligently and thoroughly, does it follow that educational reformers should insist on pure science, mathematics, and algebra? If boarding school French and German is seldom grammatical, is that any reason for putting all girls, irrespective of taste or talent, through a course of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew?

The evening's proceedings were summed up by the president in a speech aided by every grace of style and manner, but some-

what caustic, and not very conclusive. Of course our highland chief had hard measure dealt him. But the lady's logic, though more eloquent, was not sounder than his own. Her theory seemed to be that the grievance of rich women is defective education, leading to narrowed minds and wasted lives: the grievance of poor women is insufficient remuneration, leading to sin and starvation. And the franchise is to cure both.

The problem is too complex for such a sweeping solution. Ages of misapprehension as to the true nature of education, crowned by the folly of supposing that a girl's mental training can be "finished" at fifteen, have fostered the first wrong; in the rebound from which—so think the old-fashioned section on whose behalf I write—we are falling into the yet more deplorable error of making our girls weak copies of boys, by giving them, instead of a thorough feminine education, an imperfect masculine one. The second grievance is mainly the differing effect of the same cause—want of education properly so called. From scullery-maids to finishing governesses, practical sensible women really competent to perform what they undertake, can, as a rule, obtain fair remuneration; while exceptional talent, however manifested, commands exceptional reward.

I do not believe that a woman is underpaid *because* she is a woman, unless in some occupation which the very fact of her sex compels her to pursue inadequately or fragmentarily. I believe she is underpaid because she does not do her work well, and that the same fate would befall an equally incompetent man. Surely it is childish to clamour for State interference to right distresses, the remedy for which lies in our own hands?

The curse of modern society is an endeavour to appear what we are not; to dress, to live, to talk in a style we cannot afford. Labourers' daughters who two or three generations back would have been respectable servants, receive a superficial education in our national schools—just enough to dissatisfy them with their own station without fitting them for any other—and become slovenly dressmakers and tasteless milliners, ill-paid for bad work. Girls of the lower middle class who formerly cleaned the house or served in the shop, cheerfully helping to keep together a comfortable home, have acquired "accomplishments," and must not soil their fingers with anything rougher than some "light business," or nursery governess-ship. Daughters of professional men who used to find ample occupation and interest in superintending the household, teaching the little ones, being the

comfort and companion of their parents, now require dress and excitement not within their reach at home, which they leave for change, and to increase their pocket-money. They are not qualified to instruct, but they are "very well connected," and their services can be had cheap, as their only object is to amuse themselves—thus spoiling the market for women who have conscientiously spent time, money, and thought on preparing themselves to earn their living as governesses.

Let us discountenance both schools whose system is shallow and worthless, and ladies' colleges where a dead level of accomplishment, not thorough or individual enough to be of real value, is attained. Let us use all our influence in protesting against sham jewellery, cheap finery, homes left to the mercy of "marchionesses," and dirty errand-boys called "pages," in right of faded livery, while the daughters become "art students," and attend courses of lectures. Let us teach children to think nothing discreditable but dirt and dishonesty, and to understand that though all may acquire sufficient knowledge of music and drawing to occupy their leisure gracefully, none ought to select them as professions without severe training and natural genius, and I think we shall see women sensible and happy, even without the franchise.

M. M. G.

THE ISLAND GRAVE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

Far, far away, there lies a lonely isle,
Whose barren shores enfold a quiet grave;
The soil is sterile there, no blossoms smile
Upon the mound, and no green branches wave,

With gentle stirring of a leafy shade,
To cast a shifting pattern on the turf,—
No droning insect-music there is made;
No murmur save the ocean's moaning surf.

Only the sad sea-voice which evermore,
Like a full heart, essays to tell its pain,
And spends its wail upon the rocky shore
That flings the mournful story back again.

No loving faces bend that tomb above,
No fond hands touch the stone with tender care;
And yet God only knows the mighty love,
And all the bright hopes that are buried there.

He only knows how truly, day by day,
One widowed heart that memory must keep,
Teaching the sweet child-voices, when they pray,
To speak their father's name before they sleep.

He only knows the earnest, yearning gaze
Of patient eyes, whose tears in silence fall,
When the first morning sunbeam sends its rays
To gild one pictured face upon the wall.

Yet from Despair's dry soil how Faith springs up,
As a pure fountain leaps to meet the sun!
The lips that once said, "Take away this cup,"
Are the same lips that say, "Thy will be done."

Thy will be done, O Lord! A little while,
A few more years of patience and of prayer,
And then the grave upon that lonely isle
Shall give her back the treasure hidden there.

For Thou didst take away death's keenest sting,
Lord Jesus, when Thy precious blood was shed;
The crimson Cross, the shame, the suffering,
Have won the Resurrection of the dead.

Alas for us, if with that fluttering breath
From lips belovèd, all indeed were o'er,
If Hope itself laid down and died with Death,
And human love dared look for nothing more.

But Christ, by that great sacrifice of thine,
The lost shall be restored to longing eyes;
With a "new body" glorified, divine,
The dead who "sleep in Jesus" shall arise.

The voice of Thine Archangel shall arouse
The saints who calmly rest in earth or sea,
When Thou shalt come, O Bridegroom, to Thy Spouse,
And take Thy ransomed loved ones home with Thee.

EASTER IN THE FAR NORTH.

By DAVID KER.

cloudy afternoon between two gleams of sunshine, the Russian Lent is preceded and followed by a season of l festivity. Its successor is the great Easter celebration, which all the land rejoices as one man, and the feeling of kindliness and good fellowship which we Britons are associate with Christmas, has full play; its precursor is important but equally popular festival of "Maslenitza," er Week,"[1] the season of carnival shows and temporary , of hypothetical fasting and unlimited pancakes,—some ccount of which may serve as a fitting prelude to our ion of its greater rival.

eds no almanack to forewarn the Petersburger of the h of Butter Week, which is announced by a surer sign. ne morning, those who happen to be crossing the Admi- lain observe that the great open space in the centre, of lying void as heretofore, is now covered with a chaos ks, poles, blocks, and pieces of boarding, while here and nid the debris rises the outline of a basement, soon to itself (if we may judge by the abundance of material) extensive building. In the midst of this chaos we see a of human ants hurrying to and fro with beams and logs, ring with axe and mallet at the nascent structure, keep- a perpetual clicking and clacking, like the sound of a uge clocks ticking in chorus. These planks are the dry hich will ere long rise into the famous "Balagon," or l show, and summon all Petersburg to its mountebank ns. Day by day the work grows beneath the untiring of hatchet and hammer, while aristocratic Petersburg carelessly at it through the window of his carriage, and class Petersburg gazes upon it with that air of deep which characterizes the genuine Russian when looking hing which he has seen a dozen times before; and un-

[1] lled because the *Greek Church, while forbidding* its members the use of ng *the week preceding Lent, permits* them to indulge ad libitum in butter

washed Petersburg walks round it admiringly, hoping that the weather may be good when the time comes. For in these regions the frost king does not lightly yield his supremacy; and while the streets of London are flowing with mud and water, and the boulevards of Paris are gay in the sunshine of early spring, the Russian thermometer still clings lovingly to 10° below zero, and fur wrappers are the order of the day from Riga to Orenburg.

However, through good weather and bad weather time rolls on; and at length comes the long-looked for season, bringing in its train circuses and pantomimes, merry go-rounds and ice-hills,[1]—and, better than all, an unlimited supply of "Blinni." These latter are small round cakes of buckwheat flour (something between a crumpet and a pancake) served up hot, and eaten with caviare, sour cream, or melted butter as taste may direct. During its allotted week, the new delicacy is paramount; whether you dine with a Cabinet Minister, or take a sixpenny meal at a "kophé-restorant"—in princely mansions, in second-class hotels, in humble coffee-houses, in the very stalls at the street corner, the all-pervading dainty makes its appearance. And a most levelling dainty it is, common alike to prince and peasant, to capitalist and cabman. For the time being, at least, all men are brethren; and while Count Veriphriski, the young millionaire, flavours his Blinn with fresh caviare in the Sadôvaya Ulitza,[2] Ivan Drainoff, the street sweeper, is munching his, enriched with a dab of rancid butter, at the corner of the Apraxin-Dvor.

The weather is at its best, such as even an English guide-book could hardly find fault with; and all the world is abroad. As we pursue our way towards the great centre of attraction in the Admiralty Plain, we meet an acquaintance at every step; Heavy-weight, the translator, divided between elucidating a difficult passage, and wondering what he can have said at the last debate to make every one laugh at him; and Soberly, the chess-player, who, after losing five games in an evening, will start up in the middle of the night with the idea that he has invented a new manœuvre, seize his chess-board, and find that he hasn't; and Asskins, the great pupil-teacher, blinking under the glare of the

[1] Mounds of ice smoothed into a steep incline, down which the performers slide in little wooden cradles. The sport is known in Western Europe by the name of "Montagne Russe."

[2] Literally "Garden Street;" one of the principal streets leading out of the Nevski Prospect. The Apraxin-Dvor is a large bazaar which flanks it.

snow like an owl in the sunshine, and casting furtive glances at every passing lady; and Cords, the accomplished dancer, skater, boxer, pedestrian, organist, pianist, story-teller, singer of comic songs, &c., whose short active figure and round mischievous face (like that of a schoolboy playing truant), are well known in every street of the fashionable quarter; and who now keeps us standing for ten minutes in the cold while he recounts (with several corrections from ourselves), some obsolete "good story" from the "variety" column of an old newspaper. Here, too, tripping daintily over the snow, comes Mrs. Hummingbird, smallest and most assiduous of sensation-novel readers, whose furred cloak, black velvet trimmings, and bright restless eyes, give her the look of a well-conditioned kitten, just beginning to sober down. A simple child of nature is she, who will clap her little hands with a gleeful laugh over anything in the world, from a new vaudeville to a funeral sermon; and who, in her capacity of "ménagère," guards against imposition by adding up her accounts three times over (with a different result each time), and economises by purchasing things which she does not want, at greatly reduced prices. And there, in his neat well-appointed sledge, passes that remarkable man, Mr. Amur Langheid, a compound of Adam Smith, Emanuel Kant, and Dean Ramsay, whose marvellous information on all subjects is united with a happy freedom from bigotry, which causes him to be generally regarded as without any fixed opinions whatever; and who, in the same evening, will conduct an historical or theological discussion, win a game at pool, head a debate, and extemporize a fairy tale for his children, with equal ease and self-possession. His one failing is a predisposition to after-dinner slumber, which defies alike the seductions of music and the laws of hospitality; and it is an admirable spectacle to watch him gradually lapsing into unconsciousness, emphasizing the observations of his friends with a quick, stertorous snort by way of marginal note, starting up ever and anon, to thrown in an utterly irrelevant remark, and then dozing off again with the comfortable assurance that he has fully sustained his part in the conversation.

And now, as we turn the corner, there lies the whole scene before us, the long ranges of booths spanning the plain, the painted roofs of the wooden theatres glittering in the sunlight, the polished sides of the ice-hills shining like silver, the little flags on the merry-go-rounds fluttering in the breeze; a motley throng, in every variety of dress from silk to sheepskin, eddying

through the great enclosure; bells ringing, men shouting, dogs barking, children squalling; and an endless stream of carriages, filled with aristocratic spectators, flowing around the fair like a dividing river. As we gaze there floats into our memory the recollection of a certain quaint old woodcut in a book which was the delight and wonder of our childhood, representing a wide open plain swarming with fantastically-attired merry-makers, and covered with long rows of booths containing every variety of ware, and alive with every form of diversion; tumblers, jugglers, hobby-horses, maypoles, morrice-dancers; the British row, the French row, the German row, the Italian row; while from the brow of an overhanging hill two wayworn men look anxiously down to catch their first glimpse of Vanity Fair. Faithful, clasping his hands in an earnestness of unspoken supplication, and Christian, clutching with a firmer grasp the hilt of the good sword that vanquished Apollyon.

While we are still absorbed in the busy scene, a familiar voice pronounces our name, and close beside us peers from under a huge fur-cap, the pale sharply-cut features of our old friend Professor Little, who is surveying the motley throng with a serenely-compassionate smile, like a pocket Jupiter contemplating a particularly diminutive siege of Troy.

"What! you here?" exclaimed we in surprise.

"Why not?" returns our friend; "it is always worth while to observe varieties of character, especially such varieties as these. I find it amusing, at times, to remark with what little things human nature can divert itself. 'Telle est la vie!'"

(We may remark en passant, that the Professor's state of mind and conversation forms a kind of almanack, by which one may tell with certainty the changes of the seasons. In the depth of winter he is filled with a gloomy Heraclitean misanthropy; by the end of March his metaphysical thermometer has risen to the calm, reflective cynicism of Diogenes; and before the middle of summer he will be permeated with a lazy Epicurean philanthropy, imparting to every word he utters a kind of unctuous benevolence. The calmly cynical stage, as will be observed, is in the ascendant at present.)

"Have you anything special to do?" inquire we; "for if not, you can be our chaperon through the wonders of the Fair."

"You need scarcely have asked," returns Little, with the air of a blasé Lucretius; "when every one is doing nothing, why should I have anything to do? There's nothing in the world

worth being serious about—so why not enjoy ourselves while we can? Come along with me, and, as old Louis Treize used to say, 'Ennuyons-nous ensemble.'"

And with this hopeful summary of his ethical principles, the Professor marches us into one of the temporary theatres, just in time for the opening of a new piece, entitled "Rûsski na Kavkâzay" (the Russians in the Caucasus), which is, of course, brimming over with firing and sabring, mountain scenery and impossible entrenchments; its most remarkable feature being, that the whole performance is conducted in dumb show—a *pantomime* in the most literal sense of the term. The comic character of the piece is a half-tipsy Russian grenadier, who keeps grimacing and capering in a way which, were he really a soldier of the Emperor, would probably occasion his immediate transmission to Siberia, passage free. Some of the later scenes, however, are sufficiently exciting, more especially the last one, in which the Circassian horsemen fall upon the Russian outposts. The shadowy gorge half-revealed by fitful gleams of moonlight—the dead stillness broken suddenly by the thunder of the charging squadron—the wild yell and headlong rush of the mail-clad cavalry—the granite firmness of the grey-coated ranks behind their hedge of steel, from which bursts ever and anon the flash and crack of the fatal musketry, the sudden scattering of the Tcherkesse ranks, and their spectral disappearance into the shadows of the mountain, are all picturesque to the last degree; and so, apparently, think the spectators, who applaud lustily. The final conflict draws a look of friendly recognition from a grizzled resolute-looking man on our left, whose tarnished uniform proclaims him an officer of the line—a veteran, it may be, in the very warfare of which the pictured semblance lies before him. Across his swarthy cheek runs a long dark red scar, possibly a souvenir of the Tcherkesse sabre, received in the days when the bones of Prince Vorontzoff's army were whitening the gorges of Daghestan, and when the crack of Schamyl's rifles aroused the echoes of every mountain side from Darga to Redout-Kaleh. As the last volley flashes in the eyes of the staggering assailants, the old fire-eater rubs his sinewy hands with professional appreciation, and growls approvingly, "Horosho! tak i slaidnet!" (good! that's your style!)

And so the sports go forward, and the jugglers exhibit their deftest feats, and the jack-puddings cut their jokes upon the gazing crowd; and the spectators shout, and laugh, and push

each other about—munch doubtful-looking pancakes, and smack their lips over glasses of fourth-rate corn brandy,—and all enter with a will into the spirit of the moment, as if conscious of the approach of that sombre season which will abolish alike pancakes and pantomimes, close theatres and opera-houses, and reign supreme till the "open sesame!" be spoken by the golden peal of the joy-bells on Easter morning.

"And these, then," exclaims some uncompromising critic, "are the chief enjoyments of a Russian festival! No wonder the people are as lazy and stupid as they are!"

Worthy reader, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. It is possible that men freed but yesterday from a slavery of many generations—whose portion has been want, and ignorance, and degradation, since the days when dwarfish savages prowled over the site of St. Petersburg, and skin-clad marauders careered their horses around that of Moscow—who, for two hundred and fifty years, have been in life, habits, and social estimation, even as the beasts that perish,—may not be able, all at once, to enjoy themselves like civilized and intellectual beings. It is possible also, that in the "Bier-Gartens" of Germany, in the "Fêtes de Vigne" of France, and even in the country fairs of exemplary England, there may be found pastimes and diversions not a whit less unmeaning, swinish, and brutalizing, than those of the poor mujik of St. Petersburg. We do not defend the ordinary amusements of the Russian; but with regard to the "laziness and stupidity" universally laid to his charge, a word or two may be said. We know a Russian servant in a family of rank lazy enough to employ his scanty leisure in studying French, with the help of an old dictionary, and of such phrases as he may have gleaned from the conversation at table[1]—and stupid enough to speak the language intelligibly in a few months' time, by virtue of the aids above mentioned. We know a Russian cabman, whose inherent laziness and stupidity have impelled him not merely to teach himself to read, but even to study the principal native authors, and become better acquainted with them than many men of average education. These, it will be said, are exceptional cases; how far they are so, the reader may judge by the following extract from the unpublished journal of a Danish colporteur, who has lately returned from disseminating Russian Testaments, &c., in the interior.

[1] The custom of conversing in French instead of Russ, so common in the last reign, is still kept up by many families, both in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

"At this place (Petrovsk) a great many books have been sold. I had hardly taken my stand in the market place, when the news got abroad that 'the man with the holy books' was come; and immediately a great crowd gathered round me, all eager to buy. One old peasant made himself especially busy in recommending my wares; every one who passed must buy a Testament, even an old peasant woman, who said she could not read. 'Never mind,' cried my helper, 'your son can read, and he shall do it for you.' But my warmest welcome was from the soldiers in the barracks, who seemed greatly rejoiced at my appearance. One of them took a small spelling-book out of my pack, and, holding it up, began to cry aloud, 'Whoever wishes to buy a book that will teach him to read God's word, let him come forward!' The others flocked round him, and he began selling off my stock with wonderful rapidity, handing me the money as fast as he got it. Presently a comrade came to invite him to supper. 'Leave me alone,' answered he, 'I've got something better to do just now;' and he went on till all the spelling-books were disposed of. . . . On my arrival at Saratov I went straight to the town barracks, and was instantly surrounded by the soldiers, one of whom took up a Testament, and began to read a chapter to the rest, who stood round him like statues, with open lips and fixed eyes, listening intently. When he left off there was a general rush to purchase; and one fine-looking fellow, who had evidently seen much service, took out of his chest a piece of cotton stuff (which he had probably saved to make himself a shirt), and offered it in exchange for a Testament, saying that he had not a kopeck[1] left. I instantly gave him a Testament gratis, when the poor fellow grasped my hand with a look of such gratitude, and went silently away. When the throng had dispersed, one man lingered behind, and, with a look of touching anxiety upon his honest face, asked 'whether I could give him a book that told about Jesus, who suffered.' 'This book,' answered I, handing him a small Testament, 'is just what you want; and you will nowhere find a truer or a more beautiful account of Him than here.' His whole face brightened up at my words, and he went away hugging his little Testament under his arm, as if afraid of losing it. . . . At Riazan I had some talk with a workman which surprised me not a little. As soon as he saw me coming along the street he

[1] A kopeck is ½ of a penny; *100 kopecks* = 1 rouble.

ran up to me, exclaiming eagerly, 'I have been looking out for you this long time; I want to buy a Testament of you.' I gave him what he asked for, saying at the same time (in order to see how he would answer), 'Why do you wish so much for a Testament? can you not pray to the saints?' 'The saints,' he replied, 'were good and holy men, but I don't think they can help us much; I like better to pray to the Lord Jesus, who knows all that is in our hearts, and can do whatever we ask of Him.'"

Such men as these, we beg to state, are to be found by hundreds in every corner of Russia; and as for the rest, let those whose national character is without spot or blemish, cast the first stone.

But while we have been speaking, the scene has changed once more, and the busy fair lies voiceless and deserted. The shadow of Lent is upon the great city, deriving additional solemnity from the melancholy grandeur which gathers round the last days of expiring winter. Gallantly does the grim potentate struggle to maintain his failing supremacy; but every day surer and more unmistakable tokens proclaim his approaching downfall. The nine-inch layer of snow which has so long covered road and pavement, is now splintered beneath the strokes of countless pickaxes, and borne away by the groaning wheels of a thousand carts. The hearty, business-like rattle of wheels, unheard for five months, awakens the rejoicing echoes once more. We find ourselves sitting down to dinner without candles, for the first time since October; and about the streets appear blue-jacketed men, laden with skates, which are being carried back to their respective owners. The broad-shining cuirass of the frozen river begins to look spotted and faulty, while here and there the tell-tale water bubbles through, like blood oozing from a wound; and from every leafless tree drop the sullen tears shed by the vanquished monarch over his falling power. He has been a good friend to us, after all, this stern winter; and although we may often have wished him away, yet, now that he is really departing, we feel a twinge of that half-defined regret with which a schoolboy looks for the last time on the face of his austere headmaster. How gallantly he came in; how slowly and sadly he goes out! Day by day the sun brightens in the genial sky, and earth's icy panoply fails and dissolves beneath the perpetual assault, till we seem to realize the wonderful personification of the American poet:—

"From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shining sun ascended,
Till into the air he faded,
Till into the earth he vanished."

And at length comes a time when the dissolution is complete; when, as you approach the Nikolaevski Bridge,[1] you behold its balustrades lined with eager spectators, gazing intently on the wide expanse below, where now, instead of the still shroud-like whiteness of the unchanging ice, rolls a brown turbid stream, rich with the accumulated débris of many months, and dappled with fragments of ice which sparkle like gems in the brightening sunshine. And now comes the grandest part of the spectacle; for these fragments are merely the skirmishers that form the vanguard of the battle, and, far up the dark river, you may see the steely gleam which marks the advance of the great column, sweeping onward with the slow, steady motion of overwhelming strength. Hitherto it has encountered no obstacle, the Liteini, Troitski, and Palace bridges having been all removed to make way for its passage; and now, catching sight for the first time of the towering piers of stone that bar the way, it surges upward for a moment with a start of angry surprise, and then rushes full against the central pier, like the torrent of Milhaud's cuirassiers upon the English squares at Waterloo. Crash! with all the might of its great strength, the huge assailant hurls itself on the unyielding stone; there is a fierce grinding roar, a long sullen growl, like the last groan of a vanquished Titan,—and then the mighty mass, rent into a thousand fragments, ebbs grimly away beneath the shadow of the arch.

And now, at last, dawns the morning of that great day, which the heart of Russia leaps up as one man to celebrate, which marks the early spring as with a white stone, and gives to Sunday itself the name of "Voskresênye," or Resurrection. Christmas is kept by the time-honoured usages of bonbon-eating and toy-distributing, the exhibition of lighted trees, and consumption of indigestible plum-puddings. New Year's Day is marked by friendly presents of sponge cake, and the salutation "With the new year, new happiness!" which, when offered by a servant, usually implies the gift of a few kopecks in return. The anniversary of the Emperor's coronation is hailed with discharges of

[1] Named after its builder, the late Emperor Nicholas.

cannon, and with costly illuminations. The blessing of the waters on the sixth of January draws together thousands of eager spectators.

But the event of the year is the Easter celebration.[1] All the churches are crowded with worshippers; toys and coloured eggs are distributed in every direction; acquaintances meeting in the street supplement the usual hand-shaking with a hearty kiss on both cheeks. Bearded giants, clad in greasy sheepskin, and but half cleansed from the grime of their week's work, hug one another like amicable bears, and inquire after each other's health in a roar audible at the other side of the street; while on every side is heard the time-honoured salutation, "Christos voskres" (Christ is risen), answered by the unfailing countersign, "Vo istinay voskres" (He is risen indeed). The only downcast faces to be seen are those of two or three unhappy tutors (or "governors" as we call them here), who can hardly be expected to share in the general rejoicing, trailed about as they are at the heels of the spoiled children whom they are compelled to watch, while forbidden to correct. In speaking thus, we would not be thought to deny that there are among the Liliputians of St. Petersburg as docile and affectionate children as ever made a bachelor envious; but the average specimens of the class, petted by nurses and governesses of half a dozen different nations, taught to chatter three or four languages which they have never really learned, pampered with rich unwholesome food, and emasculated by late hours, heated rooms, and capricious indulgence—form a study to which only Pope could do full justice. Let us call upon his spirit to inspire us, and essay an outline sketch:—

"Behold a wonder! born to divers ills,
One day on comfits fed, the next on pills;
Genius of noise, great preacher of uproar,
Whose smiles and tears like April shower outpour,
With sportive smile he tears his elders' clothes,
And hugs his sister while he pulls her nose.
A puny frame, for nought but mischief strong,
A brain untiring in the cause of wrong,
A doll's round face, too sickly to be fair,
A soldier's livery, and a lapdog's hair,
A stentor's voice, for sugar-plums to roar,
Xanthippe's[2] temper, and her husband's lore;

[1] The Russian Easter falls on a different date from our own, in consequence not merely of the "old style" being used here, but of an entirely distinct system of computation.

[2] The wife of Socrates.

Still prone to study, and still prone to fail,
Tears in each eye, and ink 'neath every nail;
Trained still by rote his parrot-task to say.
And lose to-morrow what he learned to-day.
But truce with jeers; one thing he well can do—
To love his mother—and his country too!"

And so the sun glows and brightens, and the bells fill the air with their joyous peal, and the streets swarm with happy faces, and all is mirth and gladness. To-day the same spirit is in every heart; as with St. Petersburg, so with Astrachan, as with Archangelsk, so with Odessa: through the whole of the Emperor Alexander's realm, in all parts and places of his dominion, happiness and universal brotherhood reign supreme for one day at least. Truly it is a goodly and pleasant spectacle, this spontaneous rejoicing of an entire nation; and one fitly ushered in by the great pageant of the previous night—the midnight service of Easter Eve—which we must not suffer to pass unnoticed.

The cathedral of St. Isaac (which is separated from the Neva by a vast open square, ornamented with a magnificent bronze statue of Peter the Great), is built in the form of a Greek cross ✠, with a gate at each of the four sides; and with its granite monoliths sixty feet high, its dome plated with gold a quarter of an inch in thickness, and its gorgeous interior forms one of the most striking and splendid decorations of the Northern metropolis. Arrived at the vast granite steps which lead up to the principal entrance, we find our way barred by a crowd surging round a range of wooden chevaux-de-frise, behind which stand two policemen of gigantic stature, who ever and anon slightly open the barrier, and allow a few drops of the living sea to trickle through. Each apotheosis of the foremost rank inspires those behind with the desire to rush after them; the mass sways violently forward, a fierce struggle ensues, and, amidst jostling and elbowing, crushing of toes and knocking in of hats, and a chorus of shrieks from women and children, alternating with rumbling oaths from the two guardian Titans, the movement is repressed, and the barrier re-closed. At length we succeed in making good our entrance. The great carved doors swing heavily back, and lo! the interior, with circles of light here and there around the tall consecrated candles; but for the most part wrapped in shadowy dimness, amid which the voiceless crowd appear and vanish like a host of phantoms. In the centre is a high platform, from which rolls the deep sonorous

voice of the officiating priest reciting, in that strange old Sclavonic tongue, which the modern Russian has well-nigh chased from the earth, the customary prayers of the great festival.

Midnight draws near, and suddenly, as if by magic, shoot upward on every side little jets of flame, breaking asunder and circling as they go. On the vast chandeliers hung from the lower ceiling, upon the tapers around the altar, up into the dim immensity of the dome itself, the fire flits like a quickening spirit, leaving in its course endless twinkling points of light, and making the mighty arches of the roof stand out like the skeleton of some dead mammoth seen beneath the moonlight of the far North. Then, at one stroke, the countless faces rise suddenly to view; moustached officers, glittering in gorgeous uniforms, blasé students, glancing around with studied nonchalance, beautiful girls with long dark hair flowing over their white robes, low-browed peasants, their hard faces softened by devotional fervour, and many, many more of every rank and age.

Slowly the last strokes of midnight boom forth, and on a sudden the door of the sanctuary falls back, and forth issue the assistant priests in their silver-spangled robes and quaint helmet-shaped caps, and sweep down the line between the dense masses of beholders to the central platform; while at the same moment the choir peals forth the beautiful anthem, "Lord, have mercy upon us" (Gôspodi pomilui), which dies away among the mighty arches in a cadence indescribably sweet and plaintive,—the characteristic feature of all Russian music. On the high central platform we can see the glittering robes of the priests grouped around the coffin, which typifies the great sacrifice; and in another moment it is raised on the shoulders of four tall deacons richly arrayed, who glide up the long vista and vanish into the sanctuary, preceded and followed by the priests with bowed heads and folded hands, marching in time to a mournful chant from the choir. As they sweep toward the outer gate, whence they must make the circuit of the entire cathedral, a solemn silence falls on the great assemblage; all stand mutely expectant, as though awaiting some great event.

Suddenly arises a distant sound of chanting, coming gradually nearer and nearer, and at last swelling into one grand chorus of rejoicing, while, from the opposite gate, re-enters the procession, but this time in triumph. Sacred banners follow the march now—the drooping heads are proudly uplifted—and, mounting the platform, the train wave their tapers, while the chief priest

raises his hands on high, and cries, in a voice which is heard through the whole church, "Christ is risen!" Then bursts from the choir the grand Resurrection anthem, while at once a sea of bright points surges up through the whole multitude, as at the same moment thousands of tapers are lighted; and on every side is heard the greeting which will run to day throughout the length and breadth of the land: "Christ is risen! He is risen indeed!"

A fantastic and barbarous rite, perhaps; but still an earnest and sincere one; and doubtless the eyes of eternal mercy, which behold alike the evil and the good, look down kindly even upon the rude mujik, who, ignorant of all beside, has still a confused idea that the "Gôspod Christos,"[1] died for *him* as well as for his lordly rulers; and who may cheer his drooping spirit with the thought that, however unnoticed upon earth, he is at least not forgotten in heaven!

[1] The Lord Christ.

Henry Alford.

An active brain that never could be still,
E'er toiling hard to multiply its store;
A hungering heart no love on earth could fill,
But only set it hungering all the more;
A poet's fancy kindled in his youth,
Nor leaving unadorned more sombre days;
A ready voice to speak profoundest truth
To simple folk, in Years of Prayer and Praise;
An artist's eye and late-instructed hand
To see and render Nature's every look;
A scholar ripe as, in our native land,
E'er gave enlightened thought to God's own Book;
A preacher skilled to suit the Almighty plan
To the many needs that trouble human breasts;
All this, and more, a good, well-gifted man
Has gone before us, waits for us, and rests.

January, 1871. D. P. A.

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.

BY THE REV. ALFRED T. LEE, LL.D.

I. SOME OF THE RESULTS OF DISESTABLISHMENT.

1st of January, 1871, will long be memorable as the day
nich the Church of Ireland was formally separated from
tate, and the Act of the Imperial Parliament which dis-
l a union which had existed for centuries came into full
ion. Some eighteen months before, on July 26, 1869, the
Church Act had received the Royal assent and become
During the intervening period events of such tremendous
itude and absorbing interest have occurred on the Con-
, that Englishmen have scarcely turned their thoughts at
the consideration of the effects produced in Ireland by
orking of that Act. Recent events however at home, and
essation of the Continental war, both alike combine to
e many amongst us to consider carefully the future relations
Church of England with the State, and it may therefore be
erest to many to examine how far we have already gone
e road to disestablishment, and the results, which have
followed in Ireland from the separation of the Church
the State. The present position of the State with respect
igion in each of the three Kingdoms of which this empire
nposed is extremely anomalous. In England, the old
h, with its ancient traditions and Episcopal constitu-
s the established religion of the country. In Scotland, the
n in alliance with the State is Presbyterian, although
Establishment there has lost its hold on the majority
of Presbyterians themselves, and the Free Church, and
United Presbyterian, surpass it both in numbers and in
etic work. Whilst in Ireland, the State has shaken
free from all visible connexion with religion, and having
ablished and disendowed a Church which had ever proved
f the tried friend to England's Crown and England's just
nce in Ireland, finds itself left in that country without
le ally; its policy of late years, having made the Church-
resentful; the Roman Catholic distrustful; the Fenian

boldly contemptuous, and all alike more or less desirous of securing as soon as circumstances will permit, an independent action in all that concerns the internal affairs of Ireland.

The position of religion then in the three Kingdoms as regards the State may be briefly summed up as follows; England—Episcopal Established; Scotland—Presbyterian Established; Ireland—an equal independence of all religions and an equal indifference to all.

It is impossible that such a state of things can be permanent. Both the religious and political forces at work tell us with no doubtful voice, that in England as well as in Scotland the question of disestablishment must be dealt with, and determined before many years have past by. It was again and again urged by those who opposed the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland that the movement against Establishments could not stop there. The enemies of all State Churches knew well that in carrying the Irish Church Act through Parliament, they were establishing principles respecting the connexion of Church and State which they hoped before long to see applied to the Church of England also. There were not a few who supported the destruction of the Irish Church believing that if that were accomplished in due season the English Church Establishment must follow also.

Churchmen would not believe the danger then, and many will not believe it even now. Yet the danger is real and imminent, and if English Churchmen would save their National Church, and deliver their country from the curse of being left without any religion as a nation, they must be up and doing. The enemy are already at work. They lose no time. They pass by no opportunity. On 1st January, 1871, the Irish Church was finally separated from the State. In February, 1871, Mr. Miall puts on the Book of the House of Commons a resolution to the effect "that the principles of the Irish Church Act of 1869, be forthwith applied to the Church of England."

And here let us pause for a moment to remark that disestablishment, means nothing less than confiscation. In Ireland, the Church Act swept all episcopal and clerical incomes (saving life interests), glebe houses and glebe lands, churches, schools, clerk's and sexton's salaries, and all Church endowments by one fell swoop into the Church Commissioners capacious net. It is true that the churches and school-houses might be got back again on certain conditions free of payment, and the glebe houses and

a small proportion of glebe lands might be bought back if money could be found for their purchase, but notwithstanding these seeming exceptions the measure itself was one of confiscation *pur et simple*. All went. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners reserved fund with the rest. The Church was stripped completely naked, and those who had done the deed, rejoiced in it as an act of justice.

The measure thus dealt to the Church of Ireland, Mr. Miall and his followers would fain see meted out to the Church of England also. No doubt can exist as to their designs. They have advanced openly and without hesitation to the attack. They have already captured the outwork and destroyed a portion of the citadel, and they are now assailing the very heart of the fortress itself.

The plan of their attack is also in a great measure laid open before us. The line of tactics so successfully pursued with regard to the Church of Ireland is to be followed in this case also. First, a resolution declaring disestablishment to be expedient is brought forward in the House of Commons, to test its feelings and that of the country. If this fails of success at first, then during the recess a renewed agitation of the question by means of lectures, public meetings, and the distribution of innumerable tracts and pamphlets, all bringing this one purpose of the agitation—"the abolition of the State Church" constantly before the eye of the public. Next session there will be a more carefully drawn resolution brought forward in the House of Commons, so worded as to catch if possible every doubtful vote. The ground having thus been broken, and the preparations for the attack duly made, the proposed measure will pass from the hands of the humble member who has done the pioneer work, in a way it may be, worthy of the utmost credit, as far as he is personally concerned, into those of a more prominent leader of the attacking party (a Churchman of decided views being secured for this purpose if possible); and with renewed *éclat* and united forces, the campaign will be recommenced. Whether it will end in triumph or defeat will depend on the manner in which the friends of the Church bestir themselves meanwhile. The Irish Church as an Establishment was destroyed, because its friends persisted that it was in no real danger till the rising storm had almost overwhelmed it, and then it was too late to defend it effectually. Moreover, the final attack on the Irish Church *was coincident* with a political crisis

which enabled the present Prime Minister to weld the *disjecta membra* of his party for a time, at least, into one united whol Before the General Election of 1868, the one question on whic it was possible to unite the votes of Irish Roman Catholic Scotch Presbyterians, Welsh Calvinists, and English Voluntarie was that of the Irish Church. Various were the motives fro which they acted, but the result was the same in all. They o and all united to destroy the Established Church in Ireland, a the object of their union was obtained. On that question t present Government was placed in power. They have fulfille their pledge. The Irish Church as an Establishment has ceas to exist. Irish Bishops no longer sit in the House of Lords. T fifth article of the Treaty of Union is repudiated, a fit prelude, the repudiation of the remainder of the treaty which so ma of the Irish people now have in contemplation. We pause n to consider how much of loyalty, civilization and progress whi otherwise would have found a place in Ireland's history h passed away with it. We would rather from the warnings the past, strive to gain wisdom for the guidance of the futu We shall hereafter inquire into the causes which first creat the desire for, and finally led the way to the disestablishme of the Church of Ireland. We would now endeavour to set for some of the results which have already arisen from it, and th learn how best to direct our steps amidst the similar per which already assail the Church of England.

Over and over again during the Irish Church agitation, w were told that the circumstances of the Established Church Ireland, were so entirely different from that of the Church England, that conclusions drawn from the history of the o could not with any safety be applied to the case of the oth This argument boldly and pertinaciously used as it was, induc many Englishmen of liberal proclivities to vote for disestablis ment in Ireland, under the belief that by cutting the paint and casting off the sister ship which the English Church had tow, she could relieve herself of a dragging weight which imped her course, and that henceforth she would sail more freely and calmer seas, than that in which she had held her course hither

It was an evil day for the Church of England when h friends gave heed to counsels such as these. Many of those w were then misled, must before this have had their eyes somewh rudely opened to the fallacy of the argument in which th were then so willing to believe. If any remain still doubtf

the hour of their awakening is close at hand. It is now plainly evident that the destruction of the Irish Establishment instead of diminishing, has largely increased both the number and the determination of the opponents of the Church of England. She is beset on all sides. The Burials Bill, the Marriage Sisters Bill, the University Tests Bill, all aim at lowering her influence, and destroying her prestige.

But these are light skirmishes compared to the attack which is preparing. These, if successful, will only destroy a buttress here and there; that will level the whole edifice with the ground. As long as the Irish Church Establishment remained, there was no hope of making a direct and successful assault on the Church of England; but now that this obstacle has been rapidly and unexpectedly removed out of the way, the danger is at once brought home to our own doors. As long as the sister ship remained in tow, she employed and diverted the forces of the enemy; now that she has been driven on shore and destroyed, they return with renewed spirit and united forces to surround and attack the far greater prize which yet remains to be won.

Mr. Williams' notice last session, respecting the Church in Wales, was premature, and met with the fate it deserved. It was an ill-advised and unorganised attempt to prejudice Parliament against the Church of the Principality; but its failure, though certain, was significant. It showed with perfect clearness the course which the party, which Mr. Williams for a time represented, intended to adopt, as soon as circumstances should permit them so to do. This session their designs have more clearly developed themselves through the resolution which Mr. Miall placed on the table of the House of Commons at the earliest possible moment. The wish of these eminent Church reformers is that the destructive policy initiated by the Irish Church Act should, with the smallest possible delay, be applied to the Church of England.

The English Church is thus brought face to face with disestablishment. The question can no longer be eluded, or placed on one side, as a thing of little moment. An active energetic enemy, well organized, ably officered, its plan of operation distinctly laid down, has advanced to the attack, and in the open light of day has sat down before the fortress and commenced the siege. Is the garrison within well prepared for the assault? Are they united in their designs, and honestly desirous of defending to the utmost the momentous interests com-

mitted to their charge? Are their leaders wise in counsel, ab to command, and trusted by their followers? Or instead unity is there division? Instead of one well-considered an universally adopted plan of defence, are there divided councils And is it not even whispered that some of the garrison a prepared to desert their posts and go over to the enemy, becau they find the discipline under which they are called upon serve too irksome to be borne?

If such is the present position in which the Church of En land is placed, surely it is real wisdom to have courage to lo these questions in the face, and by timely preparation endeavo to avert the manifold evils which, if we stand by listless a unprepared, must before long befall us.

It is thought by many that the Church of England stands much firmer ground than the Church of Ireland did, because the far larger number of adherents which she embraces with her pale. Men who think thus argue much as follows:—"T vast majority of Irishmen are Roman Catholics, and it w contrary to all the rules of justice to grant special State suppo and protection to the church of the few,—no regard whatev being paid to the church of the many. The contrary to all th is the case in England. Here the Church *is* the church of t many. She is strong in the affection of the English peopl The calm and sober devotion of her Liturgy is suited to the character; her services are intertwined with their dearest m mories; the deeds of her children in defence of the faith a emblazoned on the forefront of the nation's history, and Englis men are not likely to forget the religious liberty they enj under the protection of the National Church, and the freedom conscience thus secured to them."

Arguments such as these could not be contravened if t Establishment of the Church was determined merely by t census, or if its existence as the National Church rested sole or even chiefly, on its members comprising a majority of t country. But the British empire is governed by an Imper Parliament, in which sit representatives from all parts of t nation. The members for Ireland and Scotland sit in Stephen's on equal terms with those of England; and the v majority of Irish and Scotch members would now vote for t disestablishment of the English Church. As long, therefore, the advocates of Establishment can command a permane majority in the Lower House of Parliament, so long, and so lo

only, is the National Church safe. But as soon as—from whatever cause it matters not—that majority fails her, the time is not far distant when as an Established Church she will cease to be.

The history of the Irish Church agitation plainly illustrates this. Small as the minority of the Irish people were which she comprised within her borders, yet as long as she could command a majority in the House of Commons—whatever the cause which produced that majority—so long her position as the Established Church in Ireland was safe. The time came when that majority was reduced to a minority, and then the Church as an Establishment fell. Yet the enemy had at least to wage a forty years' war before they could storm her gates. The assault commenced when in 1829 the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act became law. It attained its final triumph when in 1869 the Royal Assent was given to "the Act for Disestablishing and Disendowing the Church of Ireland."

During that long period the small minority which at first could have been reckoned by units, gradually grew into a strong and for a time, united party, which at last assailed the Church with irresistible force. From the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 to the statute which suppressed ten of the Irish bishoprics in 1834—from the passing of that disastrous measure to the Tithes Composition Act of 1838, which deprived the Irish Church of a fourth of her tithe rent charge, and brought her property into a prepared state for future confiscation, a commencement of which was made by the forfeiture of ministers money in 1857—step by step the fortress was undermined, and the way prepared for the final assault. This may be said to have commenced with Mr. Dillwyn's motion in 1861, and ceased not till the Irish Church Establishment was numbered in 1869 amongst the things of the past.

Yet the Irish Church might have remained the Established Church of Ireland for many a year to come had not political circumstances demanded its sacrifice. We pay dearly enough oftentimes for Government by party, but it is seldom that a Church Establishment is the price of power. Yet that such was the case with regard to the Irish Church is undeniable. Without attributing motives to individuals, or ascribing an evil lust for power to any one in particular, it is nevertheless evident that no other question than that of the Irish Church in 1868 could have united Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Dis-

senters under the same banner. That question, however, di so unite them; and the first fruits of that strange union was th destruction of the Irish Church Establishment.

Signs are not wanting even now to show us that before lon the religious antagonists who for a time united on a questio which was thought to bring advantage to all, are about t dissolve again into their component parts. When that time shal come, office and power will have gone into other hands: wha question shall again unite them? what shall be the cry on whic they will seek over again to return to power? Can any tru reason be given why a few years hence this party of progres should not go to the country with a cry for the disestablishmen of the English Church, which cry they found so pre-eminentl successful as regards the Irish Church in 1868? The time fo this has not yet indeed fully come, but no one can say how soo it may arrive.

But before that struggle comes, as come it inevitably will the friends of the Church have a duty to perform, the neglect o which will be productive of wide-spread evil. The Church o Ireland was disestablished because the great mass of English men who returned members of Parliament pledged to vot against her, were ignorant of her true history, and totally un aware of the great work she was daily doing, by maintainin civilization and loyalty, as well as purity of faith in the remot districts of Ireland, where now in all probability they will soo speedily expire. As time goes on, statesmen as well as Church men will see reason more and more to deplore the course whic the State has seen fit to pursue towards her. Yet it is not to much to say that almost as much ignorance respecting the tru history and claims of the English Church prevails amongst a large and (since household suffrage has been granted) an influ ential class of Englishmen. Do not Englishmen in genera believe that at the Reformation the Roman Catholics wer robbed of their Church property, and that it was handed ove to the Church of England? Yet nothing can be more contrar to fact. The Church of England before and since the Refor mation is the same corporate body. No Act of Parliament i in existence transferring the property of the Roman Catholi Church to the Reformed Church of England, simply because n such transfer ever took place. The Church of England at th Reformation rejected and disowned the various additions whic the Church of Rome had made to the primitive faith; but b

so doing she in no wise changed her identity or forfeited her endowments, but remained in all other respects the same Church still. Yet there are multitudes who do not believe this to be the case, and there are many whose interest it is to foster and promote this popular error whilst Churchmen in general are doing nothing to remove or dissipate it.

Again, are not the Bishops and Clergy looked upon by the masses as an overpaid class, with little work to do? and yet what can be more contrary to the fact? There is no profession, speaking commercially, in which so little is realized for the capital spent. Many a lawyer's clerk is paid twice the salary that falls to the lot of a so-called rich rector—the tithe of many a merchant's receipts exceeds that of the fattest of country parson's livings, whilst at least one nobleman's yearly income is larger than that formerly received by all the Irish Bishops and Clergy put together! Facts such as these—and there are many such—speak for themselves. Yet whilst active and energetic means are used by our opponents to cherish and propagate the errors here stated, what are Churchmen, as a body, doing to refute and expose them? To our shame and loss it must be answered, comparatively nothing.

And yet if we consider the present state of religion in a country of great national and commercial activity, but which has never yet had a national religion, we may learn a lesson which may be of use to us in the work that lies before us. An interesting and startling fact connected with our present subject comes to us from America. The United States are supposed to be wealthy and prosperous, and far advanced on the road which in the end will make them one of the foremost nations of the world. But they have not, and never have had, any National or Established Church. Every American citizen apart from all influence or control, is free to do as regards religion "that which is right in his own eyes;" and we need not go to Mr. Hepworth Dixon to learn that freedom of choice has there too often degenerated into extreme licence; we have a witness nearer home On January 18, 1871, a Convention of 200 delegates was held in Philadelphia, to continue the agitation for an amendment of the constitution of the United States, by which God should be recognised as the Ruler of the universe, and Christianity as the basis of all human government. We have here the full development of a national government, carried on apart from a national religion. God is not recognised, Christianity is ignored by a

government such as this. No plainer testimony can be give on this head than that afforded us by the Philadephian delegat themselves. "The constitution of the United States," say the " is devoid of any religious or even moral sentiment; nay, mor in some treaties with foreign powers, which it must be remem bered are declared by the Constitution to be a part of the la of the United States, the American nation is proclaimed to l in no sense founded upon the Christian religion." Can such godless nation as this really prosper? Can it march at th head of human progress and civilization, as its admirers woul fain make us believe it is advancing? It may seem to do so f a time, but even now it carries within itself the seeds of futu dissolution. The bitter and desolating civil war through whic it has lately passed, has left behind it a festering wound, whic centuries will not heal. The western States are daily growin more and more dissatisfied with the Constitution, which bestow so many benefits on the sea-board States to the detriment themselves, and the day is probably not far distant when th great American Republic will be split up into two separate an independent nations, watching one another with mutual jealous and suspicion. So will God make it manifest that He sti rules amongst the kingdoms of the earth.

If England then would remain a religious nation, she mu preserve her National Church. For ages she has prospere because, during those ages she has ever publicly recognise God in all her public acts. Has war afflicted her? there h been a national humiliation. Has a famine been removed there has been a national thanksgiving. Though such nation acts are no longer possible in Ireland, yet still, thank God, w can still perform them in England; and may each true lover his country earnestly pray that the day may be long distant whe the Constitution of England, like that of the United States, "sha be proclaimed in no sense to be founded upon the Christia religion."

As was expected by all who knew the true character Irishmen, the recent so-called remedial legislation has alread proved an utter failure. It has not made a single Fenian loya It has not conciliated Roman Catholics, whilst it has exa perated the Protestants to the utmost. But although, speakin generally, this must be allowed to be undoubtedly the case, is not often that such an independent testimony can be adduce of the total failure of loud-sounding professions as that given u

very lately by Mr. J. A. Froude, who was himself an earnest advocate of the policy carried out by the Irish Church Act. He has recently visited a part of Ireland with which he is well acquainted, and he gives us the result of his observations in *Fraser's Magazine*, as follows :—

"The Irish as a body are disloyal to the English Crown, and disloyal they will continue. The Church Bill was the removal of a scandal, the Land Bill will rescue the poorer tenants from the tyranny of middlemen and adventurers, chiefly of their own race; but the people generally regard these Bills, both of them, as extorted from us by the Clerkenwell explosion. *They do not thank us for them.* They rather gather courage to despise us for our fears. Their sympathies are in antagonism to ours. If we are entangled in a war, they will rejoice in our defeat, and they will do their worst, or their best, whatever their best or their worst may be, to forward our misfortunes." [1]

And to gain such a result as this a Church Establishment has been destroyed. Truly our Ecclesiastical legislation of late has been most prudent and successful. Who can doubt it ?

[1] *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1871, pp. 42, 43.

GENTLEMAN GRAY'S WIFE.

CHAPTER III.

THE SECRET WRITING.

WILLIAM Gray's first Sunday morning in Exeter rose bright and beautiful, and promised to be as pleasant as spring days in Devonshire often are. He had been a week with his new master, and was beginning to feel almost at home with the members of his family. Farmer Gray and the old schoolmaster were staunch Churchmen, and it was not till William's indentures were signed that they discovered Mr. Parker and his family to be Dissenters. John Gray had no bigotry; there were very few evening services on Sunday in the parish churches of those days, and the Dissenting chapel at Lynnford would be often well filled on a Sunday evening, the congregation being increased by many who regularly attended the church at the morning and afternoon services.

Lynnford was perhaps singularly favoured. The Dissenting minister, a gentleman of private property, gave up the income derived from the pew rents entirely for the good of the chapel and the poorer portion of the congregation, and his wife was the granddaughter of a bishop. Strange as it may appear in the present day of High Church condemnation of schism, yet it is a fact that the rector of the parish lived on most friendly terms with his sectarian brother. John Gray, and his wife and son, could always find a seat in the pew of a neighbour who was not despised because of his difference of opinion, therefore the information that his son's new master belonged to the Independents, did not trouble him in the least; "If he's a good honest tradesmen, and a God-fearing man," said John Gray to the old schoolmaster, "he'll teach my lad all I wants for un, whether he go'th to church or chapel."

William Gray had thought very little on the matter since his arrival at Exeter on the Monday, excepting to notice a difference in the morning and evening family prayers, at which the whole household were expected to be present. He had been accustomed to this practice at home, but his father always used a selection of prayers from the Liturgy, which the boy knew by heart. Mr. Parker's extemporaneous prayer was simple and to the point;

he spoke as if addressing God in the form of a petition, not as if conversing with a fellow-creature, as the speakers of these effusions sometimes appear to do; yet for all this, William could not but feel how far superior was the almost Bible language of the old fathers, whose prayers he was so well acquainted with. Mr. Parker, however, did not consider the fact of his being a Dissenter all that was necessary to make him a true Christian; he carried his religion into every-day life; he was an honest, conscientious, and industrious tradesman; his children were trained to feel that true religion did not alone consist in going to chapel, or reading the Bible, or even kneeling in prayer, but in "following all the commandments of God blameless," and in carefully fulfilling the duties of the station of life in which He had placed them. Farmer Gray, had he thought on the matter, could not have chosen a better master or a better home for his only son. On this bright Sunday morning the family breakfasted at the usual hour; they did not, as Dr. Watts's hymn says,—

"Keep their eyelids closed,
Or waste their hours in bed,"

because it was Sunday. Willie Gray's fellow-apprentice, however, looked more than usually morose and gloomy; yet when he rose soon after breakfast, and seemed preparing to go out, Willie exclaimed, "Oh, James, if you are going into the town, I should like to go with you; I have seen very little of Exeter, and I wish so much to go to the cathedral."

Something like a frown passed over the face of the young Pharisee, who was about four years older than Willie. He replied in a solemn tone, "I never enter the cathedral; I do not approve of all that music and mummery in the worship of God; and as to walking about the town on a Sunday, I should expect to be struck dead for breaking the sabbath if I did so. I am going to the Sunday school, I am a Sunday school teacher."

William Gray became dumb with astonishment. He had always been brought up at home to respect the Sabbath, in a house where the man-servants and the maid-servants, the cattle and the visitor, rested from labour as well as the master. He had sometimes walked across the fields on a Sunday with his mother or a boy friend, or sometimes alone. Twice a day they worshipped in God's house, and hitherto he had never felt the Sabbath to be a weariness; of the cold strictness of a Puritan Sabbath he knew nothing.

Mr. Parker saw his astonished face, and said with a smile "James is right on one point, William; it is not advisable for a young man to be strolling about a city like this on a Sunday; he would be most likely to make acquaintance with evil companions, who would lead him astray; but as to the cathedral, my boy, I will take you there this afternoon myself. I do not object to music, and I admire the Church services, and the prayers are beautiful."

James, casting a look of stern sorrow not unmingled with contempt at his master, left the room hugging to himself the self-righteous thought, "Ah, I'm too good a Dissenter to love forms and ceremonies."

William, who had recovered from his surprise while his master was speaking, thought his manner for a young man of nineteen both rude and unbecoming in either a Churchman or a Dissenter, and looked as he felt; then he hastened to thank Mr. Parker, adding, however, "I do not pretend to understand music, sir; I believe I have no ear for it, but I am used to the service of the Church at home."

"I thought," Mr. Parker replied, "or at least I heard from some friends at Lynnford, that your family sometimes went to chapel."

"Oh yes, sir, so they do often on a Sunday evening; we have no evening service at church."

"Then you will be quite at home with us at our chapel; we are Independents also, and our form of worship resembles that at Lynnford; I should like you to go with us morning and evening, William; you are very young, and it will be safer for you to do so than to go to church alone: you shall be free to do as you like in the afternoon, only, as I told you before, a strolling walk in a town like this on a Sunday lays you open to temptation, for you will meet with many young men in the way of business during the week, who will be ready to seek your acquaintance and some of them are not quite the companions you ought to choose."

How gently, yet powerfully, the calm reasoning of this good man influenced Willie Gray may be imagined; his high spirit had rebelled against the harsh condemnation of his fellow-apprentice, but now he determined to be guided and advised in all matters relating to religion by his kind master. Regularly morning and evening, Sunday after Sunday, he attended the chapel with Mr. Parker's family; the teachings of his kind old

schoolmaster at Lynnford had taught him to understand the precepts and doctrines of Christianity, and the earnest sermons he heard at the chapel, joined to the effect of his master's example, confirmed these precepts.

Mr. Ellis, the preacher, was a man of liberal principles, and totally free from cant, which so often disgusts the young spirit because it does not bear the impress of truth. Willie Gray did not, however, become a member of the community to which his master belonged; in his heart he loved the Church and the services, and on that account he was not treated by some of the attendants at the chapel with cordiality. From his fellow-apprentice, also, he had to endure many a long argument or a severe censure on account of his frequent attendance at the cathedral, or for taking a long walk into the country on a Sunday afternoon. Mr. Parker said nothing. He very quickly discovered that by some unaccountable means the farmer's son was a youth of superior education, and possessed too much refinement of character to choose a companion from amongst most of the young men of his own class.

William was very fond of his master's children, and generally took one or two of them with him on the Sunday afternoons when he went for a walk, and Mr. Parker knew that at other times he was always alone. On one occasion James Elton, his fellow-apprentice, took him to task with so much assumption of superiority, that William could not avoid telling him of one or two acts he had noticed in his own conduct—practices no doubt considered allowable in trade by some persons, but in William's eyes they were unmistakably dishonest: he instinctively felt that Mr. Parker would agree with him, and told the young man so.

"I assure you, James," he said, "I would not say a word to Mr. Parker to injure you, only promise me that you will never attempt such a thing again; I am sure you must see it is wrong."

James Elton, conscious of the truth of Willie's remarks, and knowing that he depended upon his master's reference to obtain a situation in London, earnestly promised all he wished, and for the remaining few months of his apprenticeship treated Willie with more respect, and otherwise conducted himself so well, that when he left, his master's letter obtained for him a most lucrative situation. This so stirred up Willie's energy that when at the end of his second year he visited his home, he took with him not only a letter containing the approbation of his master, but a beautiful little tea-caddy, his own work, as a present to his

mother. Willie had grown and improved in appearance v
much while in Exeter, and her pride in her clever, handso
boy knew no bounds. He had lost none of that refinemen
manner which had gained for him the appellation of "Gentlen
Gray," although his hands were hardened and knocked about
the business he had chosen.

"Never mind, mother," he said when she noticed it, "they
get all right again as soon as I am rich enough to leave off wo

Perhaps no one felt so much gratification as Mr. Spencer
finding that Willie had not become vulgarized by his associat
with trade; he had his own private reasons for the educat
he had given the boy, and for his anxiety lest such a result sho
follow; no wonder therefore that he was pleased at finding
not only unchanged in this respect, but otherwise improved.

We must now introduce our readers to another farm
another family, who were neighbours of Farmer Gray.
eldest, a youth of about thirteen, had been a schoolfellow
Willie's during the two years before the latter left school. M
times he had protected the delicate, timid child from the ro
usage or practical jokes of unkind schoolfellows, and the
still clung to his youthful champion with earnest affection.
looked upon Willie as the noblest, the most clever, and the b
boy in the world. Willie was drawn to the trusting boy by
evident attachment, and while in Exeter frequently correspon
with him. This letter-writing, however, led to strange result

Among the curious old books in Mr. Spencer's library to wh
Willie had free access, he once found one containing an expla
tion of the cipher writing so often used during the dark ages
a means of secret correspondence on religion or politics.
Spencer was amused at the boy's evident interest in the subj
and readily answered his numerous questions. At last he g
him King Charles's twelve golden rules written in the simpl
form of secret writing, figures being substituted for lett
Willie quickly deciphered the writing, and when showing
result to Mr. Spencer, he laughed as he used the word "deciph
Its etymology proved at once the object for which it had or
nally been used, although now applied to express the elucidat
of any illegible scrawl.

Willie on one occasion before he left school taught his yo
friend Henry Stapleton to read and write this cipher langu
and in the letters that passed between them while he was
Exeter, a longer or a shorter space was always occupied by so

information in the secret writing of great importance, at least in Harry's estimation. The time came, however, when Willie's cipher language was to be used in matters of more serious import.

Poor Harry Stapleton's home was not a happy one, as may be seen from the following conversation, which occurred at a dinner-table at the Hall some few months previously to the midsummer holidays just referred to. The party consisted of Squire Evelyn, the owner of the Hall, a young rector who had lately succeeded to the living, and a few visitors.

"How very much Jane Stapleton is altered for the worse!" remarked one of the latter. "I remember her such a nice, bright-looking girl when she was housemaid here."

"Ah, yes," replied the squire, "she is much changed. She did very well for a place in a house like this, but I fear she is not fitted to be a farmer's wife. When did you see her?"

"Oh, this afternoon as I passed the gate of the farm she stood there with a sickly-looking child in her arms. I should not have recognised her in such a dirty gown and cap if she had not curtseyed and spoken to me."

"I fear John Stapleton is not much of a farmer himself," said the rector, "or else he must be an idle man, for I never pass by the farm without being reminded of Dr. Watts's words in his little hymn-book. There never was such a rhymer for children as the old Nonconformist bachelor."

"What are the words, rector?" exclaimed the squire; "come, let's have them. I'm glad to find you are not too bigoted to quote from such a source."

The rector smiled. "Well," he said, "the whole of the hymns were instilled into my mind by a nurse in my childhood, and have become so fixed on my memory that I believe I could repeat the book through from beginning to end. The old doctor is a little too strong on some points, but his 'moral songs' are perfect, and the lines I spoke of are taken from one of these, entitled 'The Sluggard.' A child is supposed to be moralizing on the dreadful effects of idleness. The lines run thus:—

> "I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
> The thorn, and the thistle, grow broader and higher:
> The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,
> And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs."

"Capital," exclaimed the squire, "and I fear too applicable to John's case in many points, yet I do not believe the man is idle,

He has a large family, and a sickly wife who appears to have lost all her energy; besides this he has met with many losses in his farm, and what with the frequent sickness and bad management in the house, I do not wonder at the man feeling almost hopeless."

"It is a sad case indeed," said the rector, "but the most deplorable feature in the whole appears to be the absurd superstition of Jane Stapleton; she persists in ascribing all their troubles to witchcraft."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the squire, "have you found out how superstitious we all are here, rector? well, I hope you will try to enlighten us. The village schoolmaster has done a great deal towards such a result, but we are all very dark still."

"I fear as regards the Stapletons I have but little influence," he replied, "for John never comes to church, and his wife refuses to see me when I call; were it not for that pale, intelligent boy of hers I should know nothing of them."

This was the family to which William Gray's favourite schoolfellow belonged, but Jane did not refuse to see *him* when he called, and sat with her for nearly an hour listening to her tale of sorrow. "Ah, Willie," she said, "you know nothing of my troubles, nor your mother either; she never had a lot of children hanging about her crying for food, nor a husband who was always unlucky. Oh, Willie, I'm sick of my life, and I believe we are all bewitched, I do indeed."

Poor Willie, he could only listen, he was too young to give advice; still he felt relieved when he saw her turn her head against the pillow at the back of her chair and go quietly to sleep. He did not understand the soothing effects of being able to relate her troubles to a patient listener. He well knew however, what she meant by being bewitched. More than one old woman in Lynnford was supposed to be a witch, but the worst of them was a wretched old creature named "Mother Rush," who lived in a small hovel near the churchyard. William Gray well remembered the miserable-looking object to whose power Jane Stapleton attributed all her sorrows, and on a Sunday morning during these midsummer holidays, to which reference has been made, he renewed his acquaintance with her.

Willie and his friend Harry were coming out of church together, and intending to walk home across the fields, they turned down a path in the churchyard which led past the old witch's cottage.

"Oh," said Harry, suddenly remembering, "don't let's go this way, we shall have to pass the old witch."

"Nonsense!" said Willie; "keep close to me, you need not be afraid."

Harry crept near to his friend, who was nearly head and shoulders taller than himself, for there, sure enough, at her door stood the old witch smoking a short clay pipe. Her wrinkled, puckered-up face, unkempt hair, dirty cap, skinny neck, and stooping, haggard appearance were certainly calculated to invest her with something of the supernatural. Willie glanced at her, and she remembered him at once; he had never teased or insulted her as other boys had done, and once he had saved one of her poor half-starved cats from their power. She took her pipe from her mouth, and shaking her skinny finger at him, she said in a coarse, hard voice which, had still a kindly tone,—

"Ah, I knows 'ee, Willie Gray, you beant one o' they youngsters that be cruel to old 'oomen."

"Good day to you, granny," said William, walking on, for Harry literally dragged him forward in his terror.

"What makes you so afraid?" said Willie, when they had arrived at some distance from the church.

"Oh, Willie," he said, looking back in fear as he spoke in a whisper, "mother says she has sold herself to the devil, and that she's always doing something dreadful to lots of people because he tells her to do it, and gives her the power."

"I've heard people talk of such things," said Willie, "and I used to believe them, but I don't now,—at least, not so strongly as you do. Yet, Harry, even if she *could* do wicked things, because Satan helped her, isn't there 'Somebody' you know of that is stronger than Satan?"

"You mean God," said the boy.

"Yes, Harry; well, even if this poor old woman had the power to hurt you, don't you think God would hear you if you asked Him to prevent her from doing so?"

"Ye—es," said the boy, with hesitation, "but for all that I should be afraid of her."

"Mr. Spencer is very clever, Harry; you know that, don't you?"

"Oh yes," replied the boy,

"Well, he doesn't believe in ghosts, or witches, or anything of that sort; he told me that only poor country people who have not been taught better are so silly now."

Henry did not reply, and his friend, finding the boy becoming excited and pale, changed the subject. A few days after this the two friends parted, Willie promising to write a long letter soon in the cipher character for Harry to find out.

Before he left he talked to old Mr. Spencer about the boy, told him how fond he was of reading, and how his timid, imaginative character was being excited by the stories of witches and ghosts which he heard talked about. Mr. Spencer, who evidently avoided society of any sort excepting at Maplewood Farm, felt so much interested in what Willie told him that he promised to notice the boy, and perhaps call at the farm and see Jane. So Willie returned to Exeter quite satisfied with the new friend he had found for Harry.

The summer and autumn passed, but Mr. Spencer had only once gained access to Holly Farm. It was a small place compared to Farmer Gray's, but with care and attention might have been made very productive. The holly bushes from which it obtained its name were still the pride of the village. ' In October poor Mrs. Stapelton became worse and unable to leave her bed; her principal complaint, however, seemed debility, and perhaps if she had roused herself, and taken nourishing food instead of medicines, she might have regained strength, but her belief in witchcraft made her despair of recovery unless she could find some means of circumventing the black witch. The women who came to see her and to help her, one and all encouraged the idea, and poor Harry would sit in his mother's room, fascinated, to stay and listen to the tales they told, even while his hair stood on end with fright.

One day he returned from school feeling light and happy; Mr. Spencer had lent him another amusing book, and he had found a letter for himself from Willie at the post office. His mother heard his cheerful voice and rapid footsteps as he ran up-stairs.

"Don't make such a noise, Harry," she exclaimed, in a fretful tone, "come in quickly and tell me what has happened."

"It's only a letter from Willie, mother," he replied.

"From Willie; well, read it to me then," she said, wearily, for there seemed very little likelihood that a boy's letter could interest her, yet any change was a relief.

Harry read his friend's animated account of subjects which he had chosen as most likely to amuse a boy of fourteen, then he suddenly stopped.

"What do you stop for?" asked his mother.

"It's the secret writing Willie taught me, mother; he wants me to translate it, and I think I can if you'll wait a minute."

"Oh, there, that will do. I don't want to hear no secrets, and what's the use of it to you if you're to be a farmer?"

"Oh, mother," said the boy, "I should like to go to London and be in a shop to keep accounts. Mr. Spencer says I do my sums and writing quite well enough."

"Mr. Spencer talks nonsense, I think," said his mother; "but there, hold your tongue now, I'm going to try and get a bit of sleep."

Harry sat very still poring over the cipher sentences in his friend's letter, and proud to find he could decipher them well. Presently his mother, whom he supposed to be asleep, startled him by exclaiming hastily,—

"Harry, where does Willie Gray's master live?"

"In Exeter, mother," said the boy, astonished at the question.

"Yes, I know that; but what street?"

"The High Street, mother."

"The High Street," she repeated, as if to herself. "I wonder if that is far from Turner's Cottages. Exeter isn't so very large, Willie could soon find out, I'm sure. Harry," she continued, in a louder tone, "come here."

He rose and approached the bed. Then she spoke in a whisper,—

"Harry, I want you to write and ask Willie to go and see the white witch for me, who lives at Exeter."

"Oh, mother," said Harry, in a tone of awe, "Willie wouldn't go for the world, I'm sure he wouldn't;" and the boy shuddered as he spoke.

"You stupid child," said his mother, "the white witch wouldn't harm him; she can cure everybody that the black witch has injured, and she has power to prevent her from doing dreadful things, for she is so much stronger."

"Oh, mother, that makes me more afraid; for if the old witch down by the church should find out that I had written to Willie about her, she would do something dreadful to me."

"Nonsense! how should she find out? besides, didn't you tell me just now about some secret writing? couldn't you write about it to Willie in that? Here, let me look at it."

Harry, although half afraid to move from terror, fetched the letter from the table and pointed to the groups of figures which stood for words.

"Can you write like that, Harry?" asked his mother, as she stared at the figures in amazement.

"Yes, mother."

"Well, then, get some paper and a pen and ink, and write what I tell you to Willie about calling on the white witch."

"Oh, mother, I can't," said the boy; and the tears rolled down his pale cheeks. "Old Mother Rush will be sure to find it out, and she'll kill me, I know she will."

"How could she find it out," said Mrs. Stapleton, "if you write it here, and then seal it, and direct it to Willie, and take it yourself to the post? Besides, she can't read."

But Harry was a bit of a philosopher. "If old Mother Rush is so clever," he reasoned, "that she can make father's cows die, and spoil the hay, and bring the fever here, and make poor little baby die, and make you ill, mother, I am sure she can find out about my letter;" and then the boy sat down and cried with terror.

Then his mother turned round on her pillow, saying, while bitter tears rolled down her cheeks, "There's no one will help me, no one cares whether I live or die."

English men and women are not sufficiently thankful for the light of education, and the circulation of the Bible, by which these dark superstitions of old have been chased away. Not sixty years ago the events we are now relating, with all that will follow on the subject, really and actually took place in a Devonshire village, and in the county town Exeter. Even in the days of which we write a little dawn of light had penetrated to Lynnford, and the trembling child as he sat at the table remembered his schoolfellow's words, "God is stronger than Satan." Then he bowed his head on his hands, and prayed that if he wrote this letter for his mother God would prevent the black witch from hurting him, and would also take care of dear Willie if he went to the white witch as his mother wished him to do.

"Mother," he said presently, "I'll write what you want me to if you like."

She rose in the bed, and renewed health seemed to sparkle in her eyes as she hastily dictated the words to her boy. It cost Harry no little trouble to arrange his mother's words in the cipher language; it was, however, accomplished at last; then he folded and sealed it with hasty, trembling fingers, and went out and posted it himself. All the way home after doing so his simple prayer arose that God would save him and Willie from harm in what they were doing, or going to do.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VISIT TO THE WHITE WITCH.

HARRY STAPLETON'S letter reached Willie Gray early one morning in the November following his midsummer visit to his home. He was in the shop very busy when it arrived, so he put it into his pocket to read at his leisure, for he knew Harry's writing, and wondered what had made the boy answer his letter almost by return of post. He was still more surprised on opening it during his dinner-hour, to find that it was *all* written in the cipher language.

"Poor little chap," said Willie to himself, "he wants me to see how clever he is. I'm afraid he's too clever to live, especially in such a neglected, unhealthy house as his home."

But as he read he became bewildered with astonishment; indeed, the strange subject made the task of deciphering the letter almost as difficult as it had been to write it. Translated into honest English it ran as follows:—

"DEAR WILLIAM,—I have received your letter. Mother is very bad in bed. She's been ill ever since poor little baby died, and she says it's all the doing of the black witch, old Mother Rush, you know, who lives by the church.

"Mother wants you to do something for her. She says there's a white witch living in Exeter, in a place called Turner's Cottages, who can cure everybody that has been hurt by the black witch, and will you go and see her? It frightens me to ask you, but I know how brave you are; you won't be afraid, you are so bold and strong; besides, white witches never hurt any one, so mother says. When you go, please ask all about what mother is to do to get well, and to get herself and all of us out of the black witch's power, and please write back in the cipher language, for fear it should be found out.

"I remember what you told me, Willie, and I was so afraid the black witch would know about this letter, that I prayed to God not to let her hurt me; and I shall pray to Him to take care of you when you go to her. Good-bye, dear Willie. Mother sends her love. Your affectionate friend, HARRY."

"Poor boy," said Willie to himself, "I'm sure he'll be ill with fright. *Yes, I'll go; but what nonsense it is!*"

During the day Willie could think of nothing else. Some times a superstitious fear, consequent upon his early educatio would make him shrink from what he was about to d Memories of olden times still clung to him, of those evening during his childhood when he had sat by the great fireplace i the kitchen at home, listening with wide open eyes to some ol crone while she related tales of ghosts and witches, at whic even his mother would turn pale. He remembered how fo hours after he had lain awake trembling in his little bed, an expecting some of these spiritual terrors to appear to him.

Mr. Spencer's teaching, and his own enlightened educatio had rendered him rather incredulous on these superstitions now but the effects of his childish terrors still remained. At on time he thought of consulting his master, or the minister of th chapel. Then he thought of his approaching manhood, and daring spirit of enterprise arose strong within him. The ide of braving a witch in her own stronghold was something, afte all, and before the time for closing the shop had arrived he ha determined to brave all and go.

He felt some unwillingness to be questioned by his master o Mrs. Parker before going. They always trusted and believed i his reply to the inquiry, "Where are you going, Willie?" Yet now he was anxious to avoid the question, because th affair was Jane Stapleton's secret, not his own, and therefor sacred. He knew he should blush and look confused, for h hated concealment of any kind. Willie was indeed relieve when he found himself safe out of the house, without havin met any of the family. Mr. Parker might after all hav objected to his going if he told him beforehand. "I shall b able to explain it all some day," he said to himself, as he walke on hastily for some considerable distance, till he reached th outskirts of the town, and passed through several narrow streets.

Exeter at this time could boast of oil lamps in its principa thoroughfares, but in this locality no lights of any kind existe excepting now and then as a tallow candle from a small sho window threw a feeble ray across the pathway, making th darkness of the November night more visible. William con gratulated himself at having brought a lantern, especially whe he reached a field through which ran a pathway leading t Turner's Cottages, and found even the stile over which he ha to pass quite lost in the darkness. Opening the front of hi

lantern, which had been closed during his walk through Exeter, he quickly discovered the stile, and then proceeded cautiously along the path in the circle of light thrown by it, while all beyond looked darker by contrast. Once or twice he met other passengers whom he would have passed without seeing but for the light of the lanterns they also carried: perhaps the quiet loneliness of the place might have deterred him from going on had he met no one.

At length he reached a gate opening upon a desolate spot in which a speculative builder had lately erected a row of cold, unfinished-looking houses, intended as habitations for the poor. At the farthest end from the point at which he entered the road, by the aid of his lantern he discerned No. 2, a house standing back from the rest with a garden in front, evidently older than any other building near it, and looking still more desolate.

Before entering the garden he retraced his steps, and closing his lantern, returned to the house in darkness. He had no wish to be seen by the neighbours as a visitor to the white witch.

William Gray was naturally brave and courageous, yet his heart beat rather more quickly than usual as his tremulous rap at the door re-echoed through the desolate spot. Dead silence followed for some moments, and then from within the house arose sounds that made the boy's hair stand on end. Howlings and wailings as of spirits in torment, and amidst all a strong smell of brimstone. The brave heart of William Gray sunk within him, and he was on the point of flying from the spot in real alarm, when a stern voice silenced the howlings, and the door opened.

William was then too completely spell-bound to move; he stood staring helplessly at a strange-looking old man, who civilly inquired what he wanted.

The quiet question, the cessation of the horrid sounds, recalled William to himself, and ashamed of his cowardice he replied, "I have a message for the white witch."

The man smiled; it was not usual to ask for this awful personage in such plain terms, but the boy had quite forgotten the name by which she was known among human beings.

"Walk in," said the man, "Mrs. Smith will see you."

William felt helpless to refuse; he entered, and the front door was closed and locked behind him. The man then invited him to walk into a small parlour, and placed a chair for him nearly opposite a door that led into the entrance passage. He then

asked if he had a written message. Willie had translated Harry's instructions from the cipher into plain English; this he gave to the man, who glanced at its contents. Then placing on the table behind the open door a candlestick containing a small end of tallow candle, he said, "Will you sit down? I must show this to Mrs. Smith, and ask her what is to be done; I suppose you can wait."

"Oh yes, I can wait," said Willie, seating himself with seeming indifference, but wishing himself safe out of the house nevertheless.

As soon as the footsteps of the old man were heard receding in the distance the youth ventured to look round the room. The dim light of the candle, almost hidden by the open door, threw the distant corners into deep shadow, and the passage opposite to which he sat looked still more gloomy.

"As soon as that man is out of hearing," thought William, "I'll shut the door and open my lantern; 'twill make the room look more cheerful. 'Tis a horrible place; I begin to wish I hadn't come."

William was about to rise for his lantern, which stood on the floor at some little distance, when the stillness was broken by an unearthly howl from the staircase. The candle behind the door went out with a spluttering noise, and at the same moment he found himself surrounded by a lurid light which seemed to come from the wall behind him. Through the open door he could see horrible figures, ungainly forms of hobgoblins and demons such as may be seen in the quaint illustrations in the old copies of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," passing and repassing in the passage. Added to this the screaming, wailing, howling, and rattling of chains continued with greater confusion of sounds than before.

It was well for Willie Gray that he possessed a healthy frame and strong nerves, and that his religious education had to a certain extent conquered his childish superstitions. Yet as he sat there unable to move the perspiration burst forth from every pore, and at times he felt a sensation as if his consciousness were leaving him. But the boy roused himself, and threw off what was really a tendency to faint, although he knew it not. A vague idea after a while that all this might be produced by trickery or contrivance in some way, relieved his mind, and he determined to hold out to the end. Once or twice he was tempted to try and make his escape, but in spite of his suspicions

he could not summon courage to encounter those hideous spectres in the passage, and unfasten a strange door, the locks and bolts of which were all new to him.

Half an hour, which appeared hours to William, passed, and then footsteps were heard approaching. The howlings ceased, the lurid light and the figures vanished together, and the old man appeared, carrying two lighted candles which he placed on a table. He was followed by a comely, well-dressed woman about forty, whom he introduced to William as the white witch.

The youth rose; his fears gave place to a kind of superstitious awe, for the tall, calm, majestic-looking woman seemed just the person to counteract the effects of old Mother Rush's witchcraft, and in spite of his well-informed mind, for the time at least, his early superstitions gained the ascendency, and he fully believed in her power.

"I have had a great deal of trouble," she said, in a low voice, "to dispel the evil power under which your friend has been so long a prisoner; you must have seen while here how fiercely the evil spirits have resented your visit to me; but I have conquered them, there is now no further cause for fear. I have made up a bottle of mixture for your friend to take; the directions are all written on the paper I have placed in the wrapper." Willie held out his hand for the parcel which he saw in her hand. "You will have to pay me half a guinea," she said, still retaining it.

Willie hastily searched for his purse. How thankful he was to find he had the money to pay her! to come again to the dreadful place was more than he could endure even to contemplate. He placed the half-guinea in her hands, took the mysterious bottle carefully, and lifting his lantern from the floor, turned to go.

"Stop," said the white witch, sternly. William paused in alarm. "Remember," she said, looking at him with eyes that made him quail—"remember, if you speak to any one of what you have heard or seen in this house to-night, all the dreadful things from which I have relieved your friend will fall upon you and your family."

"Poor Willie! he would have promised anything to get out of that house; the superstitions of his childhood were regaining their power while he stayed, especially in the presence of that woman.

"Madam," he said, "I will remember."

"That will do," she replied; then with a haughty bend of the head she desired the old man to open the door. As he advanced

to obey, the howlings and wailings with rattling of chains commenced again. Impatiently William watched the old man's trembling fingers as he slipped the bolts and lifted the latch, and no sooner was the door opened than with a hasty step he passed through it and rushed to the garden gate. With no little satisfaction he heard the door closed and locked behind him.

By this time the moon had risen, and beneath her light Willie bounded across the field, cleared the stile, and never paused to take breath till the lights of Exeter were close upon him. Then he shook himself like a dog just out of water, as if by that movement he could throw off the nervous tremor that still clung to him, and at length felt able to walk home steadily.

It was nearly half-past nine when William entered the parlour; the supper-tray still stood on the table, although they had all finished.

"You are late, my boy," said his master; "I thought at first you were staying to supper with Mrs. Ellis, but Mrs. Parker says you always tell her when she is not to expect you home to supper."

"I have been with a message to the other end of Exeter, sir," said Willie. "I had a letter this morning from the son of my father's neighbour, asking me to go. It was farther than I expected, and I have run nearly all the way home."

Never mind, Willie," said Mrs. Parker; "sit down and have some supper; you look tired; you can tell us all about another time."

Willie obeyed, and after taking his supper and drinking the glass of beer poured out for him by his master, he began to recover himself. Both these kind-hearted people felt sure that something more than fatigue had caused Willie to look so pale, but they asked him no questions. "Whether he tells us or not," said Mrs. Parker to her husband that night, after William had gone up to bed, "I am sure he has done nothing wrong; I can trust Willie." Oh, if young people would only strive to deserve from those around them the honourable testimony, "I can trust him," "I can trust her," how much misunderstanding, quarrelling, contention, and wrong might be prevented in every station of life, whether high or low!

After a night's rest, which, however, was rather disturbed by dreams of witches and spectres, William was able to laugh at his *own fears*. He could not understand the lurid light or the appearance of the hideous figures, and he longed for Christmas

that he might ask for an explanation from his old schoolmaster. He carefully wrapped the bottle containing the mysterious medicine in wool, placed it in a box, and sent it off by coach to Lynnford. Mr. Parker saw him packing and directing the box; it confirmed the youth's account of where he had been the previous evening, and removed all doubt on the subject. Willie, however, was not deterred by fear of the white witch's threat from telling the whole story to Mrs. Parker; indeed, he longed to do so; but he shrunk from what he felt would be a breach of confidence to Jane Stapleton, who, from her superstitious fears, as well as from other reasons, evidently wished the matter to be kept a secret. He wrote to Harry in the cipher, telling of his visit, and that he had forwarded the medicine, but he did not alarm the nervous child by any hint of the horrors he had seen, neither did he express faith in the medicine, for he felt none.

When he visited Lynnford, however, at Christmas, he found the whole neighbourhood astonished at the wonderful recovery of Jane Stapleton, which she attributed to the bottle of medicine sent to her by William from the white witch. William Gray found himself a hero, but his mother had still sufficient superstition to fear for her boy. She was angry that he should have been sent on such an errand, and although he made light of it, and laughed at her fears, she was not the less displeased.

Willie lost no time in telling the whole affair to Mr. Spencer. The old gentleman quickly enlightened his favourite pupil by describing the wonderful effects produced by the magic lantern, at that time scarcely heard of in such out-of-the-way villages as Lynnford. He explained to him the principles upon which the magic lantern was formed, and Willie's last superstitions vanished for ever. One thing, however, still puzzled him. "But, sir," he asked, "how can you account for the good effects of the medicine on Jane Stapleton?"

"The mind had the most to do with it," he replied; "she had such unbounded faith in the white witch's prescription, that she roused herself, and the very effort did her good; and perhaps," he added, "my visits to Henry just at the same time may have had some influence. I suppose you have heard of the improvement in John Stapleton?"

"Yes," said Willie; "I was surprised to see him at church on Sunday."

"If his wife continues to make his home cleaner and happier," was the reply, "I have hopes of him and his children, and

Esther is growing a nice handy girl: still I fear that after all wonderful cure effected by your bottle, poor Jane is not long this world. The doctor says she has so weakened herself idleness and medicine that he thinks she will never quite rec her strength. He laughs about the white witch's prescripti he says it was no doubt a most harmless preparation of he and that partly from rousing herself, and partly from being oblig of course, to give up all other physic, her health improved."

"How came she to take so much physic?" asked Will my mother never takes any."

"Oh, I believe she learnt it at the Hall. I have heard t the late Mrs. Evelyn used to supply herself while in Lond with a large stock of quack medicine which she gave away the village and amongst her servants. Some were afraid refuse it, but I believe it was more frequently thrown aw than taken. Mrs. Evelyn, it is said, weakened her own consti tion by taking this medicine, for she died when comparativ a young woman, and I fear poor Jane will be another victim."

We, who have so many opportunities of learning about ca and effect, and who live in a period when the wonders of t magic lantern are increased by oxy-hydrogen light and ot scientific improvements—we who have seen ghosts and spect raised by machinery, may laugh at the superstitious fears of c grandfathers and grandmothers. And yet we have amongst even now spiritualists and believers in miracles, who seem be as sincere as the poor benighted believers in witches a ghosts of past days. But the human mind has made s advances in enlightenment on every subject, whether literary scientific, during the present century, that we cannot be surpri at finding spiritualists suspected of as much trickery as th who could arrange a machinery to represent the horrors of bottomless pit merely to frighten a courageous boy who had v tured to place himself in their power. Perhaps also there still many who are as much slaves to the draught and the p box as the drunkard to his spirit-bottle, and with equally f consequences.

THE EASTER GREETING.

BY AUGUSTA C. HAYWARD.

From the German of Karl Gerok.

WHY weepest thou?—to Mary Magdalen
Came the first joy of resurrection-greeting:
Still, through the gloom of tears and grief, again
We hear that voice, the Easter words repeating;
Why weepest thou?

Why weepest thou?—unknown, yet still the same,
The Heavenly Gardener, bearing flowers immortal,
Beside thee stands, to call thee by thy name,
And point to Eden's ever-open portal;—
Why weepest thou?

Why weepest thou?—is the departed Lord
By wrong and judgment from thy presence taken?
Look up—behold Him! by the grave restored,
In Godlike power from death's short night to waken;—
Why weepest thou?

Why weepest thou?—is there a load of sin
That seals the sepulchre with weight oppressing?
Only thy dead transgression lies within;
Without, thy Lord draws near with pard'ning blessing;—
Why weepest thou?

Why weepest thou?—is it that earthly care
Darkens thy life with tempest-clouds of sorrow?
Look up, behold, in Heaven how pure and fair,
Dawns on the night of death the Easter morrow;—
Why weepest thou?

Why weepest thou?—over the long-mourned dead?
Only the mortal part with earth is blended,
Far from the tomb, in paths where Jesus led,
Homeward the spirit has to God ascended;—
Why weepest thou?

Why weepest thou?—in the long journey's gloom
Do the slow years delay thy heav'nward yearning?
Lo! He awaits thee in the Father's Home,
There worn feet rest, from pilgrim toil returning;—
Why weepest thou?

Why weepest thou?—Lord, Thou hast given each day
Some drops of joy in every cup of sadness;
Soon Thou wilt wipe all tears of grief away,
There, where Heaven's songs repeat the words of gladne
Why weepest thou?

ɜLISH HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS OF THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. II.—JOHN MASON.

ISH clergymen at the present day, wide as are their differ- of opinion on doctrinal matters, and on the minor questions ɜtments or ritual, are seldom notorious for actual eccen- es in their individual lives, or for the adoption of es which render their supporters in effect nothing better ɜectarians within the Establishment. Here and there, in- as in the case of the so-called Father Ignatius, we have ces of men, who with what some would call a strongly ıped spirit of self-assertion, and what others term a mere ience of restraint, have sufficient individuality to strike new course or revive an old one, gathering round them a of temporary admirers by the strangeness of their aims, ıch cases are rare. Churchmen, like their brethren in the , are too gregarious thus to separate themselves from their s, and to set up a standard which in all probability they ıave to carry alone; and thus we find that with the ity the slightest deviation from established custom is as a he result of combined action in the first instance, even if only among a few private friends. We have but few n our own day like Wesley in the past, who come forward ıd alone against public opinion, and perhaps it is well that uld be so, for when an individual rises as the exponent of pet system, there is always a danger of extravagance, if f absolute heresy increasing in proportion to the following he obtains among the general public. But there have· ɜen wanting cases in the history of the Church of the last hundred years in which English clergymen have thus ıe celebrated as the teachers of what we should now regard range doctrines,' and among them, not the least noteworthy, he hymn-writer whose life will form the subject of the ıt paper. His history is indeed remarkable as a specimen

of genuine religious enthusiasm, and of the striking power which a man thoroughly convinced of the truth of his own views can obtain over a congregation.

John Mason was educated at a school at Strixton, in Northamptonshire, and graduated at Clare Hall, Cambridge. His first curacy was with Mr. Sawyer, at Isham, Northamptonshire, but he left the village in 1668, when he was presented to the vicarage of Stantonbury. From this place, in 1674, he passed on to the rectory of Water Stratford, Bucks, where he remained until the day of his death, in 1694. Several interesting particulars respecting Mr. Mason's early life are given in a very rare volume, kindly placed in our hands by Mr. Sedgwick, entitled, "An Impartial Account of Mr. John Mason, of Water Stratford, and his Sentiments," by H. Maurice, Rector of Tyringham, Bucks, dated 1695. When at school we are told that his earnest spirit was even then noticeable, so that his master often said that if he lived he was like to be a violent zealot. At Clare Hall his life was somewhat careless, according to the statements of a clergyman, Mr. Gray, who shared his rooms, and he would sometimes "start questions in reference to the usuages of the Church of England, which seemed to discover dissatisfaction." On his removal to Isham, where he lived with Mr. Sawyer, the vicar, he spent the greater part of the night in study; and when told by his friends that he would injure his health, he answered that he had lost his time at the university and must regain it. Mr. Sawyer in a letter described him as a man who was industrious in his studies toward the supply of academical learning, and needed rather a bridle than a spur. His sobriety and piety were very exemplary, and his endeavours were earnest, both in family and parish, to do those things that were honest and just, and that with a most cheerful spirit free from nonsense or enthusiasm. In his principles he was a rigid Calvinist, and not a little inclined to Antinomianism. His preaching, especially in the later years of his life, is said to have turned frequently upon Predestination to such an extent that he often made his hearers melancholy, and now and then in danger of despair. Very earnest he always was in the pulpit, and so long as to be always ready to faint before he gave over.

The most remarkable feature in his history was his belief in the personal reign of Christ, which he declared to have commenced some months before his death at Water Stratford. The

escriptions of the visions which he saw, or fancied he saw, id his fervid exhortations to his followers obtained for him a ady band of adherents, many of whom sold their goods and me to reside in his parish, to await what they regarded as the proaching millenium. They looked upon him in fact as a ophet, and accepted his utterances as little short of inspired. their conduct they resembled some of the more extravagant the Revivalists of our own day, spending their time in sing- , praying, and dancing. Opinions were divided among his ntemporaries as to Mr. Mason's sanity, but there is no clear idence that his reason was affected, although it is impossible read the reports taken down from his own lips of the visions ich he declared he had seen, without feeling that he had owed himself to become the victim of a religious monomania. the same time nothing served to shake his belief in the lity of what he had witnessed, and his writings no less than hymns, make it evident that while in his later years his te must have bordered on frenzy, he was a man of high ture and great holiness of life, and that he was fully capable directing the affairs of his parish.

Among the most instructive pages in John Dunton's "Re- rkable Passages in the Life and Death of Mr. John Mason," the "letters which Mr. Mason sent to several of his friends, ding to promote the power of Godliness both in persons and nilies." An extract from the first of these will give a fair ample of his forcible style of writing.

"Would you live holily, observe these rules:—1. Live in the e of God. 2. Observe the example of Christ. 3. Consider e fruit and end of things:—the fruit of sin is shame and rrow; sin is a viper in the end; but the fruit of righteousness peace, holiness is eternal life in the end. 4. Bind the com- ndments upon your hearts. 5. Shun the appearances of the st beginnings of sin. 6. Be fervent and frequent in secret ayer.

"My friends, would you live comfortably, take these direc- ns:—1. Live not so much upon the comforts of God as upon e God of comforts. Be afraid of unbelief, that is a great sin. o not greaten your sins above God's saving power. Labour d believe upon the word firmly and constantly. Trust per- ctly to the grace and mercy of God in Christ. (I will trust the mercy of God, saith David, for ever and ever. Psa. lii.) . Beware *of sin, especially of* wilful sin, for that will bring a

cloud and make a breach between God and the soul. 3. Do not mind earthly things. O take heed of unlawful affections, of an unlawful carriage of the heart about lawful things. 4. Examine the ways of your heart daily; search yourselves. What sin have I committed? What duty have I omitted this day? Every night look back upon the thoughts and affections and speeches of the day past. Confess your failings over the head of the scapegoat. This is another necessary means to keep your peace with God, and to walk comfortably before Him; and I pray you observe it. 5. Examine your heart further, and consult the gracious actings and workings of God's blessed Spirit within you; what good thoughts, what good desires, aims, resolutions has God put into you! Consider what outgoings of your heart after God there have been; what incomings and influence of His grace. Daily examine your heart for these things; and give God the glory of all the gracious workings of His Spirit in your souls. 6. If you would walk comfortably with God mind not what is forged, but what is written: heed not every fancy that the devil darts into you; for then you lie at the mercy of your enemy, but keep close to the written Word of God. "Thus it is written," said our Saviour to Satan the tempter. So much for comfortable walking.

"Dear friends, would you walk peaceably and charitably, take these rules:—1. God has called you to peace. 2. When Christ was reviled, He reviled not again. 3. If others neglect their duties to you, yet do not you neglect your duties to God nor to them. Let not another's sin cause you to sin: to return railing for railing is to return sin for sin. 4. You must show your love to God, whom you have not seen, by your love to your brother, whom you see daily; show your piety by your charity. 5. An unbridled tongue is a sign of an unsanctified heart. They that have not a dram of grace to tame their tongues, shall one day want a drop of water to cool their tongues. 6. Do good to others; if they do not thank you for it, yet God will bless you for it. The less reward you have on earth, the greater shall your reward be in heaven; as the less wages the servant takes up within his year, the more comes in at the year's end.

"Dear friends, would you be constant in good ways and purposes, take these directions:—1. You have engaged yourselves to God, and therefore you must keep yourselves from idols; you have given up your names to God, and you must

give up your hearts to God. You have made a covenant with God by sacraments; if Satan or the world are suitors for your hearts, tell them you are already disposed of, you are pre-engaged to God, you have chosen your God, and you must not think of changing your God. 2. Whither shall ye go from Christ? Where do you think to find such another God as your God? Such another friend as Jesus Christ? 3. It is good to draw near to God, and yet better to draw nearer to God: still the nearer the better. One may see an end of earthly perfection, but there is no end of the perfections of Jesus Christ. 4. Be downright for God and you shall find some heartening comfort in God that shall keep you close to God. 5. Walk humbly with your God; that is the way to walk closely with your God. If a Christian be humble, he is a Christian indeed. God will not suffer such an one to be tempted beyond his strength. 6. Let not opinions swim in your head that will make you fall. Let the great things of religion sink into your heart and that will make you stand. 7. Be content, yea willing, to suffer with Christ who did so contentedly and willingly suffer for you, and if you suffer with Him you shall be glorified together."

Thus did the good vicar of Water Stratford exhort his parishioners, and such "rules" could scarcely be surpassed in their perfect adaptation to the wants and temptations of everyday life among "all sorts and conditions of men." In these days when vain disputations about matters of form and idle vapourings about distinctions of ritual are so prevalent, there is no slight danger of losing sight of the fact that living by rule is the only Christian method of life, and we therefore gladly take the opportunity of placing before our readers these quaint yet valuable counsels from a volume which they are little likely to meet with, as we believe that it is so rare, as not even to be included in the British Museum collection.

In turning to Mr. Mason's hymns we are not unfrequently reminded of George Herbert, more especially in those stanzas which may more fitly be described as poems than hymns. In its original form, the "Songs of Praise to Almighty God" passed through twenty editions, a fact giving no small proof of the high esteem in which his works were held. James Montgomery, the poet, says "the style (of his hymns) is a middle tint between the raw colouring of Quarles and the daylight clearness of Watts. His talent is *equally poised* between both, having

more vigour but less versatility than that of either his fore runner or successor." Dr. Watts, Mr. Pope, and the Wesleys appear to have been familiar with the contents of this volume sundry lines and phrases in their verses being evidently bor rowed from passages in it. In the preface to the first edition we have a brief argument from the author in favour of the Christian service of praise which it may not be uninteresting to our readers to reproduce:—"Our blessed Saviour, immediately before He went out to suffer, sung an hymn, and His disciples sung with Him. After His ascension into heaven the apostles sung the praises of God, and taught others to do so. After them the primitive Christians sung, and so must the Christians o this time. For if these should hold their peace the stones would immediately cry out. Should we be silent even the heathen might shame us; one of whom said formerly to his friends, 'I I was a nightingale I would sing like a nightingale; but now I am a man, I will sing the praises of God as long as I live, and I would have you to sing with me.' Sing we then heartily to our good God as it even becometh us. So dear to us should the concernment of God's honour be that we should solemnly own His goodness, power, and wisdom, even in those works of His wherein we have no special interest. For this we have the example of holy David and others. But if we have no attained to so divine a frame, yet we should at least praise God for our own mercies, scarce our own if they be not thankfully acknowledged to Him that gave them; some of which are taken notice of in the first part of this book. But who can express the noble acts of the Lord or show forth all His praises "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

"Let heaven and earth praise Him, let saints and angels praise Him.

"Let God's holy Church throughout all the world praise Him let all the tongues and tribes of the earth praise Him; let time praise Him; let eternity praise Him; let our lips and live praise Him; let our souls praise Him. And oh, may they be a praise to the riches of His grace for ever."

The "Songs of Praise" are hymns of thanksgiving for various blessings in the Church, the family, and individual life. The following lines, full of beautiful thoughts, are entitled "A Song of Praise for the Lord's day," ending in a manner peculiar to

Mason, with a four line verse following others of double that length:—

"My Lord, my Love was crucified,
He all the pains did bear;
But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.
How sweetly rest Thy saints above,
Which in Thy bosom lie,
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

"Thou Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.
Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above.

"I bless Thy wise and wondrous love
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares
That we may come to Thee.
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

"These are my preparation days,
And when my soul is dress,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me,
To mine eternal rest."

The second hymn on the same subject reminds one more forcibly of the Parson of Bemerton, whose lines on Sunday are well known to every lover of sacred poetry:—

"Blest day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The lab'rer's rest, the saint's delight,
A day of mirth and praise!
Our Saviour's face did make thee shine,
His rising did thee raise,
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond the common days."

Scarcely less beautiful is the following even-song, in the second verse of which we seem again to hear George Herbert speaking to us,—

"Now from the altar of my heart
Let incense flames arise;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up,
My evening sacrifice.

Awake, my love; awake, my joy;
Awake my heart and tongue;
Sleep not: when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

"Man's life's a book of history,
The leaves thereof are days,
The letters mercies closely joined,
The title is Thy praise.
This day God was my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

"Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till I shall praise thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

"Lord of my time, whose hand doth set
New time upon my score,
Then shall I praise Thee for all time,
When time shall be no more."

Still more true to the spirit of the title which Mason g his work are the "General Songs of Praise to Almighty with which the volume opens. The first of these, devoted glorification of the Creator under His various attribute full of powerful images, is scarcely suitable for general use the second, taking the form of a *Te Deum*, in which so hymn-writers have tried their strength, is most effectiv set to a bright common metre tune it will be found thorc adapted for congregational singing, and it possesses an adv not too often met with in popular hymns—the accented in each bar of the music falls on an accented word. hymn is one of those from which Dr. Watts borrowed no a thought but actual words, Mason's first two lines formir second half of a verse in the fourth of Watts's "Divine for Children," which runs as follows:—

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me?"

The text of Mason's hymn we extract from Mr. Sedg valuable reprint of his works:—

"What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me?
Sing, heaven and earth; rejoice and praise
His glorious majesty.
Bright cherubims, sweet seraphims,
Praise Him with all your might;
Praise, praise Him, all ye hosts of heaven,
Praise Him, ye saints in light.

"Ye blessed patriarchs, praise the Lord,
For His firstfruits are ye;
Blest prophets, who dreamt here of God,
Praise Him whom now ye see.
Offer to God, ye glorious priests,
Your sacrifice of praise;
Sweet psalmists, now your hearts are fixt,
Your tuneful voices raise.

"Ye twelve apostles of the Lamb,
Who here proclaimed your King,
And filled this world with holy sounds,
Loud hallelujahs sing.
Triumphant martyrs, ye did fight,
And fighting ye did fall,
And falling ye took up a crown:
Crown Him who crowned you all.

"Praise, praise Him, all ye savèd ones,
From whom salvation came;
Praise Him that sits upon the throne,
And praise the glorious Lamb.
Praise, praise Him, all ye saints below,
Praise Him, both east and west;
Praise Him, all ye baptizèd lands,
Praise whom you have professed.

"O praise Him, all ye crowned heads,
That own the Christian name;
Praise Him who is the King of kings,
Raise and enlarge His fame.
Praise Him, ye Christian magistrates,
Gain credit to His ways;
Praise Him, ye ministers of God,
Teach others Him to praise.

"Praise Him, our famous Christian isle,
Praise Him with one accord;
Let every tongue, let every tribe,
Be taught to praise the Lord.
Praise Him, my friends and kindred all,
O praise Him all your days;
My mind and heart, my lip and life,
Join to advance His praise.

"O let me praise Thee whilst I live,
And praise Thee when I die;

And praise Thee when I rise again,
And to eternity.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
The Father sent His Son,
The Son sends forth the Holy Ghost
For men's salvation.

"Mysterious depths of endless love
Our admiration raise,
My God, Thy name exalted is
Far above all our praise."

In the "Book of Praise" Sir Roundell Palmer has included, four specimens of Mason's works, only one of which, however, is given intact, and that is the beautiful hymn, "My Lord, my love, was crucified," which he places in the section devoted to "The Lord's Day." He also gives seven out of eleven stanzas of a very fine song of praise for the Holy Ghost" (No. 24 in "Songs of Praise"), which we should have been glad to add to our extracts if space permitted. The other illustrations of Mason furnished by Sir Roundell are two successful centos, selected from various hymns by the Countess of Huntingdon and Mr. John Hampden Gurney. We prefer, however, to give the author's lines exactly as they stand in his own text, as centos, although they may be satisfactory for special purposes, such as congregational use, are at the best only one of the many questionable "tinkerings" to which hymns are subjected. Mason has suffered little in this respect, but his hymns have been most unjustly neglected, as either in whole or in part they are many of them well fitted for general adoption. In former days they were better known, and among his admirers were some of the foremost men of the day. We cannot better conclude this notice of his life and works than by quoting the words of Baxter, who described him as "the glory of the Church of England," and says, "The frame of his spirit was so heavenly, his deportment so humble and obliging, his discourse of spiritual things (and little else could we hear from him, so weighty) with such apt words and delightful air, that it charmed all that had any spiritual relish, and was not burdensome to others, as discourses of that nature have been from other ministers."

HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

BY A. W. B.

At a time when, with the fall of the temporal power of the Pope, it may be reasonably supposed that much of the pomp of the Papacy has passed away for ever, it may not be uninteresting to those who have never visited the famous city, first mistress of the temporal world and then of the spiritual, to hear from an eye-witness something of those ceremonies which for centuries have attracted thousands from all countries to the capital of Christendom during the week preceding Easter.

Holy Week in Rome! surely there is fascination in those four words. Can any read them without conjuring up visions of Pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, cross-bearers, vestments, incense, silver trumpets, and all the pomp and ceremony whereby the Church of Rome enslaves so many hearts? The love of spectacle is inherent in mankind, and the glitter and the glare of this season of pageant attract not only the gay and frivolous, but also the serious and devout, at least for a time; but many of the earnest Roman Catholics have assured me that after they have once seen the grand ceremonies of their Church, they prefer retiring to some quiet church for devotion, leaving St. Peter's and the Sistine chapel to strangers and heretics. The latter are by no means slow to avail themselves of the feast provided for them, for they throng every church where any ceremony is to be seen; some, like veritable moths, hovering round the flame till their wings are scorched, and they fall an unresisting prey into the net spread for them by the great Fisherman of the Vatican; others looking on, mere indifferent spectators; and others laughing and jeering, and behaving as though they despised everything sacred not in accordance with their own narrow views. Yet the latter class is small, for there are moments when even the most callous must be affected by the grandeur of the spectacle, aided as it is by the vastness and majesty of the great basilica, wherein thousands may congregate without inconvenience, and where man is dwarfed into nothingness beside the giant creations of human genius.

The first view of St. Peter's by daylight is always disappointing to those whose eyes have been accustomed to the Gothic, but seeing it for the first time, as I saw it, by the light of a brilliant moon on Christmas Eve, there is something unearthly about it which can never be effaced from the memory. The splendid piazza, with its tall central obelisk, and fountains sending high their spray to catch the moonbeams and to fall in a shower of silver; the magnificent colonnades flanking the basilica right and left, and enclosing the piazza, between whose double rows of pillars on the right drive the carriages of the cardinals to deposit their august occupants at the foot of the broad stairs leading to the Vatican and to the interior of the church, while those on the left conceal the gloomy prisons of the Inquisition; the giant basilica itself, its cross-crowned dome glittering in the moonlight, its portico in deepest shade; a few pigmies dotting the splendid flight of steps leading to the interior, climbing in brightness, to be lost in the deep gloom beyond,—such was my first view of this famous pile, and the last was, if possible, more magical and unreal. Imagine the vast piazza I have described filled with carriages of all sorts and sizes, and pedestrians innumerable; a vast, surging multitude, patiently waiting in the dim twilight of Easter, while against the dark sky the great basilica, with its flanking colonnades, glimmers with countless stars of silver; every line of the vast building distinctly traced in twinkling lamps. Hark! the clock begins to strke, and suddenly, at the first stroke, the cross on the dome blazes forth in golden splendour, and before the last stroke has sounded, the whole edifice is changed as by magic from the silver twinkling stars into a bright and golden glory, illumining the whole city, flashing across the yellow Tiber, lighting up the angel on the top of the castle of St. Angelo, and making visible the distant Pincian.

No wonder that an irrepressible shout of delight bursts from the assembled multitude as they watch this wonderful and gorgeous display, which closes so appropriately the festivities of Easter; festivities which may be said to commence on Palm Sunday, for although the week called Holy Week is a strict fast, the ceremonies which take place during that time are so various, and some of them so gorgeous, that they seem to savour more of festivities than of penitential acts.

Bright and early must the stranger be who would secure a good place to witness any of the services. Tickets for ladies are issued gratis to the consuls of all nations, who grant them to

such of their countrywomen as apply for them. These tickets admit the bearers to raised seats erected for the occasion on the right and left of the high altar, which in St. Peter's and all the basilicas is placed in the transept, immediately under the dome; they specify that you shall be decently clad, with a veil or handkerchief on the head; and two tall Swiss guards are stationed to inspect the dress of every ticket-bearer, and even to feel the material, which if they consider too coarse, the unlucky wearer is ruthlessly turned back. Most ladies, therefore, adopt a dress of black silk, with Spanish mantilla or veil on the head, and in this they are safe. Having been passed by the Swiss guards, you are conducted to your seats by the Pope's chamberlains, in their most becoming Spanish costume of black velvet, with full breeches, silk hose, shoes with rosettes, short cloaks, and ruffs. Probably you will have an hour, or even two, to wait before the commencement of the ceremony, but there is too much to attract the eye to allow of fatigue. A constant succession of princes and nobles covered with decorations, cardinals in scarlet robes, with their gaily liveried footmen in attendance to unroll and spread out the long train; bishops in their violet robes and fine lawn tunics trimmed with rich lace; monks, black, white, brown, and grey; the stalwart Swiss guards in their particoloured dress and shining helmets, with halberts in their hands; the *guardia mobile* in their magnificent scarlet and gold uniform; members of the diplomatic corps, officers from all countries in their various uniforms, and peasants from all parts of Italy in their different picturesque costumes, cross and recross each other perpetually, forming groups as rich and various in colour as the figures in a kaleidoscope. Presently two companies of soldiers, one French, one Roman (I am writing of the time of the French occupation of Rome), march in, and take up their position in the nave, keeping a clear passage, and soon after the procession enters. The Pope is borne in on the *sedia gestatoria*, hoisted on the shoulders of eight tall footmen, surrounded by his body-guard of nobles, and followed by a long procession of cardinals, priests, &c. Among the cardinals is one conspicuous by a light blue or grey dress instead of scarlet; this, we are told, signifies that he is a monk as well as a cardinal, and so wears the robes of his order. When the Pope reaches the bronze statue called St. Peter he is lowered, and spends a few moments in prayer before it, as also again before the tomb; then he is borne to his throne in the chancel behind the high altar, and the tedious cere-

mony of homage is gone through, cardinals kissing his hand bishops his knee, and inferior orders his slipper. Mass is then said, after which all the assistants receive a palm branch, previously blessed, and proceed with them in procession round the church, chanting the whole way, and stopping at every altar to pray. This procession of palms is picturesque, but not so striking as a similar one on Candlemas day, when lighted candles are borne instead of palms, some of them being of enormous size, and very gaily painted and ornamented. Until I saw this procession of palms I always supposed that the palms used were the green branches of the palm tree, but such is not the case; they are indeed palm leaves, but they are artificially bleached, and plaited and twisted into most elaborate designs, sometimes also ornamented with coloured leaves and flowers. They vary considerably in size as well as in the degree of ornamentation, those of the cardinals being very large and highly ornamented, but decreasing in size and beauty according to the rank of the bearer. Some of the inferior clergy carry green boughs of olive or box instead of palms, but whether this is done by design or because palms are not obtainable by all I could not ascertain.

The Monday and Tuesday following Palm Sunday are rest days, there being no noteworthy ceremonies, but on Wednesday the celebrated *Miserere* services in the Sistine chapel begin. These consist of a very monotonous chanting of the penitential psalms, at the end of each of which a light is extinguished on a cross raised over the altar till one only remains; that is removed, and then commences the solemn *Miserere*, the music of which is most exquisite, sustained entirely by the voices of the Pope's choir, no instrumental music excepting the silver trumpets being permitted when the Pope is present; indeed, there is no organ, either in the Sistine or St. Peter's, excepting in the choral chapel of the latter.

The most interesting day in the Holy Week is Thursday, when, in addition to the *Miserere*, many peculiar ceremonies take place in St. Peter's. The first is the washing of the feet of thirteen poor priests by the Pope or one of the cardinals, in memory of the washing of the disciples' feet by our Saviour; and the number is thirteen instead of twelve in consequence, it is said, of an angel having seated himself among the twelve in the days of St. Gregory. The washing is a mere farce; an attendant holds a basin under the foot of each of the priests, who are seated in a row, dressed entirely in white; then the Pope pours a little

water from a golden jug over the foot; a cardinal follows, drops a towel on the wet place, and all is done. They are then conducted to a room where a handsome repast is prepared for them, the Pope and cardinals waiting upon them. The tables are very tastefully decorated with flowers, &c., the chief device being a lamb, to represent the paschal lamb.

Just as the evening twilight begins, a singular procession is seen winding its way through St. Peter's. It consists of persons of both sexes, barefooted, and dressed in sackcloth, which covers their heads and faces, with only two slits for the eyes. This strange *cortége*, preceded by a cross-bearer and a few priests, moves slowly up a side aisle, and halts before a confessional, in which sits the Grand Penitentiary with a long wand in his hand. Each individual kneels in turn before him, and is gently touched on the head with the wand; then the procession passes on in solemn silence, and is lost to sight amidst the shadows of advancing night. These are criminals of the worst class, to whom absolution is given in this strange form on this day only. About the same time another procession of a widely different character enters St. Peter's, and proceeds up the nave to the tomb of the apostle. This consists of cardinals, bishops, &c., bearing vases filled with wine and water wherewith to wash the high altar. After a few prayers a priest removes the ornaments from the altar, and then the bearers of the vases ascend the steps, and pour the contents over the altar, after which each individual in the procession ascends in turn, and with a little wooden mop with which each is provided (and which is made something like the brooms formerly sold by the buy-a-broom girls), they scatter the mingled wine and water over the altar and retire. After this a priest ascends to a balcony in the dome, and from thence displays to a kneeling and adoring multitude the sacred relics, consisting of a piece of the true cross, one of the nails, the handkerchief of St. Veronica, bearing the impress of the sacred face of Jesus, &c., &c., and thus concludes the ceremonies of the day.

Excepting the last and most solemn of the *Misereres*, and a great number of masses in all the churches, Good Friday is a quiet and sombre day; but sermons, which are not frequent in the Roman church, abound on that day. We went to hear one in a small church near; it was a meditation on the Passion. On the altar stood three immense crosses with figures apparently life size upon them. At the foot of the central one stood the Virgin mother, dressed in pale blue calico, with a lace pocket

handkerchief in her hand, a crown on her head, and a sword through her breast. At some distance, towards the centre of the church, was a pulpit, or rather platform, carpeted, and with a chair, upon which sat a youthful priest; and immediately opposite another platform, filled with musicians, with violins violoncellos, flutes, and "all kinds of music." The performers were all dressed in ordinary and decidedly shabby costume and the leader, as in concerts, stood before them, *bâton* in hand The priest commenced a most impassioned discourse, walking up and down the platform, now kneeling to the crosses, now gesticulating violently, until, apparently exhausted, he resumed his seat. Then the musicians commenced a selection of very pretty, but to my ears anything but solemn music, although perhaps the incongruity of a band in fustian and with violins in a church rather prejudiced me against the performance; but as the old masters paint their angels with violins, this is undoubtedly considered a sacred instrument. After about a quarter of an hour devoted to music, the preacher began again, and this alternate preaching and *practising* lasted three hours.

Early on Saturday morning there is a baptism of Turks and Jews at the Baptistery of St. John Lateran, in the marble font of which tradition says Constantine was baptized. The Turks may be numbered by the figure 0, and the Jews, I am told, are represented year after year by the same venerable Israelite, who we may hope will turn out to be the veritable "Wandering Jew," lest when he dies this interesting ceremony should have to be abandoned.

But during the whole of this week there is a strange sight to be seen at the Pilgrims' Hospital, for which tickets are necessary. Hundreds of pilgrims flock to Rome from all parts of Italy during the Holy Week to take part in the ceremonies, and to receive the Pope's blessing. Weary and footsore they are received at the Pilgrims' Hospital, and every evening the feet of the new arrivals are washed by the ladies and gentlemen of Rome, who form themselves into a society for the purpose, a certain number attending at the hospital every evening, and performing this act of humiliation as a penance. This washing is a very different affair from that at St. Peter's, for the pilgrims' feet are really dirty, and some of the ladies, notwithstanding the meritoriousness of the act, cannot conceal their disgust at the task.

The women are seated on benches, in a kind of crypt, with a

tub for each, and there are taps of cold and hot water to each tub; then the lady washers, who are all dressed alike, in crimson aprons covering the whole dress, kneel down, and with soap and flannel each thoroughly cleanses the feet of one pilgrim, afterwards drying them with a towel, and frequently kissing them. A priest meanwhile, standing at a desk, reads and re-reads aloud the story of the washing of the disciples' feet by the Saviour. The washing over, each lady gives her arm to the pilgrim she has washed, and leads her to a long room, where supper is provided. For each a plate of salad and a small fish, a roll of bread and a very small bottle of wine; another batch meanwhile being conducted to the lavatory. When all the pilgrims are washed, grace is said, and supper commences, which not being very abundant, in consequence of the Lenten fast, is quickly over; the ladies stand behind during supper, and when it is finished conduct their charges to the dormitory, not leaving them until they have seen them comfortably in bed. The men meanwhile are similarly washed and cared for by the gentlemen, but the sexes are kept entirely separate, not even supping together. It is a most singular sight to see these poor old pilgrims, who have travelled hundreds of miles, perhaps, to visit some favourite shrine, thus cared for and waited upon by princes and princesses. The ex-Queen of Naples belongs to this society, and almost all the nobility of Rome, and the jewels flashing upon neck, arm, and hand, are in singular contrast with the garb and attitude of humiliation.

Thoroughly wearied with the round of religious sights during this exciting week, you retire to rest on Saturday night, and sleep soundly, to be roused at daybreak by a salvo of artillery from the castle of St. Angelo, followed by the clanging of bells, trampling of horses, drums, bugles, trumpets, and confused murmur of human voices. You start up, believing at first that Garibaldi or Victor Emmanuel must be at the gates, but suddenly remember that it is Easter day, and the hubbub is not caused by tumult, but by rejoicing; and so hasten to dress and snatch a hurried breakfast, in order to be at St. Peter's in time for the ceremony, or rather, in time to get a seat for it. But the day I would describe was not at all what you expect Easter day in Rome to be. The sirocco was blowing, and bringing with it a miserable, drifting, misty rain, hot and depressing; the soldiers, as they passed under the windows, all had their great-coats on, and the very tails of the horses drooped despondingly. The

splendidly liveried footmen, dangling behind the gay carriages the cardinals, held an umbrella to protect their finery, or ca wistful glances at the sacred red umbrella of their master, carri invariably on the top of a cardinal's carriage, but only open when his Eminence deigns to descend and take a walk, when is held over his head by one of the footmen. Added to t depressing influence of the weather, the Pope was ill, and, it w rumoured, would not be able to take part in the solemn functio of the day. So as there was no carriage to be had, we determin to forfeit our tickets, don our waterproofs, and walk leisurely St. Peter's, and mingle with the crowd in the nave. When arrived, the soldiers were drawn up awaiting the procession, a the people thronged the doors in eager expectation, for it st seemed doubtful whether the Pope would be present. But at la the silver trumpets were heard announcing his approach, and was borne in as on Palm Sunday, excepting that he wore t tiara, and a canopy was carried over his head, and the fans white peacocks' feathers by his side; the dresses, too, of all t attendants were richer. He looked pale and old, and his ey were shut as he gave his blessing right and left. I believe th is his usual custom, some say because the motion of the cha makes him giddy; but the superstitious affirm that it is becau he knows himself to be possessed of the evil eye, and so avoi casting it upon those he blesses. A strange superstition truly this, yet one almost universal among the Romans, and not l any means confined to the lower orders. It seems unaccountab that those who look upon the Pope as God's vicegerent upo earth, and reverence him as such, should yet credit him with o of the devil's attributes; yet so it is, for even the most devo when kneeling to receive his blessing, will secretly *make horns* avert the evil influence.

On this occasion mass was performed by a cardinal prie instead of the Pope, and the voice of the latter was sadly misse for it exceeds that of all the cardinals in power and sweetne The interesting ceremony of blessing the people and the who world, from the balcony over the portico of St. Peter's, usual concludes the ceremonies of Easter day, but on this occasi (1864), in consequence of the rain and the Pope's illness, it w omitted, and the blessing was given inside the church instea The Pope was borne to the centre of the aisle, the troops ar most of the people kneeling around him, and there, rising fro his chair, he stretched out his hand, uttered a word or two, an

then fell back exhausted, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears. Three times he rose, and essayed in vain to give the blessing, but at last, by a great effort, succeeded in pronouncing the solemn words of the benediction, and was carried, half fainting, from the church.

This exhibition of weakness in the venerable pontiff was inexpressibly affecting, and few who witnessed it could have believed that he would have survived till now, with life and energy to preside over an Œcumenical Council, and to demand, successfully, to be declared infallible. He is now close verging upon the term beyond which no pontiff has ever occupied the papal throne, and which tradition says can never be exceeded excepting by Antichrist. Will he live to fulfil the twenty-five years given by tradition as the reign of St. Peter? and if he exceeds that term, will he be looked upon by his subjects as Antichrist? or will they profess to look upon the fall of the temporal power as the end of his reign, and so assert that he has *not* exceeded the term allowed by the prophecy? So general at that time was the feeling that he could not long survive, that discussions as to his probable successor were loud and frequent, and we were urged to remain a little longer in order to witness a pope's funeral and the election of a new pontiff. We did remain a week, in order to see the illumination of St. Peter's, which was delayed on account of the rain, and the Girandola, or exhibition of fireworks, which takes place in the Piazza del Popolo the day after the illumination; but as during that time the Pope grew better instead of worse, and we had even seen him taking an airing in his shabby old coach, with its four long-tailed horses, we thought it useless to await his decease, and so bade adieu to Rome, and turned our faces towards Naples.

THE MONTH: IN THE CHURCH AND IN THE WORLD.

WHEN the daily newspapers make "the Crisis of the Church of England" a prominent line in their contents' bills, it is evident that there is something more than a mere storm in a teacup in progress, some disturbance more serious than a debate as to the fashion of a vestment or the mode of a chant. And thus it is at the present moment. Now, if ever, "Mens hearts are failing them for fear" and on all sides we see symptoms of restlessness which betoken little that is good to the Established Church of the country. The recent judgment in the Purchas Case which was delivered just as we were going to press with our last number has taken us completely by surprise. The assertion of the illegality of the eucharistic vestments was regarded as a possible issue of the trial by many, but few if any anticipated that the Committee would come forward to give definite interpretation to the rubric which governs the position of the celebrant during the Prayer of Consecration and such an interpretation, moreover, as would in effect prove to be not merely a condemnation of Mr. Purchas, but of a very large number of moderate men who have no sympathy with his views. That the Incumbent of the dingy little Chapel at the east end of Brighton, would sooner or later meet with a rebuke for the extravagance of the practices adopted by him and his assistants, is only what every one who has attended the service at St. James's, must have anticipated, but that a question so involved and fraught with such momentous issues would be thus summarily decided without argument in its defence was expected by none, not even by the most ardent member of the Church Association. Without discussing the justice of the decision on which opinion is strongly divided, there can be little question that the Committee has dealt a serious blow to the Church of England in thus declaring the practice of some of the most earnest and consistent of her clergy to be illegal, and if the judgment is enforced by the Bishops, the conse-

quences will be little short of disastrous. And yet it is difficult to see how their Lordships can remain silent on the question. All we have to demand is, that if the law, as declared, is to be put in motion it shall be enforced fairly and equally on men of all parties. If the position before the altar is to be given up, those who by their persistent demands for legislation have brought about this result must be prepared to do their part by acting up to the requirements of the Prayer Book on many points in which compliance will doubtless prove to be very distasteful. The whole question, however, is still in abeyance, as the judgment has not yet been presented to the Queen for confirmation, and directly it is so presented Her Majesty will be petitioned to allow the case to be heard again with counsel for the Defendant.

Peace outside Paris has been followed by war within, and it is difficult to foresee what may have happened by the time these lines are in our readers' hands. With a Red Republican minority overawing the majority of quietly-disposed citizens, and the Government apparently lacking decision to crush the rebellion, the most serious consequences must ensue; and it would scarcely be a matter for regret if the Prussians were to re-occupy the ill-fated city until its government is re-established on a secure basis.

The debates on Mr. Cardwell's Army Reconstruction Bill in the House of Commons, which are still in progress, have been marked by a most questionable effort on the part of the Government to close the discussion, a proceeding promptly resisted by members on both sides of the House. Of the policy of the measure it will be time to speak when we see in what shape it leaves the Commons.

The progress of the new Revised Code through the two Houses of Parliament has been attended with more opposition than Mr. Forster anticipated, although on all the main points at issue he has declined to be moved from his intended course. To the advocates of religious instruction he will concede nothing, even where the concession might have been granted without doing the slightest violence to the letter or the spirit of the Act; and unless we are much mistaken he will have cause to regret his determination to insist on the two hours of secular instruction in the afternoon, resulting in the practical exclusion of religious teaching in the majority of instances. In regard to night schools, the acceptation of sixty meetings instead of eighty, and of forty instead of fifty attendances as a qualifi-

cation for examination was almost a necessity, for without suc a reduction of the original demand the system would have bee rendered comparatively valueless in country parishes where eve the minimum of school nights and attendances stipulated fo will be extremely difficult of attainment. The obstinate res lution to exclude music, or, to put it more clearly, to cut o instruction in sight-singing from the list of subjects, f which extra grants can be obtained, has also been mo unwise, and although the *Times* with one of its ignora sneers at what it terms "mere æstheticism," supports the pr ceeding, Mr. Forster's answers to the deputation which waite upon him, and to Mr. Reed, and Mr. Winterbotham, in th House of Commons, coupled with his promise to include th teaching of singing, as a part of elementary instruction, aft March 31st, 1872, lead one to suppose that he sees to some ex tent the blunder he has made. To argue that Inspectors canno be found to test musical education is absurd, for although i may be true that the ordinary Inspectors are ignorant of musi —and it is a manifest disqualification for their office that the should be so—there are several well-known men available fo the work, provided proper remuneration is offered for it. Fo the present year, however, the Act is virtually in force, and i only remains for Churchmen to make the best of it, and to sup plement its operation by increased earnestness in the provisio of religious instruction for the young in the Church and in th Sunday school. The State will give us no aid in the matte but liberty of conscience remains to all, and if the Church doe her duty the altered system may yet be made subservient t the promotion of her highest aims.

The so-called boon granted by the Postmaster General, in th return to the old system of parcel postage by which packets no containing *bonâ fide* samples can be sent at reduced rates, i after all nothing more than an *amende honorable* for an injur inflicted on the public without any legitimate object, and th inconvenience we have suffered is certainly not compensated fo by the provision of a new table of charges for Money Order The permission to send an ounce, instead of half an ounce i the letter postage for one penny is a more appreciable advantag but Mr. Monsell's doctrine of finality in Post Office managemen sounds very like nonsense, as if the present Government hold office long enough, he will in all probability appear again in th House, after a fair amount of outside pressure, to announce the

decision of the authorities to reduce the postage on half ounce letters to a halfpenny. Sooner or later it must come to this, and the convenience of the Post Card system will inevitably lead to this logical development of the principle.

The changes in the Government, consequent upon the retirement of Mr. Childers—a retirement be it remembered which circumstances would have rendered necessary, even if the Ex First Lord had not been incapacitated by ill-health—are of a somewhat startling character. The transference of Mr. Goschen, who made an admirable Poor Law administrator, to the head of the Board of Admiralty, where he has everything to learn, is a move on which Mr. Gladstone can scarcely be congratulated, even by the most sympathetic Liberal, and all we can hope for is, that the new Minister of Marine will have sufficient discretion to avoid the rock on which his predecessor has struck, and share the responsibilities of office with his colleagues. A sop to Cerberus has been awarded by the Treasury, in the shape of a pension of £500 a year to Sir Spencer Robinson, but although the sting has been taken out of the intended passage of arms on this *cause celèbre*, we shall yet hear more of it. The subsequent announcements are more satisfactory. Mr. Baxter will find congenial work at the Treasury, and Mr. Lefevre will in all probability make an energetic secretary to the Admiralty. Mr. Winterbotham, although young in Parliamentary work, is an experienced barrister and an able speaker; while his speech in the debate on the Revised Code, proves that he is sufficiently independent of party trammels to act fairly and honestly. Such a man is wanted as a lieutenant to Mr. Bruce.

The passing of the new Lectionary Bill through both Houses of Parliament, marred though it has been by the resolution passed on the motion of Lord Cairns to withdraw the recitals of the approval of Convocation from the Preamble, will be generally welcomed. The sanction just afforded in the York Convocation has completed the authorization for its use, without which Churchmen would have regarded it with distrust, and although, the old table of lessons is endeared to us by association, and has many points in its favour, we believe that the new order will be found generally acceptable, the greater brevity of some of the chapters chosen being an important element in its favour.

The decision to remove the organ from the centre to the entrance of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, so that it will be available for the Services under the dome, as well as for the

ordinary daily offices will be regarded with satisfaction. Mu cally of course opinions will differ, as to the wisdom of tl altering the position of old Father Smith's instrument, l while there is a good deal to be said in favour of its pres situation as far as mere sound is concerned, one fatal object to it is that the organist is utterly unable to see, and alm unable to hear what is going on below him in the choir sta Hence arises that not unfrequent jar between the organ and voices, which is so painful to the congregation. This will course be obviated by the new arrangement, and if use is m of the electric action or of some similar contrivance, the organ will be able to have his keyboard so fixed as to take his s among the choir. Another advantage secured by this plan w be the proper placing of the congregation at the dome servic and this in itself will be no slight boon. The choir too will brought close to the officiating clergyman and the preacher, a this again will carry with it an obvious improvement in t rendering of the services. So far then the Committee of t Completion Fund seems to have begun its work well, and have decided to provide for necessaries before attempting deal with the more æsthetic branches of the important wo Why should not the weekly offertory be introduced, especial on Sunday evenings, as a means of helping it forward?

When we compare the absence of national rejoicing on t occasion of the marriage of Princess Louise, with that which h marked previous events of the same character, we can scarce fail to be struck with the fact that the disapproval of H Majesty's decision, that the ceremony should take place in Le was more deeply shared by the people, than men were inclined suppose would be the case. From the clergy demonstrations loyalty always spring in the first instance, and in this case it w impossible for them to take the initiative without doing violen to their consciences. In future years we trust that the less will not pass unheeded.

The bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister h been once more successfully opposed and thrown out of the Lor by a majority of twenty-six; Lord Penzance coming forward the supporter of the measure, and the Duke of Northumberla moving its rejection. Lord Denman truly summed up tl objections to the bill when he said that such marriages we contrary to Scripture and the ancient law of the Catholic Churc and against the will of the people.

Music in London seldom presents any very noticeable features in the first three months of the year; but the fact that Mr. Henry Leslie has given two concerts with the aid of his famous choir, and that Mr. Barnby, the organist of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, has recommenced his oratorio concerts by a performance of Bach's unequalled "Passion Music," deserves to be chronicled. The classical programmes provided by Mr. Arthur Chappell at the Monday Popular Concerts continue to attract multitudes of listeners, who have absolutely educated themselves by a constant attendance at these admirable performances. We know of nothing which is better calculated to prove the immense advance of a love for high-class music among Englishmen than a visit to one of these concerts; for, making due allowance for a proportion of the audience who come because it is the fashion, there remains a very large number actually drawn together by a genuine desire to sit at the feet of those great creators of the beautiful—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn.

Before our next number is in our readers' hands, the Census of 1871 will have been taken, and the vast mass of facts, and figures, so important in their bearing on the national welfare will have been collected in the rough. One of the numerous difficulties already presented to those who have the charge of the work lies in the accurate division of the Ecclesiastical districts throughout the country, the boundaries of new parishes being frequently a matter of debate, even between their respective incumbents. Owing to this and other causes many months must elapse before the returns relating to this portion of the work can be issued, and in all probability they will not be ready for publication until the latter end of next year.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Episodes in an Obscure Life. Three Volumes. Strahan and Co.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was then Bishop of Londo consecrated the Church of St. Peter, London Docks, he made son happy remarks in the course of his speech at the luncheon, upo the golden bond of sympathy which such work as that initiated b Mr. Lowder had created between the west and the east of the gre metropolis. In days gone by, as his lordship said, the wealthier i habitants of the noble squares knew little, and cared less, about th wants of their poorer brethren; for although they were ready enoug to open their purses to the appeals of the clergy, they seldom ga personal aid in mission work, or attempted to learn for themselv the extent of the misery they were asked to relieve. Now all changed. The spirit of the great second commandment is bett appreciated, and on every side we see indications of a willingness o the part of those who live in the midst of luxury and ease to see out the homes of the careworn and the destitute, and to speak to the the kindly word which often goes farther than the mere almsgivin through some appointed channel. Such a happy alteration has nat rally made the work of the clergy less depressing, and the fact th they are no longer working alone has given them fresh strength f their arduous labours. But in times which we can all remember th case was totally different. The young curate began altogether b himself, unaided by a band of lay helpers, uncheered by the mutu sympathy of kindred spirits in a clergy house, while not unfrequentl the whole duty attached to a large church and a poor parish devolv upon him. Such was the lot of the author of these "Episodes in a Obscure Life," which have attracted an amount of attention seldo bestowed on a record of what is after all purely missionary wor Anything more dull and prosaic, more wearying to an educated min more chilling to a warm and kindly nature, could scarcely be co ceived than the circumstances in which the writer was placed at th outset of his career,—his rooms were on the first floor of a bakehous with a policeman as his fellow-lodger in the room above, and the ov below, while the surroundings were of the usual Whitechapel typ the only variation on his dreary round of duties being a visit to night refuge. Out of the incidents of his daily life he has, howeve furnished a series of sketches of remarkable interest, and the absen *of any attempt* at book-making, or of the slightest effort to dress th

material into the approved shape of modern sensationalism lends an additional charm to the work. It is indeed a touching memorial of a good man's life; a tale of self-sacrifice which should have its effect in a day when even the very atmosphere in which the author lived is impregnated with the excitement and unreality of overwrought enthusiasm. In every page we see how, without any of our elaborate machinery, a good work was done; how men and women who sorely needed sympathy were comforted; and although the author's views as shadowed forth in sundry passages may not always accord with our own, we can strongly recommend his book to our readers' attention. It is in many ways a remarkable production, and is none the less noteworthy because the material of which it is composed was never intended to have been given to the world, and was only published owing to a friendly critic's opinion that the scenes and people described were "out of the common." Such, indeed, they will be found by the majority of readers, and full of serious lessons are they, not only to those who look at the misery of their fellow-creatures from a Christian point of view; but to all who are in any sense students of human nature. From the watercress girl—"Little Creases," as she was generally called—to the "scholar and gentleman" who came for aid when he had reached the lowest stage in a life of degradation, every phase of poverty and misery is sketched with a master hand, until, without the aid of the engraver's art, the figures rise before us with all the sad details of reality, proving once more that "truth is stranger than fiction." No one can rise from an attentive perusal of these volumes without being the better for it; and although we can easily understand the author's wish to end his days in a spot which must have become to him in the highest sense "holy ground," the record of his "obscure life" is only another proof of the scandal which exists in the Church of England that such men should be allowed to pass year after year in the midst of the most uninviting scenes, with a pittance which is barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. At the same time what a noble preparation is such a course as this for the higher life to come, and how emphatically true must be the writer's words when he says, "Many a heartache have those labours caused me, and yet I have found in them an exceeding great reward!"

English Premiers from Sir Robert Walpole to Sir Robert Peel. By John Charles Earle, B.A., Oxon. Two Volumes. Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Earle has done well to reprint his essays in a complete form, for although originally written for a magazine, they are so thoroughly trustworthy in matters of fact, and the author is so impartial in his

record of the views of the great statesmen of whom he treats, that th may be regarded as furnishing a fair summary of the political hist of England during the past century and a half. Thus they will welcome to the student as well as to the general reader; and althou we fully sympathize with the writer's feeling that it is wiser not discuss the career of Earl Russell, who is still amongst us, we reg that he stopped short with Sir Robert Peel, instead of carrying sketches down to Lord Derby, who so recently passed away. If takes at times too favourable a view of the leaders of the natio senate, we believe he errs on the right side; for when the "mellowi influence of time" passes over the deeds and words of the migh dead, it is almost impossible not to admit that the English premi have as a rule been emphatically the kings of men. Failings th have had, foibles they have given way to, but Mr. Earle's verd is just when he says, "If we compare the catalogue of our pri ministers from the demise of Queen Anne downwards with that any other country during the same period, we shall see cause to c gratulate ourselves on the nation's having been governed by m whose probity and sagacity on the whole have been unrivalled el where." Heartily concurring as we do in this opinion, we recomme our friends to turn to Mr. Earle's chronicles for themselves, and we c promise them many hours of pleasant and profitable reading.

Mission Life. An Illustrated Magazine. Edited by the Rev. J. Halcombe, M.A. Volume for 1870. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin

One of the great difficulties in the work of sustaining our gr missionary societies is the problem, How to interest our home po lation in the wants of the heathen world? The days of spec sermons and "deputations" seem almost to have passed away, a the "missionary meeting," a favourite institution in years gone can scarcely be said to maintain its attractiveness. How then are t educated classes of Churchmen, and the young more especially, to made acquainted with the solemn realities of the ignorance of Ch tianity still existing among the native population of three-fourths the world, and of the disregard of its principles by the great mass civilized colonists? The answer to this question—and it is one vital importance—is we think conclusively furnished in the volu before us. "Mission Life" exactly supplies the want we have in cated. Its literary merit is high, its illustrations are good, and matter is altogether free from the "cant" which has disfigured so m similar publications, and from the exaggerated details of success labour which repel far more than they attract. Mr. Halcombe m well be satisfied with the result of his editorial work in the volu before us, and we can but think that it would be a wise act on

part of the missionary societies which spend a large proportion of their incomes on magazines, if they were to suspend some of them, and devote the capital to the support of "Mission Life."

Our Lord's Life on Earth. By the Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., LL.D. Six Volumes. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

AT the present season we have much pleasure in noticing these volumes, and especially the fourth and fifth, which treat of our Lord's Passion, although we must in justice to ourselves state that the writer's theology is of a very different school from our own. His teaching on the sacraments is from our standpoint fatally deficient, although it contains far more spirituality than would be found in the sermons of many other preachers of his communion. As books for devotional reading, however, these studies of our Lord's life will be found really valuable, and the author's power of bringing vividly before the reader the varied scenes in the Saviour's course gives them a title to a permanent place among the standard works on New Testament history. A word of praise must be awarded to the manner in which the publishers have done their work. The type is large and readable, and the binding in green and gold makes the set well adapted for a present.

The Poems of John Oldham. Edited with a Memoir, by Robert Bell. Griffin and Co.

VERY few but students of English literature know the name, and still less the works of this quaint old poet, who was so strikingly endowed with the power of satire, and whose free use of the dangerous gift renders some of his writings scarcely suited to our conventional ideas of fair speaking. He was a striking specimen of the sturdy Protestant of his day,—a day when party spirit ran high, and the Pope and the Jesuits were regarded as the incarnation of evil. His verse, it is true, is extremely rugged, while at times his language borders on what Pope termed "Billingsgate;" but as a literary curiosity, no less than as furnishing a striking picture of the state of society at the period of the Restoration, this little volume possesses considerable interest.

Keys to Christian Knowledge:—1. The Holy Bible. By the Rev. J. H. Blunt. 2. The Book of Common Prayer. By the Rev. J. H. Blunt. 3. Church History (Ancient). Edited by the Rev. J. H. Blunt. 4. The Narrative of the Four Gospels. By the Rev. J. P. Norris. 5. Christian Doctrine and Practice founded on the Church Catechism. By the Rev. J. H. Blunt. Rivingtons.

AMONG the numberless volumes for which Churchmen have to thank Messrs. Rivington we know of none more likely to be practically

useful than the series before us. Of cheap and reliable text-books of this nature there has hitherto been a great want. Keys to the knowledge and use of the Bible there have been indeed, but they have mainly emanated from Nonconformists; and those who desire a trustworthy manual, written from a Churchman's point of view, will therefore welcome the little books by Mr. Blunt and Mr. Norris, dealing respectively with the Old and New Testament history. To the Book of Common Prayer we had absolutely no popular "Key" until this appeared, and if we were asked to select one number of the series for special commendation, it would be this comprehensive work by the editor of those noble volumes, the "Annotated Prayer Book" and the "Dictionary of Doctrinal and Pastoral Theology." The history and meaning of the various offices are clearly and concisely explained, and no home should be without a copy of the little book, so well calculated as it is to excite and encourage an intelligent interest in our Church services. If the meaning of our "forms" were more frequently explained, and the reasons of our faith were put forward as clearly as they are here, we should have less listless and ignorant Churchmen and consequently less Dissenters. The key to "Ancient Church History," carrying the record down to the fifteenth century, is admirably done; although even admitting the desirability of brevity in such works, we question whether it would not have been wiser to have devoted two volumes to the large subject. A sketch of modern Church history is to follow, and the series at present ends with a Key to "Christian Doctrine and Practice founded on the Church Catechism," by Mr. Blunt. We are often asked to recommend books for use in Church Sunday schools, and we therefore take this opportunity of saying that we know of none more likely to be of service, both to teachers and scholars, than these Keys. Of their soundness in matters of faith there can be no question, while their correctness in facts and figures is also beyond dispute.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

At the present time, when confirmations are being held in every diocese, our readers will thank us for calling their attention to the new edition of *Bishop Ken's Approach to the Altar* (Griffith and Farren), a valuable little manual, compiled from his "Manual of Prayer" and "Practice of Divine Love." From the hand which gave us the inimitable Morning and Evening Hymn, and that noble volume of poetry, "The Christian Year," which is said to have suggested to Keble his later work, we have in this little book a choice collection of prayers and meditations; and the tasteful style in which it is printed and bound makes it well fitted for a gift to the newly confirmed. Happy would it be for all young Churchmen if they could

make their first communion in the spirit and with the faith of the good old bishop; and we know of no better means to attain this end than to encourage the use of such works as that before us, free from extravagance of diction, and full of what is in the highest sense Catholic truth.

The encouragement of cottage gardening in the country, and of window gardening—the best possible approximation to it—in the town, is one of the most happy signs of the interest taken by the higher classes in the real welfare of working men and their families. With a club for the winter, and a garden for the summer, the artisan always has healthy employment for mind and body, and true philanthropy can adopt no better means for securing its ends than by providing him with both these resources. When the little plot of ground is obtained, however, the question still remains, How is it to be made useful? and in the view of the approaching spring, we have great pleasure in calling our readers' attention to Mr. E. W. Badger's Prize Essay on "Cottage Gardening" (Houlston and Sons), which supplies information on all needful points, including hints on cultivation generally, the crops to be grown, and how to grow them; and a most useful calendar of operations, arranged under the different months. The clergy and country gentlemen can scarcely confer a greater benefit on their parishioners and tenants than by distributing copies of this useful little work, which can he obtained at a reduced price for this special object.

Those who are concerned in the management of parochial clubs and working men's exhibitions will do well to read two prize essays by W. G. Fretton on *Parochial and Mutual Improvement Societies* and *Industrial Exhibitions* (Simpkin). They are forcibly written, and appear to bethe result of personal experience.

One of the most welcome of the "new editions" of the month is the volume of *Mant's Ancient and Original Hymns* (Rivingtons) which deserves to be far better known than it is, especially among the compilers of hymn-books, who have made but sparing use of its contents. The two hymns, "For all Thy saints, O Lord," and "Round the throne in glory seated," (an abbreviated version of "Bright the vision that delighted,") are tolerably well-known, but there are many other beautiful compositions in the volume which are too seldom heard. At the present moment our readers will thank us for setting before them one extract from this collection by the good old bishop of the Irish Church, supplying a lesson much needed at the present time, and which coming from the source it does will command greater respect than would perhaps be accorded to similar teaching from living lips. It is entitled "A Hymn Commendatory of the Church's Signs of Reverence."

"In bath baptismal who can know,
By Christ repaired, our primal loss,
Yet grudge the new-born Christian's brow
Sign of his faith, the Saviour's cross?

"Who at Christ's mystic board can feel
The value of His heavenly food,
Yet grudge in lowly guise to kneel
In memory of the Saviour's blood?

"Who can in thought to heaven ascend
Whence Man the Son of God became,
Yet grudge the head, the knee to bend
In honour of the Saviour's name?

"Such honour deem we justly Thine,
Such honour, Lord, wilt Thou approve,
Nor slight in each expressive sign
Thy Church's reverence, faith, and love.

"Lord, to Thy name for ever be
From us as from the angel host
All glory paid; and one with Thee
The Father and the Holy Ghost."

EVERY reader of the reports of the Royal Wedding which filled many columns of last week's newspapers must have realized mc completely the value of *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and House Commons* for 1871 (Dean and Son). The short sketches they supp of all persons connected with the State, the Senate, and the Benc are always useful, but at such times they possess a special interes and having had frequent occasion to consult the three volumes, w can bear witness to their uniform accuracy. The illustrations of th armorial bearings are capitally done, and in the matter of type, paper and binding, the books leave nothing to be desired. None of ou annuals are more practically useful, and none are edited with greater care and accuracy. We understand that the publishers are about to issue another book of a similar character, entitled "Our Educational Parliament," which will contain sketches of the members of the various School Boards throughout the country, forming, we should imagine, one of the most curious series of biographies ever placed before the public.

Churchman's Shilling Magazine & Family Treasury.

GODFREY FANE'S TWO LEGACIES.

BY E. C. HICKEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PET OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

TIME wore on a pace; March with its cutting winds and clouds of dust had come. Sir Henry, Lady Temple and Margie had gone to pass Easter with some friends in Herefordshire—leaving the home party to consist of Helen, Hugh and the little boys.

Hugh was a most indulgent elder brother, and consequently a prime favourite with Johnnie and Archie, whose great delight it was to be allowed to accompany him in his walks, particularly when he was joined by Godfrey Fane.

Hugh laughingly remarked one day,

"Fane, I'm jealous, my little brothers are becoming so fond of you, that I expect you will be cutting me out of their affection soon. You have certainly a most winsome way with children; there is Archie who loves you, I verily believe, better than he loves any one—since you brought him through that scarlatina last January."

Johnnie and Archie had both been attacked by fever in the middle of January, and, as Hugh said, the doctor had gained

the love of his little patient Archie, to no small degree; Johnn loved him also—but Archie and Dr. Fane were "the friends."

Godfrey Fane smiled, as he answered Hugh.

"There is something to me most loving in a little child, wi his freshness of mind, and purity of faith; I have ere n sneered at Man's credulity, but the faith of a child is to deeper than that of manhood, for man reasons himself i belief, or tries to do so—a child believes before he reasons, that Faith in him is perfect." "Except ye be converted a become as little children," soliloquized Hugh—then after pause, turning to Godfrey, he said,

"Old fellow, you should marry, and expand your love of chi ren upon your own bairns." An unearthly paleness overspre Dr. Fane's face; every muscle contracted as if in torture, wh he spoke, and his voice was hoarse and constrained.

"Hugh! I shall never marry; don't suggest the idea again

Unlucky Hugh! he looked for a moment at Godfrey—then sa

"I fear my words pained you; I am very sorry."

Dr. Fane turned away; after a second or so he spoke, and h voice had recovered its accustomed tone,

"I promised Johnnie and Archie to take them to Upto Thuresby this afternoon—I am going there to see a patient, an as the case is not infectious the laddies can come—and you?"

"With all my heart."

The young men sallied forth—Hugh had met Godfrey at th Infirmary gate, and upon leaving the town and coming withi reach of Norraston House, they caught sight of Johnnie an Archie, who, with their sister awaited their approach.

When they had exchanged the usual conventional phras of "How do you do" "I thank you, quite well" and such lik trivialities of greeting, the doctor asked Helen whether she i tended to accompany them on their walk to Upton-Thuresby she replied in the affirmative; so the party got under weig and enjoyed much the clear, frosty air. As Hugh watched Hel and Godfrey engaged in an animated discussion on some a sorbing topic, he said to himself, "I wish Fane had not made u his mind not to marry, he and Nellie would be such a nice pa and he would be a jolly brother-in-law."

They had proceeded some way towards their destinatio when the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard coming after the Looking back, Johnnie exclaimed,

"This is your gig, Gi."





"It was a picture to see them as they went along. The young man's stalwart arm thrown round Archie to keep

"Gi" was a contraction for "giant"—a pet name which the children had for the doctor.

"My gig?"

Just then the vehicle drove up, and the servant alighting, passed a note to his master.

He read it—then, said,

"Hugh, I have been called in to see Farmer Hoy's wife, who has bad bronchitis—so I fear our walk must be postponed."

The two little boys assailed Dr. Fane, catching hold of his coat-tails beyond which Archie did not reach, and simultaneously they exclaimed,

"Please take us with you, dear, good Gi; we shall be so good."

He gently patted both little urchins on the head, and turned to Hugh, mutely asking permission to accede to the request. Hugh laughed assent; so Godfrey lifted the boys into the gig, and, dismissing the servant, he bade good afternoon to Helen and her brother, and then mounting beside the children the trio drove off.

It was a picture to see them as they went along. The young man's stalwart arm, thrown round Archie to keep him steady (Johnnie was supposed to be able to take care of himself) and the little one, who as yet, spoke in remnants of his baby language, coaxing for the whip, and promising "not to vip vaey hawd."

Archie's attention, after a while, was attracted towards some lambs in one of the fields which skirted the roadside. He pointed them out to Johnnie; and Dr. Fane was amused at the remarks passed by the little boys upon the wee sportive creatures: at last, with a face of wondering enquiry Archie looked up, and said,

"Oh! Gi, is not the gweat God vaey good?"

"He is, Archie: but why do you ask?"

"Cause He made tho' lile lambs. Gi, aw not there lambs in Heaven?"

"What makes you say so, Archie?"

"Nellie told us on Sunday evening that there is one kind man called Chiste who has lambs, and He takes them in His awms. Oh! I love Him! do not you?"

"I do, my boy, and I love you also."

There was a short pause; then—

"Why don't you keep a dog, Dr. Fane?" asked Joh suddenly.

"I have never had but one, Johnnie, and he met such a death that I have never had another pet animal."

"What happened to him?" said Johnnie.

"Please tell us," said Archie.

"It is rather a long story," began the doctor; but he interrupted by,—

"Oh! I do love a long stowy," from Archie.

"When I was a little boy," continued his friend, "I liv Dublin with my mother——"

"Where was your papa?" said Johnnie.

"Sometimes in Dublin also; he was an officer, and he in barracks, but my mother and I lodged in a house in o the suburbs of the city, called Rathmines. I used to go school every day, and one afternoon, when I was settin home with my satchel under my arm, I was met by my fa who said he was coming to see my mother, and that I c walk home with him. Our road lay through several stree my school was a long way from our home, and, upon tu into one, we saw a crowd of ragged urchins dragging ab little half-starved puppy by means of a rope tightly tw round his neck. I had always had a horror of cruelty in shape or form, and my heart bled at the sight of the ani pain from the wanton torture these boys were inflicting up I turned wistfully to the group, and wished that my m were with me, for I imagined she could have prevented cruelty. I suppose my father noticed my watching the sig the poor dog's ill-treatment, though he gave me no credi tender-heartedness, for he said, 'Should not you like to be o those boys, Godfrey, and able to tease that puppy; all boy cruel.' 'No, papa,' said I; and then I broke off abruptl my anger was roused by seeing the object of my compa receive a cruel blow from a leathern thong from one of the Flinging my satchel to the ground I dashed in impetuously the group, and then tried with might and main to wrest the which held the puppy from the hand of the boy who dra him along. I succeeded in gaining it, and then threw m against the lad, and commenced beating him black and while he returned my blows with interest. At this crisi *father interposed.* He took hold of my collar; the other *stood by in astonishment at the turn affairs had taken*

hesitating as to whether or not they should aid their ragged companion in a hand to hand combat with a sturdy boy whose muscular development considerably exceeded theirs. 'Hold hard, Godfrey,' said my father; 'don't disgrace yourself by a street brawl; let go the boy, let go, I say!'—but I held on like a vice, saying that I should not leave him until I had obtained a promise that the pup should not be illtreated. The boy here called out that if my father would give him half-a-crown he would give up the dog. I had never previously asked a favour from my father, but now I did so; I prayed him to buy the dog for me——"

"And did he?" asked Archie, eagerly.

"After he had asked the lad where he had obtained the puppy, and found out that it was one of several which his father had been given to drown by the gentleman who owned them, he then drew forth the coveted coin, and transferred it to the lad's grimy paw, while I became the happy possessor of the rescued puppy.

"Oh! I am so glad!" and Archie gave a deep sigh of relief, while Johnnie clammered for the continuation of the story.

"I named my dog Mars."

"Why?" asked Archie.

"Because my father was an officer, and in the old Greek fables 'Mars' was the god of war. Some day, when you are older, Archie, I shall tell you more about the heathen gods. I think my mother was a little alarmed at the idea of having a dog as our inmate; but, knowing that I had very few pleasures, and also wishing to encourage in me a kindly spirit towards dumb animals, she consented to my keeping him. He was the first and last gift I ever received from my father, for he bade us good-bye that evening, as his regiment had received orders to go to Aldershot at once, *en route* for Gibraltar; and five months after he left us my mother got a letter telling of his death;—but, however, I had lost my dog before I lost my father. Mars was a great beauty; he was of the retriever breed, like Hugh's dog, General, and he promised to be a splendid animal. There was an affection between Mars and me, which sometimes exists, but not very often, between dogs and their masters. I never went to bed without knowing that he was lying on the mat outside my door; and in the morning mother and I always had a short walk before our breakfast, in summer, when the dog accompanied us. I taught him to stay with my mother during my

school hours; but, three days before the Midsummer holiday commenced, Mars took it into his head to follow me. Twice he did so, without my noticing his presence until close to Mr. Dillon's, the master's, and as I was obliged to return home with him, and back then to school, I lost time, and both days I was marked 'late' in consequence.

"I must tell you, children, that I had one enemy at school—a boy three or four years older than I was. I was not quite nine at the time. This boy's name was Richardson; he hated me because I would not tell him all the answers to his sums and other lessons, in which I was more forward than he. I knew I was breaking the rules to do so, and any boy who was found out was fined; but I would not tell the answers, because I thought it dishonest to let those pass as your own which another boy has given. Richardson hated me for what he called my illnature."

"Was it illnature, Gi?" said Johnnie.

"No, Johnnie; I never refused to help him in learning lessons if I happened to understand them better than he did, but I never would give him an answer of mine, to pretend that it was his own, as he would have done. He used to annoy me terribly sometimes, by way of punishing me, splitting my nibs and putting dust into my ink, which, when taken up in the pen, helped to blot my copy, and I dared not complain, even had I wished, for tell-tales were always sorely used by the other boys; but I hated telling tales in any event. However, I did not mind him very much, so long as he did no worse than cause me to be kept in for an hour sometimes on account of a blotted copy ——"

"I wish I had been there!" said Johnnie.

"I wis' I had, too!" lisped Archie.

"For what, little men?"

"To give Wichawdson a twashing, for he desawved it!" said Archie, with his little face all aglow with generous indignation.

"Well I think he did, laddies; but, unfortunately, I had no heroic friend to fight my battles, and I could not do so myself for he was a much larger and stronger boy than I was, and I should have been vanquished in no time,—at least, I thought so."

"I know what I should have done," said Johnnie, sagely; "I should have told my mother, and asked her to speak to the master."

"My mother knew all about it, Johnnie."

"Why did she not prevent it?" rejoined the boy.

"Because she knew that it would only create ill-will and ill-feeling amongst the boys and me if she made a row on my account, where no actually great harm had been done to me. I once said I should never go again to school while Richardson was there, and my mother said in answer, 'My darling, live above your school trials; I know they are hard for you to bear up against, but when you know more of life and its deeper sorrows, you will smile at your impatience with a boy whose annoying practices are not worthy of your notice. As to your not going to school again while he is there, I know my Godfrey would bear anything rather than grieve his mother, and it would grieve me to have you idling at home.' So I promised to bear with my tormentor, and I tried to do so until the last and worst act of his unkindness to me. As I said, Mars had followed me for two days to school, and both days I had been marked 'late.' The day before the school broke up he followed me also, and upon the door being opened rushed into the house. I did not know what to do. Just at the height of my embarrassment my foe, Richardson, passed into the hall, and asked me why I had brought the dog? I explained matters to him, and to my surprise, he said that the masters had not yet come into the schoolroom, and that I should have plenty of time to conceal the dog under one of the desks at my feet, where he would probably remain quiet until recess, when I could run home with him. So I consented, and had just hidden him under the bench, and made known to him that he was to lie there quietly, when Mr. Dillon came into the room and work commenced. In the course of the arithmetic lesson Richardson drew my attention to a difficult problem which he was expected to solve, and which it was beyond the range of his brains to understand. He asked me whether I saw the answer, and I said yes; whereupon he asked me to tell it to him, and I refused. His face grew very hot, anger made it so, as he told me that unless I at once gave him the answer he would tell Mr. Dillon that my dog was under the desk, adding, 'which will ensure you a good licking, you young cub.' I was a very passionate boy, and I now gave way to my rage at his mean threat, and at the insolent name he had applied to me. I turned and gave him a tremendous blow on his shoulder, saying, 'Take that for calling me "cub"!'

"'Bravo!' shouted *Johnnie*. Archie looked up into the doctor's *face with eyes and mouth* wide open, with eager interest.

"Unrestrained by the presence of the masters, we hereupo commenced to fight more like wild animals than human being Mr. Dillon's voice broke in upon us like a thunderbolt,—

"'Boys! what do you mean by this!'

"'Fane brought a dog to school, and called me a young "cu for saying I should tell you.'"

"Oh!" groaned forth Johnnie and Archie.

"'You lie!' I cried; 'you called *me* a "cub" because I wou not tell you the answer to——"

"'Silence!' said Mr. Dillon; 'come here, Fane.'

"I left Richardson's side, and was going over to the mas t when the former gave me a hard pinch on my arm, whisper i 'You little sneak.' All my passion returned; I fell on again, and I verily believe I could willingly have killed outright. In vain the master roared to us to leave off,—in Mr. Sutton, the English teacher, tried to pull us asunder. this juncture Mars darted from his hiding-place, thinking doubt, that I was being assaulted. He caught hold of Sutton's coat-tails, to try to drag him away from me. I moment of ungoverned rage Mr. Dillon, seeing that his effort appease the quarrel had proved ineffectual, seized the first th which lay in his way, to hurl it at the dog—it was a slate,— with the impetus of passion he dashed it against my dear d I darted off, to try and ward off the blow, but it was aimed well,—it came against his head, and, cutting open his forehe laid Mars senseless on the floor."

Johnnie's and Archie's eyes were full of tears, but exciteme prevented their weeping openly; they held their breath wi the eagerness of their little hearts to hear the end.

"All passion fled from us who had been opponents. Mi was superseded by an agony of grief at the sight of my de dog. I was so overcome by seeing the ghastly sea of gore whic lay around him that I scarcely knew what I was doing,—for on instant the old passion returned as I fiercely exclaimed, 'Yo have killed Mars! I hate you all! I wish I could kill you!'

"I fancy Mr. Sutton interposed on my behalf, and succeeded in getting me off without further punishment from the master than my dog's death would prove. Be that as it may, I was allowed to lift my poor dumb friend from the floor, and, notwithstanding Mr. Sutton's assurances that his corpse was much too heavy for me to carry, I insisted upon bearing him home. Many in the street turned, and waited, and looked after the

d-looking weeping boy, carrying a dead dog, still bleeding,
which nearly bent beneath the weight. But I heeded
l paused not until I reached our home, and then laying
len at my mother's feet, poured into her sympathizing
pitiful tale."

octor ceased—both his little auditors were now weeping
–and Archie laid his curly head against his friend's arm
iis emotion, as he murmured,—

the poo-'aw dea-aw dog!"

ne soothed the child, who, after a short time, said,—

have a pup which papa did give me; I sall give it
and you must call him Maws—won't you take him
"

ane remonstrated, but Archie pleaded successfully at

* * * * * *

the doctor brought home his little charges, Hugh
iim to stay and pass the evening with them all. After
inutes debate he consented, and went in. Dinner over,
and Archie (who had made known in graphic language
r of Dr. Fane's "dawling dog Maws" to their sister)
d for a game of romps. They inveigled their guest into
hem. Helen could scarcely credit her eyes, upon seeing
e young doctor kneeling down on the floor to accommo-
size to that of his "playfellows," and submitting to
ie handkerchief tied round his head, as the badge of his
Blind Man's Buff.

ame over, Archie crept up to his accustomed haunt
was available) on Dr. Fane's knees. Johnnie came
islodge him.

ne stay, Zonnie,"—and Archie looked pleadingly into
brother's face.

ie, you always keep Gi to yourself; I want to sit on
now."

ie began to look discontented.

e is room enough for you both, little lads," said the
lacing Archie on one knee, and offering the other to
but Johnnie pouted out,—

nt your both knees, Gi,—put down Archie."

bwoddaw, let me stay dis one evening."

put his arm coaxingly round Johnnie's neck. The
ally generous nature *conquered*,—"Very well, Archie,"

said he, and he moved away; but Archie drew him back, and raising the pouting, coral lips to Johnnie's face, said,—

"Kiss me, Zonnie."

Johnnie did so, and, in their own language, they were "friends."

* * * * * * *

That night about twelve o'clock, as Dr. Fane was in the act of extinguishing his hall-lamp, preparatory to retiring for the purpose of rest, he detected the sound of footsteps coming up the walk. He opened the door, in order to be ready to receive the summoner to some sick-couch, as he imagined the person would prove.

While awaiting the arrival of the individual he turned for the purpose of taking his overcoat off the rack. Ere he had time to turn again he felt his arm seized, and to his astonishment he beheld Hugh Temple—his head bare—an expression of the greatest terror depicted upon every feature. He stood for a moment perfectly exhausted from want of breath: the doctor feared he should have burst a blood-vessel, he seemed to have run so fast.

"For heaven's sake, Hugh, what brings you at this hour?"

Hugh tried to articulate—his words were for the most part incoherent to the doctor, he only caught these,—

"Go! go! go! ARCHIE!"

Godfrey Fane scarcely knew what he was doing; for the first time in his life as a surgeon, his self-command completely failed him; pausing not to answer, nor to seize his hat, he flew along the road at the speed of a madman towards Norraston House, while one wild thought kept ringing in his ears, "*Archie ill!* ARCHIE ILL!"

* * * * * *

Little Archie Temple lay in the Doctor's arms; the child had been burnt; he and Johnnie were fast asleep in their cribs, when the maid went down stairs for some things which were wanting in the nursery; the fire was slacked down for the night; soon after the servant had gone, Archie woke; his bed was nearest to the fire; childlike, he disapproved of the darkness; so, creeping stealthily from his crib, he determined to give the fire "one tiny poke, to make a blaze'; he, however, put the poker so far under the crusted slack, that in trying to get it out again, he pulled out a piece of live coal, which, falling on his little nightshirt, set it on fire; he was thoroughly frightened; and, apprehensive lest his nurse should appear before it was extinguished, he ran to the

door, calling for Helen, whose room adjoined the children's; the current of air caused by his running fanned the fire, and, to his consternation, he was speedily enveloped in a blaze. He now screamed loudly; the household were quickly assembled, but the child suffered more than they imagined. Hugh was the only one who had presence of mind to run for the doctor.

As I said, little Archie lay in Godfrey Fane's arms; he would not permit himself to be placed in bed. When the child saw his friend enter the room, he smiled faintly, and, with the olden habit, he endeavoured to spring towards him, but he could no longer move the hitherto active little limbs, now lacerated by the flames. Godfrey lifted him tenderly, but the touch, tender and gentle though it were, made the child quiver with agony. All that human skill could suggest was done by Godfrey; but his little friend, that loving little Archie, must die. He kept him in his arms all through the night—sometimes sitting, sometimes walking up and down the room; he at one time gave him an anodyne (he had sent Hugh back to his surgery for medicines, &c.), in order to lull his consciousness of the pain. Towards morning its violence abated a little—the doctor knew that the final release must soon come, and he was glad for his darling's sake that he should go. The parents had been telegraphed for; the brothers and sister were speechless, almost tearless, with sorrow; the "pet" of the household was to leave them.

Godfrey felt the child stir slightly in his arms.

"My child, shall I lay you in bed? Does my arm hurt you?"

"No, Gi; let me stay—dear—good Gi!"

The young man averted his head—he could not, unmoved, hear the baby-boy's loving language. Presently Archie spoke again,

"Gi!" the voice was beginning to sink, "My boy?"

"Gi—will the good God let me play with the lile lambs up in His fields?" (had the child a vision of the "green pastures?")

"Yes, my darling, He will."

"De-aw Gi, Awchie loves you."

Godfrey stooped towards the soft lips—now chill from the kiss of death—the breath became fainter and fainter—one tiny arm, once dimpled and rounded, now seamed with the fiery embrace, was uplifted to Dr. Fane's neck.

"*Awchie wants to hug you, but he can't—it does hurt him so!*"

"Never mind, my child, I shall hold you in my arms."

"Poo' Mamma, Gi, and Father, they will want me."

He sighed with the weariness of the pain. Godfrey saw that all was nearly over now. He beckoned to Hugh and Helen to come closer (he had sent away poor little Johnnie, whose grief had become so unrestrained that it disturbed Archie). The brother and sister kissed the dying child. He smiled at each, then murmured—

"Gi—won't you—take my doggie. . . . Lile lambs, aw up—— in—"

Then the Good Shepherd sent an angel, and He carried him to play with the lambs of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Little Archie was safe within the Fold.

* * * * * * *

When Godfrey Fane went home that morning, he took Archie's "doggie" with him.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

I SHALL let the curtain drop over the ensuing three months; and after that interval it is raised again. It was then early June.

The Temples had deeply grieved over Archie's death, but particularly Hugh.

Godfrey Fane had gone but seldom to Norraston since his baby friend's death; indeed, save when called in professionally, he shunned it. He could not disabuse his mind of the recollection of the unkind words which Lady Temple had spoken to Hugh concerning him; nor could he forget the prejudice which he knew she entertained against him. Sir Henry boldly avowed his liking for the doctor; but even the consciousness of the good-will of the master did not compensate Godfrey Fane for his knowledge of the ill-feeling with which the mistress regarded him.

Hugh frequently urged him to dine with them; but he refused almost invariably; and the invitations generally ended in being reversed—Godfrey being the inviter, and Hugh the invited.

The affection which Hugh felt for him was becoming deeper and deeper. And Helen—she had not quite made up her mind in what light she regarded him.

Margie sometimes met him in the town. and he was ever kind in his manner towards her; but there was a *géne* sometimes which he strove to do away with, but unsuccessfully.

Town gossips amused themselves and their neighbours by saying at one time, that Dr. Fane and Miss Damer were very much attached to each other; but, that owing to Lady Temple's pride, the match was not approved of by the young lady's uncle and aunt; and that this was the reason the Doctor did not go to Norraston as often as formerly.

And whenever chance led the supposed lovers to meet, busy eyes, and still busier tongues, were engaged in watching and commenting upon their movements; and the owners of the said eyes and tongues were more often baffled than gratified—for they could not decide the point to their own satisfaction—as the doctor's manner was very unlike a distracted lover's, and he passed Miss Damer with a bow as frequently as he stopped to speak to her.

In the meantime, the doctor, whose matrimonial prospects were being settled for him without any regard to his own will in the matter, had found his practice greatly increase; so much so, that in May he engaged an assistant. One friend officiously suggested the idea, that he would probably get on even better than he did, were he a married man; to which Dr. Fane quietly replied by saying,

"My patients must be contented with me as I am."

Thus stood matters one sultry June morning, as Dr. Fane came to the Infirmary at his accustomed hour. Mr. Harvey, his assistant, followed him out of the surgery when he was leaving, and asked—

"Have you heard that Colonel Thorold, of Frere Park, died last night of apoplexy?"

"No, I had not; who was his physician?"

"Mr. Woodard. I remember hearing he was very jealous of you when you came here."

"Well, I believe, Harvey, that I could better afford to lose patients than he could. He has a large family.

"I hope," continued Mr. Harvey, "that the new comers will employ us."

"Who are they? the Colonel had no sons."

"No; a Mr. Beaufort is his heir—a Mr. Beaufort, of Ardennes, in Derbyshire—his nephew on his mother's side; he—Dr. Fane! You look ill! Has the great heat overcome you?"

The doctor smiled, a wan, sickly smile,

"Yes," he said, "'tis very warm, and I do not feel well; I shall get home as soon as I can; you can attend to the rest of to-day's patients—unless any very particular case calls me, I shall depute you."

The Doctor and his partner shook hands, and went their different roads.

* * * * * *

Frere Park was a beautiful demesne, belonging to the properties of Upper Frere and Hycombe Thuresby, situated about eight miles from Market Norraston, and nine from Norraston House.

As the reader may have conjectured, the Mr. Beaufort of Ardennes, who was next heir to Colonel Thorold, was the Mr. Beaufort, father to Edred.

Ardennes was a small property which he had inherited from his grandfather, and he gladly left it for Frere Park.

In the August following the Colonel's death, Mr. Beaufort, his sister and daughter had come to their new home (Vere Beaufort was in Scotland spending the "long"). The county families gladly hailed their advent; expecting that it would be the means of enlivening the neighbourhood, which, as Margaret Dare observed, appeared to be in a perpetual state of stagnation. A faint effort to rouse the mental pulse of the gentry was sometimes wont to be made by a few philanthropic individuals; but they seldom got beyond a "quiet dinner" for the gentlemen; or, what Helen and Margie designated a "paste party" for the individuals of both sexes; so named from the fact that the ladies were ranged in order round the walls—pasted thereto figuratively—and that the gentlemen stood in groups near the door, there being no amusement provided which could induce either the ladies to leave their seats or the gentlemen their post at the doorway; so these parties, as may be imagined, were not very enlivening. The dinners in particular, were very "quiet," their flatness being rigidly carried out, even to the champagne! in some houses. About once a year, the Temples gave a dance; but this year Archie's death had prevented that gaiety.

Scarcely had the Beauforts been a week at Frere Park, and certainly from the very Monday following their appearance in church, when the influx of visitors attained to an enormous *magnitude*; as Edred laughingly remarked, she and her aunt *had matinées* without luncheon every day for a fortnight; and

ien the tide of visiting ebbed a little. Mr. Beaufort, who had ›en unable to attend his uncle's funeral in consequence of ill-ss, had been to Frere Park for a few days, before coming finally; id upon his return to Ardennes, after his visit of inspection, he id to his sister and daughter, who were working in the draw-g-room,

"By the way, our old friend Godfrey Fane is living at Market-orraston."

"At Market-Norraston, Matthew?"

Edred said nothing; but her aunt gave a furtive glance ›wards her, and saw the trembling hands which held her work, nd the parted lips from which all colour had flown.

"Yes; he is physician there. I had not time to go and see im; but of course I shall engage him as our physician when re are settled."

"Did you hear anything of him, Mat.?"

"How do you mean? whether he is considered clever or not?"

"No." Miss Beaufort hardly knew how to explain what ıformation she wished for.

"He is thought very highly of, if that is what you mean, and believe he is going to be married."

"To be *what?*" said Miss Beaufort, in astonishment. "Why! he *not* mar——." And here the sight of Edred's face stopped r opportunely.

"You seem greatly amazed, Janet. Yes; I hear he is to be rried to a Miss Damer: news matrimonial is more in ladies' e than mine, so you and Edred can discuss Dr. Fane and his rriage. I am going out to ride."

When Mr. Beaufort had left the room, the two women looked each other in blank astonishment. Edred's face was awed as s lifted her eyes to her aunt, and she said in a low, shocked ıe,—

"Auntie, what can it mean?"

"Edred, my child, I can't even conjecture, unless ——"

"What, Aunt Janet?"

"Unless he either be a widower, or never married Fran——"

"Aunt, if he had never married, he would have come back to ›"

Edred's words spoke of her assurance of a love which Godfrey ne had borne her—a love which she knew was no idle whim, weak, fluctuating fancy, but the sober, grave, and dearly deep e *of a strong man's heart*—a love which could have been

never thrown aside nor given over, but which had been into the back-ground by what he and Edred had wrongly j as a prior claim.

"True!" said her aunt, "he would. Oh! Edred, puzzled."

"Aunt, was not Damer the name of his great friend, 'Cl I suppose it is his sister."

"I suppose so, Edred."

"Aunt," said the girl, after a pause, "I am convinced l married; else I know I should have heard from him. But can his wife be? I don't believe he is a widower. And suppose I must believe it."

"We shall soon know, my darling."

Edred sat gazing upon the far away hills, whose crest crowned by the setting sun, and the evening mists were mencing to rise from the valleys; and while she watched she pondered whether those mists were symbolical of a ne already gathering darkness which was to shroud her: sh grown so far reconciled to the idea of meeting Godfrey F a married man; but she had never contemplated the poss of seeing him as the engaged husband of another—that be almost keener pain—and *now* this seemed to be what store for her.

And she inly shuddered at the prospect.

And when the Beauforts came to Frere Park, though frequently heard Dr. Fane's name mentioned, they heard n of Mrs. Fane; nor did Edred or her aunt say aught of belief of such an individual having ever existed. Once Beaufort hazarded the question of the possibility of Dr. engagement to any girl in the neighbourhood, and the l whom she sought information replied to the effect of her having heard such a report—while the lady's daughter, wh present during the conversation, remarked that she had h rumour of his liking Miss Damer.

In the meantime Godfrey Fane, from whatever cause it studiously avoided the Beauforts. He declined every invi to parties where he thought it likely he should meet them as Mr. Beaufort was necessarily often absent in Lond business connected with his new possessions, he did not the doctor, though one day, when at home, he remarked,—

"I wonder very much Godfrey Fane has not come to se I expected he would have been very pleased to meet old fi

I think I shall write and ask him to come and dine with us to-morrow."

Miss Beaufort doubted the wisdom of that proceeding. Knowing that it would be a hard matter for Edred to meet him, until she knew exactly upon what terms their future acquaintance should be based, she therefore said, evasively,—

"You had better wait, Mat, until you are more settled at home. And besides, I agree with you in thinking it strange that Dr. Fane has not called upon you."

"Perhaps it is better to wait—and, after all, I forgot that I am going to London again to-morrow, and shall be absent a week, but I shall write, and engage him as physician to the household."

When Edred heard this, she said,—

"Aunt Janet, do not fear for me. 'I have nerved myself to the idea of the meeting which must come some day with Godfrey Fane: I have gone over it so often in my own mind, that I think I could go through the ordeal without shrinking; but—I wish it were over."

And Godfrey Fane? He knew that he must inevitably meet her, and he too wished that the first meeting was over, and yet he had not courage to seek it. Mr. Harvey could not understand the reason of the change which was perceptible in his superior medical officer—he was so inert and *distrait*, and left almost all the work in his care; he proposed that the doctor should go away for a time, thinking he was ill—but Godfrey negatived the idea.

At length the crisis came—thus.

Upon coming home one evening from a complicated case to which he had been summoned, he found a note lying upon his table; he opened it, and read,—

"DEAR DR. FANE,

"Will you give Mr. Falkland and me the pleasure of your company on Wednesday evening, at dinner, at half-past seven o'clock? "Yours truly,

"ANNIE FALKLAND.

"Beechcourt—Friday."

Godfrey Fane knew that the Beaufort ladies were to dine at Beechcourt, for he had that afternoon met a gentleman who had told him that Mrs. Falkland had invited them, and that they were going.

He laid down the note. Then saying, half aloud, "It must be

sometime—as well now as ever," he drew his writing materials towards him, and wrote as follows:—

"DEAR MRS. FALKLAND,

"I shall be happy to dine with you on Wednesday,

"Yours truly,

"M. G. FANE."

The Falklands were an exception to the givers of stupid parties; their dinners and evening entertainments were always a great success, as there was nothing dull or *ennuyant* connected with them.

* * * * * * *

The guests were all assembled, with the exception of our doctor. Mr. Falkland, the host, was talking to Miss Beaufort and said,—

"Professional men, particularly physicians, are not very punctual: Dr. Fane is an example in point; but we must give him a little law."

"Is he to be here to-night?"

"Yes; at least I hope so: but we cannot be too sure of the doctor."

Miss Beaufort looked towards Edred, wishing she were near enough to tell her that she might be prepared; then again she reflected that perhaps it were better not to agitate her beforehand, but to let events shape their own course.

(The Temples were not at Beechcourt that evening.)

"We knew Dr. Fane very well at one time—he was resident-physician to my nephew some years ago."

"Indeed! then I suppose you have seen him since you came here. Ha! here he comes!" And Mr. Falkland moved away to greet him.

Miss Beaufort became more and more nervous. She hardly saw Godfrey Fane; her eyes were rivetted upon her niece. *She* was a fair picture to look upon; dressed in white, with black trimmings, on account of mourning for her father's uncle; her head slightly bent to one side in a listening attitude, with its silken nut-brown hair, with its coronal of plaits and the single spray of myrtle blossom; her eyes were soft and luminous, of that indescribable colour which sometimes appears worthy of the term "violet"—sometimes hazel-grey, and sometimes, when under the influence of pleased excitement, the pupils dilated and absorbed all shade into their own; the eyelashes, being

some shades darker than her hair, added to the already very deep colour of her eyes.

Her forehead was broad and low, the shape of the face and cast of features Grecian—the whole expression pure, true, and refined. In height she was five feet five, and in figure very slight and girlish; yet beautifully formed; her hands were perfectly shaped; and one glance sufficed to see that they were characteristic —the delicate, sensitive fingers being a fair criterion of the mental organization of their owner.

She had not seen Dr. Fane when he entered the room, as several people were between her and the door; so that his advent was unnoticed by her, and she went on chatting gaily to those around her.

Godfrey Fane cast his eyes over the room. Edred was hidden by her companions; but he saw Miss Beaufort, and advanced. She spoke first.

"I am so glad to see you again."

"Thank you," he said, quietly; and then they shook hands warmly. He looked round without speaking further, and then his eyes met Edred's. Miss Beaufort saw the vivid rush of colour which surged over her face, which quickly died away as Godfrey went over to her, and, extending his hand, took her's silently at first, then releasing it, he said in a low voice,—

"'Tis a long time since we have met—nearly six years."

She did not trust herself to raise her eyes to his; she only smiled faintly, a smile in which the mouth alone was engaged, and one in which pain had more prominence than pleasure, as she said,—

"Have you been talking to Aunt Janet?"

After his reply, and one or two equally ordinary observations, dinner intervened; at which they were not seated near each other.

Upon regaining the drawing-room Edred managed to whisper to her aunt,—

"Do not be anxious, auntie, we are *both strong:* I feel it; but where can *she* be?"

* * * * * * *

Godfrey Fane carefully avoided the knots of people in which Miss Beaufort and her niece commingled during the first part of the evening; but once he happened to be near the piano when a gentleman led Edred towards it; he was moving away, when his

eye caught her's, and something in it seemed to mutely ask her to remain.

She drew off her gloves, and then striking some chords at random, she asked the gentleman who had brought her over to the instrument,—

"What style of song do you like, Mr. Ashley?"

"Claribel is one of my favourite composers; do you know 'O mother take the wheel away'—the name is 'Susan's Story.'"

Yes! she knew the song—but how could she sing it? sing the story of one who believed that her once-betrothed husband was on the eve of marriage with another? but she had determined to go through whatever pain this meeting with Godfrey might cause her—and she would not flinch;

"Yes. I know the song: shall I sing it?"

But happily for her, Mrs. Falkland who was close by exclaimed,

"Oh! Miss Beaufort! I don't like such dolorous themes as the songs of broken-hearted maidens! pray, Mr. Ashley, suggest a livelier subject."

"You know 'Susan's Story' then," said Edred—while a rush of thankfulness welled through her heart at the escape vouchsafed her—and without waiting any reply, she commenced singing Campana's 'La prima Lagrima.'"

When the first notes were uttered there was a general "Hush!" and subsequent stillness in the room: those who listened felt that they were hearing a voice of more than ordinary attractiveness; the clear liquid notes, so full, so pure, so rounded in their utterance, and with the rare beauty of spontaneity: it seemed as if it were impossible for Edred Beaufort not to sing; the notes rolled off her voice, now passionately, anon tenderly—and Edred sang as if to the subject of her song.

When she had finished, she rose, but was again urged for another song.

Dr. Fane had almost involuntarily drawn closer to the piano during the singing; he stooped towards Edred who was lightly running her fingers up and down the keys, preparatory to the commencement of another song, and asked, "Do you remember 'M'odi, ah! M'odi'? it suits your voice—will you try it?"

Before Edred had time to answer, a young lady who was sitting near, exclaimed,

"Why! Dr. Fane, you seem to be a judge of music! why have you never appeared in this light to us before?"

He looked a little confused—Edred saw this—and with ready ct she answered for him,

"Perhaps, Miss Newton, you have never given Dr. Fane credit r being a judge of music, he is a very good musician!"

"It was churlish of him to hide his talents from us then," said iss Newton, "do you sing Dr. Fane?" turning to him.

"When I first knew Miss Beaufort I used to do so—but of e years I have quite given up my music." By this time there s a goodly number of people in the vicinity of the piano, ho had assembled, waiting for Miss Beaufort to sing again, d, consequently the remarks passed relative to Godfrey and s accomplishments had been heard by them, and upon his nouncement of having given up his music, Mrs. Falkland id,

"You must resume it then, Doctor, a gentleman's voice is a eat treat; and the gentlemen in this neighbourhood are rangely unmusical. Miss Beaufort, the thanks of the com- unity are due to you for directing our attention to a musical ght!"

"Stay, Mrs. Falkland, I mean it to have been extinguished yond the possibility of relighting," said the doctor.

"No, no!" was the hostess' laughing rejoinder, "you seem s good genius, Miss Edred Beaufort; persuade him to sing."

Edred toyed nervously with some loose music lying on the ano, and asked, without looking up,

"Will you sing, Dr. Fane?"

He held his lip firmly for a second, as if trying how far his rength of denial would go; then he said in a very low voice, low that nought but the sound of the words could be dis- nguished by those around him,

"If *you* wish it."

She felt a wild magnetic thrill course through her veins at e peculiar tone of the words: she felt too, that his deep, wistful es were bent upon her face, and her nerve well-nigh forsook r—but, she had foreseen that she should require strength in is interview, and she had bravely fortified herself in a power endurance not her own. She knew that if she trusted herself meet Godfrey's eyes, all this strength would forsake her, so she utely bowed her head, and then, commencing the symphony a song which she remembered as one which required but tle effort, either *mental* or physical, she waited for him to g.

He stood a little behind her, so that her face was not seen
him—and he went through the strain: it was a simple balla
very simple—pathos seemed to be the predominant tone requ
—and Godfrey Fane did it justice: the sadness in his own h
rendered it not difficult for him to throw it into his song. W
he had finished, he moved away from the group of listene
who had listened in wonder to his singing: it was that of
amateur; and they felt it—they had been so taken aback
it and its perfection, that they let him move away before t
had remembered to say "thank you."

In the meantime he had seated himself by Miss Beau
who was at the moment alone:—the evening was verging t
close, and the carriages had been ordered.

Miss Beaufort was constrained in her manner to Dr. F
and his equally so with her; each felt that there was a "So
thing" which it was necessary to speak of, and each shr
from being the first to bring it forward; at length Miss B
fort said, in a very low tone,

"Where is your wife, Godfrey?"

Godfrey Fane covered his head with his hands for a sec
and when he raised it again, Miss Beaufort could see the v
in his temples swelled and distended, as with a hollow v
and with his eyeballs fixed and staring into vacancy, he n
mured as one who is speaking in a dream,

"*Found drowned!* FOUND DROWNED!"

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

BY C. L. H.

ONE of the most remarkable men who ever lived was Cardinal Wolsey.

He was born in the year of our Lord, 1471, and was the son of a butcher, at Ipswich. During his youth he applied himself with such success to his studies, that, at the age of fourteen years, he became a Bachelor of Arts at Oxford. Soon after, he was elected a fellow of Magdalen College; and then, having taken his Master of Arts Degree, was presented to the Rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire. He had not long resided at his living before Sir Amias Powlett, a justice of the peace, put him in the stocks for getting drunk and raising disturbances at a fair in the neighbourhood. Shortly afterwards he was made one of the king's chaplains, and, in the year 1506, was instituted to the Rectory of Bedgrave, and the Vicarage of Lyde, in Kent.

Whilst he was the king's chaplain he insinuated himself into the favour of Fox, Bishop of Winchester, who recommended him as a fit person to be employed in negotiating the marriage between Henry VII. and Margaret, Duchess of Savoy. A curious instance of his dispatch in matters of business, connected with this event, is given by Cavendish, who says—"Henry VII having occasion to communicate with the Emperor Maximilian on important business, Wolsey accomplished the journey from London to Bruges and back in little more than three days. Taking leave of the king after dinner, at Richmond, he arrived in London on Sunday afternoon, about four o'clock. The Gravesend barge was ready to sail, with a prosperous tide and wind, and by it he arrived at Gravesend in little more than three hours. There he tarried only till post horses could be provided, and travelling all night he came to Dover next morning, just as the passage boat for Calais was about to sail. In three hours he reached Calais, and immediately getting post horses, he galloped off, arriving that night at Bruges, where the Imperial court lay. Maximilian received the ambassador forthwith, and the next day

he was dispatched with all the king's requests fully accomplished. He was conducted back to Calais with such a number of horsemen as the emperor had appointed, and arrived at that city about daybreak, as the gates were being opened. The passage boat for England was just going off, and before ten o'clock on Wednesday, he was at Dover. Post horses were ready for him, and that night he reached Richmond. He now took some repose, but rising early next morning, he knelt before the king as he was going from his bed-chamber to his closet to hear mass. The king saw him with some surprise and displeasure, and checked him for not having set out on his journey. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'if it may stand with your highness's pleasure, I have already been with the emperor, and dispatched your affairs, I trust, to your grace's content.'"

In the year 1508, Wolsey was made dean of Lincoln, and immediately afterwards, prebendary of Walton Bromhold. In these circumstances he was when he obtained an introduction at the court of Henry VIII., where he soon found means to insinuate himself into the favour of the king, who made him his almoner.

By accommodating himself to the humours of his master, by flattering him, and by sharing in the irregularities of his festive hours, Wolsey soon established his reputation as a useful minister. Preferments came upon him with rapidity. In 1510, he became rector of Torrington; in 1511, canon of Windsor and registrar of the Order of the Garter; in 1512, prebendary of York and lord treasurer; in 1513, dean of York and Bishop of Tournay; in 1514, Bishop of Lincoln and Archbishop of York; in 1515, he was made cardinal and chancellor of England; and the next year, Pope Leo X. made him *Legate à latere*, a commission which gave him almost unlimited power over all the clergy of the kingdom.

From this period, throughout the term of his greatness, he had the whole authority of the state, civil and ecclesiastical, in his hands. His extravagance and pride was unbounded. He kept up the utmost state and dignity on all occasions, rivalling, and indeed outdoing, princes in the number of his retinue, and the costliness of his daily service. The old chroniclers say, that "he had in his hall continually three boards kept, with three principal officers, a steward, a treasurer, and a controuler, an esquire, a doctor, three marshalls, three yeoman ushers, besides two grooms and almoners. Then he had two clerks of the kitchen, a surveyor of the dresser, a clerk of the spicery, two

master cooks, and of helpers and children of the kitchen, twelve persons; four yeomen of the scullerie and four yeomen of the silver scullerie; two yeomen of the pasterie and two other pastellers. Then he had a master cook who went about daily in velvet or satin with a chain of gold. In the scalding house there were three grooms; in the pantrie two grooms; in the butterie six yeomen and pages; in the seller six yeomen and pages; in the chanderie two; in the wayfarie two; in the wardrobe of beds twelve; in the launderie thirty four persons. Then there was a yeoman of the barge, a master of the horse; a clerk of the stable; a saddler, a farrier, a yeoman of the chariot, a yeoman of the stirrup, a muliteer, and sixteen grooms of the stable. In his chapel he had a Dean, a great divine and a man of excellent learning: a subdean; a repeater of the quire; a gospeller, a pisteller, ten singing priests, and twenty two singing men and children. The furniture of the chapel surpasseth capacity to declare. Forty four very rich copes have been seen in procession at the same time, besides rich crosses and candlesticks. When he went abroad he was attended by a herald of arms, a serjent of arms, a physician, an apothecarie, four minstrels, an armourer, and four footmen who were garnished in rich running coats. Besides, he had always about him gentlemen officers, and a messe of young lords, the which grew to a great number of persons.

"This was his manner of going to Westminster Hall daily in the terme. First he heard service in his closet with his chaplains: then he would demand if his servants were in readiness, and had furnished his chamber of presence, and being thereof advertised, he came out of his house about eight of the clock, apparelled all in red, being fine scarlet or crimson satin engrayned. He had a tippet of sables about his neck, and held in his hand an orange, whereof the substance within was taken out, and filled up again with a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent ayres, the which he most commonly held to his nose when he came among the presse, or when he was pestered with many suitors; and before him was carried the broad seal of England, and his cardinal's hat right solemnly. As soon as he entered his chamber of presence, his two great crosses were there attending to be borne before him: then cried the gentlemen ushers, going before him bareheaded, 'On before, my Lords and masters, on before: make way for my Lord's grace.' Thus went he down with a sergent and two gentlemen, carrying

a great mace and two great pillars of silver. His mule also o which he rode was trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddl of the same, and gilt stirrups.

"His custom was to go most daies into chancerie or the sta chamber, and afterwards to repair to the court at Greenwich wit great splendour and magnificence, whereat were all kinds c maskings and mummings, and dancing dames, with such nois of drums and flutes as had never been heard the like. Banquet were set forth in his honour, in so gorgeous a sort and costly a manner that it was an heaven to behold; and when he lande from his barge at the water gate divers guns were letten of which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunde Thus passed the cardinal his time from day to day, and year t year in great wealth, joy, triumph, and glory, having always o his side the special favour and good will of the king."

In April, 1521, Wolsey procured from Leo X. a bull empower ing him to make fifty knights, fifty count Palatines, as man acolyths and chaplains, forty notaries apostolic, who should hav the same privileges as those made by the Pope; to give degree in arts, law, physic, and divinity, and to grant all sorts of dis pensations. He also obtained in this year the rich Abbey o St. Alban's.

It is no wonder, if, being arrived at so high a degree o grandeur and riches, the pride of the cardinal increased in pro portion. Though the king's blindness for him was inconceivable it was not so with the courtiers, who saw but too plainly how grossly he misled his master. None dared to take notice of it such was the dread which they had of his haughty and revenge ful temper, One day the Duke of Buckingham was holding a basin for the king to wash, when it pleased Wolsey to put in hi hands. The royal blood of the duke rose in indignation, and h flung the water into the ecclesiastical shoes. Wolsey, with a revengeful scowl, promised Buckingham that he would "sit o his skirts." The duke treated the threat as a joke, and came t court in a jerkin. Being asked by the king the reason of this od costume, he replied that it was to prevent the cardinal fron executing his threat, for if he wore no skirts they could not b sat upon. Shortly after this, in consequence of a foolish remar which the duke made relative to the royal succession, Wolsey enraged beyond degree, caused him to be apprehended and lodge in the Tower, and afterwards accused of high treason. A mos unrighteous sentence was passed upon him, and he was con

demned to die as a traitor, the execution taking place immediately after on Tower hill. Men said that it was no wonder that the son of a butcher should delight in shedding blood; and Charles V. when he heard of it, exclaimed, "the butcher's dog has killed the fairest Buck in England."

Another bull was obtained from Rome, which enabled Wolsey to seize almost any amount of property he might desire from various monasteries and religious houses, in order to build two very large and grand colleges, the one to be at Oxford, and the other at Ipswich, where he was born. How little did he consider that by this act he was furnishing his master with a precedent for his own wicked proceedings hereafter. We shall presently see that the decline of his influence, and the utter extinction of his glory occurred as rapidly as they had been acquired. Possibly, he himself thus put in motion the train of events which hastened on his downfal.

We cannot now enter into any detailed account of the circumstances which led to Wolsey's reverse of fortune. Shortly, they were these. King Henry VIII. had married the widow of his late brother, Prince Arthur. A sad and painful story indeed is the history of that noble and unfortunate Spanish princess, Catharine of Arragon. Henry had long lost all affection for his queen, and had fixed his regards on one of the maids of honour, Anne Boleyn. In order to marry her, it was necessary that he should obtain from Rome a divorce from his wife Catharine. Wolsey was employed by the king to effect this purpose. There were great difficulties in the way, and much delay, which the irritable monarch attributed to want of attention and devotion to his cause. On this account Henry became greatly incensed against Wolsey. The courtiers about the king, who had long envied him his place in the royal favour, and who hated him for his pride and arrogance, made the most of the opportunity, and zealously fanned the flame already burning fiercely in the king's mind.

Towards the close of September, 1529, the court being at Grafton in Northamptonshire, Wolsey had an interview with the king on the subject of the divorce, which ended in his sudden and violent dismissal from the royal presence. Wolsey and the king never met again. On returning to London he was deprived of the great seal, and was ordered to give up his Palace in York Place, and to confine himself to his country seat at Esher. *Thus his glory* almost suddenly vanished away.

The reverse seemed more than he could bear. His manlin of character forsook him, and we read that he wept lik woman, and wailed like a child.

Henry, though discarding the once powerful favourite, s retained a strong affection for him, and manifested it by send him consoling messages and tokens of regard. Stow rela that whilst at Esher, "he received daily messages from court, some good and some evil, but more evil than good, for enemies procured his disquietness what they could: so t there was no day but before he went to bed, he had occas greatly to chafe and fret his heart out of his bodie."

At Christmas he fell very sore sick and likely to die, whe the king being advertised, was very sorry, and sent Dr. B his physician to him, to see in what estate he was: of wh the king demanded, saying, "Have you seen yonder man? sir, quoth he. How do you like him, quoth the king? quoth he, if ye will have him dead, I warrant him hee will dead within these four daies, if he receive no comfort from shortly. Marrie, quoth the king, God forbid that he should I pray you, Master Butts, go again to him and do your c unto him, for I would not lose him for almost twenty thous pound. Then must your grace, quoth Master Butts, send h first some comfortable message as shortly as yee can. Ever I will, quoth the king, by you, and therefore make speed to h again, and ye shall deliver him this ring from me for a tok in the which was engraven the kings image within a rubie like the king as could be devised: and tell him that I am offended with him any thing at all, and that he shall kn shortly: therefore bid him pluck up his heart, and be of g comfort: and I charge you come not from him until ye h brought him out of danger of death." And so Dr. Butts parted with speed to Esher.

Alarmed by these demonstrations of remaining good will the part of the king towards the Cardinal, and fearing lest should again obtain influence over him, Wolsey's enemies termined on procuring his banishment to the North, to re within his episcopal see of York. He was removed first fi Esher to Richmond, and after remaining there awhile he forward with a diminished retinue. His progress as related the old historians is interesting. "My Lord, in the beginn of Passion week before Easter, set out and rode from Richm to a place of the Abbot of Westminster called Hendon. T

days after to Royston, where he lodged in the Priory: the next day to Huntingdon, and there he lodged in the Abbey, and the next day he removed to Peterborough and lodged in the Abbey, making there his abode all the next week, where he kept the solemn feast of Easter, with all his train, about an hundred and sixty persons, having seventy and two carts to carry his stuff. Upon Palm Sunday he went in procession with the Monks: and upon Maundie Thursday he made his Maundie there in our Lady's chapel, having fifty poor men whose feet he washed and kissed after he had wiped them. He gave every of the said poor men twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvass to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and one of them had two shillings." The account goes on to tell how he afterwards removed to Stamford, and Grantham, and Newark, and Southwell, where he continued some part of the summer, receiving visits from the noblemen of the county, using charity and clemency among his tenants and others, making agreement between persons who had been long before asunder, and keeping open house, where was plenty of meat and drink for all comers. In this sort and manner my Lord lay at Southwell until about the latter end of grass time, whence he removed to Scroby, where he continued till after Michaelmas, exercising many acts of charity. Commonly on Sunday he would travel into some poor parish church, and there would say Divine Service, and cause one of his chaplains to preach unto the people. About the feast of S. Michael he removed to Cawood Castle within seven miles of York. There he remained, intending on the next Monday after Allhallows day to be installed Cardinal in York Minster. Preparations were made for a joyful feast on the occasion, but circumstances unlooked for occurred, which prevented the august ceremonial from taking place, and hastened on the termination of the career of this once great and haughty, but now fallen courtier.

The cardinal, sitting at dinner upon Allhallows day, having at his board's end divers chaplains, ye shall understand that the cardinal's great cross stood in a corner, leaning against the hanging, and when the board's end was taken up, and a convenient time for the chaplains to arise, one Doctor Augustine, a physician, rising from the table with the other, having upon him a great gown of boisterous velvet, overthrew the cross, which, trailing down along the tappet, with the point of one of the cross pieces brake Doctor Bonner's head that the blood ran down, at

which the company there standing were greatly astonished by the chance. This was looked upon as a bad omen, whereat the cardinal, shaking his head, arose from the table, said grace, and went to his chamber. Immediately after word was brought to him that Sir Walter Wash, Knight, and the Earl of Northumberland were in the house, whereat he did marvel; but rising up and going down stairs, he encountered the earl coming up with all his train. Instantly he was arrested upon a charge of high treason, his keys were taken from him, and he was given into custody of the earl's officers. Doctor Augustine was sent away to London, bound on his horse like a traitor, and the cardinal was removed to the Abbey at Pomfret. The next day he was taken to the House of the Black friars at Doncaster, and from thence to Sheffield, where the Earl of Shrewsbury received him with honour. After the cardinal had remained a prisoner with the Earl of Shrewsbury about a fortnight, it came to pass at a certain time as he sat at dinner in his chamber, having at his board's end a messe of gentlemen and chaplains to keep him company, towards the end of dinner, when he was come to eating his fruites, his colour was perceived often to change, whereby he was judged not to be in good health; whereupon one of the gentlemen said, "Sir, meseems you are not well at ease." "Forsooth! no more I am," quoth he; "for I am sodainly taken with a thing about my stomacke that lieth there as cold as a whet stone; I pray you go to the potecarie and enquire of him if he have anything that will ease me."

When the earl knew what estate the cardinal was in, he caused the potecarie to be called, and demanded whether he had anything that would do him service, and he answered that he had such geare. "Then," quoth the earl, "fetch me some." Then the potecarie fetched a white confection, and brought it unto the cardinal, who received it up all at once into his mouth; after which, being better, "Loe," quoth he, "I am well eased, I thank God;" and so rose from the table and went to prayers.

Not long after, the Earl of Shrewsbury came to Wolsey and told him that the king had sent Master Kingston and twenty-four guards to fetch him to his majesty, in order that he might take his trial for certain heinous crimes which he had committed against the king. The said Master Kingston, coming before the cardinal, kneeled down to him, to whom the cardinal, bareheaded, said, "I pray you stand up, kneel not to me; I am but a wretch replete with misery, not esteeming myself but as a vile

object, utterly cast away without desert, as God knoweth." That night the cardinal waxed very sick, so that they tarried all the next day, and the day after he took his journey till he came to Hardwick Hall, where he lay all night very evil at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night more sick; and the next day he rode to Leicester Abbey, and by the way waxed so sick that he was almost like to fall from his mule. On his coming to the gates, the abbot, with all his convent, met him with divers torches' light, whom they honourably received and welcomed, to whom the cardinal said, "Father Abbot, I am come hither to lay my weary bones among you." This was on Saturday night, and he then increased sicker and sicker until Monday, when all men thought he would have died. On Tuesday, which was Saint Andrew's even, Master Kingston came unto him and asked him how he did. "Sir," quoth he, "I tarry but the pleasure of God to render my poor soul into His hands. My disease is such that I cannot live; I see how the matter is, but if I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. This is the just reward I must receive for the diligent pains and study that I have had to do him service, not regarding my service to God, but only to do him pleasure. Master Kingston, farewell! I can no more say, my time draweth on fast." Even then he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail, his eyes being set, whose sight failed him. Then did they put him in remembrance of Christ his passion, and caused the yeoman of the guard to stand by to see him die. The abbey clock struck eight as he gave up the ghost, and departed from this present life. About five o'clock in the evening of the next day he was carried down to the church by the abbot and the canons, and service sung for his funeral, and the next morning he was buried in the midst of Our Lady's Chapel.

No monument was erected to mark his grave, and now the place of his interment is unknown.

RECENT EXTENSIONS OF LAY AGENCY.

BY REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

IN a previous essay[1] the duty and position of the laity in Christ's church was indicated, but since that was written so much consideration has been devoted to questions affecting the laity, and especially to their co-operation with the clergy, that it may be useful to enter more fully into the latter point, and to trace the gradual development of lay co-operation within the last few years. In front of us lies Lord Sandon's Bill to render lay co-operation compulsory where a parish desires it, so that the whole subject will ere long be rudely forced upon men's minds. The truest wisdom is that which endeavours to view events in their rise, and perhaps from a measure which at first blush seems to many distasteful and injurious, a blessing may at length redound upon the Church of England. It would not be the first time in her history that what at first appeared likely to be a serious blow to her efficiency had thus fallen out to her profit. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

The present is essentially a levelling age in social matters. Tendencies, which seem daily on the increase, are at work to break down all boundary lines of separation between classes and individuals, and those lines which used to be drawn sharp and clearly defined between different ranks in the commonwealth, now waver and blend with more or less of precision. This is but the operation of that law of human progress which like a vast wave sweeps with different effects and varying strength over the Continent as well as over the British Isles. With ourselves many causes have contributed to its movement, foremost amongst which is undoubtedly the large increase of wealth that has of late years accrued to the country. Peace and prosperity led to political changes, and these naturally reacted on the moral and intellectual condition of those who obtained the franchise. The enormous development of periodical literature, the influence of the daily press, and the agitation con-

[1] In the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* for December, 1870.

nected with education are other efficient causes. In the general break up of old institutions and modes of thought it was not likely that the Church could escape. First, therefore, it may be roughly said that legislation interfered in the distribution of her revenues on amended plans, and secondly, it has of late taken in hand her discipline and formularies. But from within, a still more powerful spirit of renovation was simultaneously working under God's fostering grace, and the earnestness and increased spirituality, which have been the best fruits of the Oxford movement, are still leavening the masses of her priests and laity, effecting a far more glorious reformation within the spiritual fabric than any which has been originated from without by the State. Meanwhile, we can only pray for a blessed termination to these "groans and travailings together" of the different elements within the church, and watch with thankfulness all the signs of her supernatural life as they emerge into prominence and action.

Perhaps the most noticeable of these signs of change in the modes of thought under which we have become accustomed to view the human constituents of Christ's church, is that the demarcation between clergy and laity is now on all save the most essential points gradually disappearing. In an elaborate paper read at the Church Congress of 1870, the Bishop of Salisbury (in accordance with the views he had previously expounded in his Bampton Lectures for 1868), expressly recognizes the fact that save in the exercise of sacerdotal functions, priests and laity are alike competent to perform all the duties implied in their fellowship in the body of Christ. "To the whole body, the church, I attribute the supreme power in every generation to deal with all the emergent circumstances, whatever they be, which require direction and government; to the special organs, that is the priesthood, I attribute that special gift of the Holy Ghost which gives to them authority to remit and retain sins, with all the details of privilege and power, which that awful, because supernatural, authority involves." Indeed, admitting the Bishop's principle that the powers of the universal church are to be ascribed to the descent of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost, while the special functions of the priesthood are to be referred to the breath of Christ breathed upon the apostles, as recorded in St. John xx., it is manifest that the Bishop's conclusions, if *consonant with* ecclesiastical antiquity, must be *equally accepted*. *A chief* demand of the age is that the laity

should be admitted to consult with the clergy on m affecting the welfare of the church. Here is an opportun once to apply the Bishop's theory. Doubtless, laity as w clergy are interested more than on anything else in this qu and unquestionably viewing both as being "in Christ,' portion of His visible Church has a right to utter its voice behalf; but have they an equal right? Is zeal, however ten it may be with prudence, to be vouchsafed an equal h with learning, in such deliberations? above all with the sace office? We must not suffer precedents and preconceived on this subject, derived from the practice and author mediæval councils to rule our judgment, for the cust ecclesiastics alone consulting on religious matters, may been an innovation of the Middle Ages. Nor again a customary rules of the Primitive Church of Christ slavishly followed herein, with a total disregard of m wants, and the utterly changed circumstances of our civili save of course when essentials are involved. Church org tion is elastic, and must provide for the varying requireme every age and country, else would Christians be culpabl getful of their law of liberty. Bingham, however, is silent reference to any instance of laymen being suffered in the tive church to deliberate with the clergy on matters of do and certainly there is nothing in later church history unt great mediæval revolt against Rome to countenance the There are so many appellations for the deliberative asse of priests and laymen, that to distinguish correctly be them will of itself be a help in discussing the question. trines, then, we may at once lay down, can only be defi pronounced on in councils, at which, following the major precedents, none but ecclesiastics should attend. As the are already represented in the House of Commons, it seem reasonable, to say nothing of unconstitutional, to admit th Convocation. Doubtless many of them might be able t considerable weight to the consultations of the clergy; bu innovate upon the Constitution, for what at best would pr uncertainty? If we adopt, however, the Bishop of Salis principle that "councils, synods, and the like are matters belong to the body and its powers, not to the organ wi peculiar functions" (*i.e.*, to the clergy), we may, with adva confine the term "synod" to diocesan meetings of the only; while assemblies, blended of priests and laity mig

named "conferences." Such conferences would (and *do* in some dioceses, *e.g.*, Lincoln,) exercise with the utmost propriety valuable, deliberative, administrative and fiscal powers, provided that they do not touch doctrine. Any extension from them that may be found necessary from time to time, and any additional authority that may be conferred on their determinations by the higher powers of the State, cannot be but advantageous to the church, and is certainly consonant with the divinely-implanted capacity of adaptation which she possesses.

If we could be certain of the true reading of Acts xv, 23, speculation on these points would be silenced. As the A. V. stands (a reading which has the support of several important MSS., together with the majority of the Cursive MSS., the Syriac, Coptic and Ethiopic versions) it would follow that in the apostolic times, the laity took part in decisions affecting doctrinal truth, unless, indeed, we view their subscription to the decrees in the light of consentient instead of defining members of the council, which, to say the least of it, is a perfectly arbitrary distinction. The evidence, however, for the omission of καὶ ὁι in that verse is far stronger; and then of course we gather that the Apostles and presbyters alone framed the decrees of the council. The words in question, it may be stated, do not appear in the important MSS. known as A, B, C, nor in the Vulgate and Armenian versions, nor in the recently discovered Codex Sinaiticus.[1]

This decision, however, does not preclude our entrusting all questions affecting the external administration and ordering of the church to the conference (consisting of clergy and laity). St. Paul, who is always so careful of the freedom of his converts, and who himself speaks as "not lording it over their faith," (See Stanley's "Corinthians," p. 377), prescribes two excellent rules for the management of such a conference: "let all things be done unto edifying" (1 Cor., xiv, 26), and "let all things be done decently and in order" (1 Cor., xiv, 39). A harder question, however, remains, of what should the lay constituency of conferences consist? It is manifest that it is as impossible for all the laity to attend, or even as many who choose, as it would be for all the clergy to appear in their own persons in Convocation. The laity must be represented by those to whom they can safely confide their interest. Every deanery in each diocese

[1] Dean Alford has not admitted them into his text. See a very valuable note on this *subject in Wordsworth's Acts, ad loc.*

must send its member or members. What, again, are to be th qualifications of these? Manifestly, that they be sincere an attached members of the Church of England, and communicant while perhaps it would suffice that the electors should have bee baptized, and should make a *bonâ fide* declaration that they ar faithful members of the Church of England. "The qualificatio of a representative in the American Church is that he be a com municant, resident in the diocese, under the care of a rector o minister, in good standing, and not under ecclesiastical censure." For the last twelve years a church conference of this kind ha been established in Tasmania. Clergy and laity vote togethe as a rule, though voting by orders is allowed if called for. "Th result in every respect has been satisfactory."[2] In considerin this question, the experience of the American Church shoul not be lost sight of, where laymen have had a voice in the order ing of Church matters for nearly ninety years. In New Zealand the same institution has existed for seventeen years. Beside this the tentative schemes of several colonial dioceses, the con stitution of the disestablished Church of Ireland, and the pro ceedings of several of our home dioceses have to be taken int account in estimating the working of the scheme.

At a diocesan conference held at Wells on Nov. 8, 187 it was settled, after an acrimonious discussion, that all the re presentatives sent by the laity to the conferences should b communicants. A system of lay consultees has been establishe for two or three years in Lincolnshire, and in the same month i was unanimously determined at a large county meeting held a Nottingham that a similar organization should be set on foot i Notts. It consists of official members, the Lord Lieutenant Peers, Privy Councillors, Baronets, Mayors, &c., of the county and of representative members chosen by the different rura deaneries. It is proposed that these representatives (or lay consultees) hold office for three years.

Another, and with reference to the welfare of our parishes still more important duty of the laity, is the extent to whic they should aid the clergy in household visitations. It is a opprobrium to the Church that it does not make more use of th valuable energies of the many attached laymen who woul gladly, did they know how, devote time and loving ministration to their parishes. Much help has indeed been given to th

[1] Bishop of Salisbury's paper read at the Church Congress, 1870.
[2] Speech of Rev. F. H. Cox, at ditto.

clergy by the faithful laity in the Sunday School and as district visitors, but the want of skilful organization and above all of due authority on their part in such intercourse with their fellow-laymen becomes more apparent daily. Mr. Body,* indeed, advocates in London Mission work, laymen and laywomen going forth, if they have the gift, and bringing in the destitute, needing for this no other credentials than the command, "Let him that heareth say, Come." But zeal ought to be tempered with discretion, and unless, after due examination had, only those fit to be entrusted with so responsible an office are duly appointed to it, there is great fear that excess of enthusiasm may harm the cause. At all events, the evils of voluntary effort will result, and its issues be disappointing. In October, 1870, Dr. Temple issued a circular to the clergy of his diocese which is an important contribution towards solving this question in the west of England. Under the name of lay-assistants, he suggests that gentlemen, shopkeepers, farmers, artisans, or the like, are to be presented to him from parishes which wish to avail themselves of their help, to whom under certain conditions, he will grant licences. A candidate is to be a communicant, a regular attendant at church, and approved by the incumbent of his parish. An interview with the bishop is also necessary before he can be licensed. The duties of the lay-assistant are to take a leading part in the Sunday and night school, to visit the sick, to hold services in unconsecrated rooms, to read printed or written sermons, and expound passages of Scripture which have been previously approved by the incumbent. For some years the office of lay-reader has been in existence in the diocese of Manchester. On November 3, 1870, the bishop of that diocese at a solemn service admitted three men to that office, explaining their duties to consist in visiting the whole and the sick, reading and explaining the word of God. These lay-readers at present exist in the dioceses of York, Lincoln, London, Ely, Lichfield, Chester, Winchester, Chichester, Oxford, Gloucester, and Manchester. With such an outlet open to the self-denying zeal of the laity, it is to be hoped that many of those earnest spirits which have hitherto been so often lost by the Church, owing to her providing no province for the exercise of their energies, will for the future be retained within her fold.

Reading the Word of God, and above all expounding it to the people, naturally invite the minds of the laity to consider whether,

[1] Speech at the Church Congress, 1870.

under certain circumstances, the right of preaching may not b in their own hands. At the Church Congress, 1870, Mr. H. I Bowker made a direct claim to this right. "Now if it be meant b the assertors of such a claim that every layman, as such, has a direc right to preach when and where he chooses, such a proposition utterly untenable. In the primitive Church laymen were onl suffered to preach when they had been licensed thereto, which c course implied that they had been judged to possess sufficier qualifications for such a grave duty. Thus Origen was approve by Alexander, Bishop of Jerusalem, to preach and expound th Scriptures openly, though he was only a layman. The existenc of extraordinary natural endowments was rightly deemed esser tial to obtaining from the bishop a commission to preach What in certain cases may be fitting and expedient cannot b extended to the laity in general, else nothing but confusion an schism must be looked for.

There is, however, a further development of the prerogative c the laity, and as the above claim made on the part of laymen t preach is a step onward from their agitation to be present at con ferences on ecclesiastical matters, so this arrogates an extreme righ which openly infringes the sacerdotal office. It shall be stated i the words of Archdeacon Allen (letter to the *Guardian*, Decembe 21, 1870): "In many parishes it would help the pastor if th best laymen were allowed to administer the cup, and to read th funeral service, and in the absence of the priest to baptize in fants. Such laymen might be helped in keeping faithful to th Church." We cannot think that to assign such preposterou functions as these to the laity would be a means likely to b blessed in preserving unity. God is a God of order not of con fusion. The clergy have their distinct duties, and it is question able of what worth that layman's allegiance would be who wa kept firm to the Church by being suffered to transgress th bounds of his own station. Lay baptism indeed has ever bee held valid, but in extreme cases only; while the Churcl says Bingham,[2] "never permitted any layman to have any han in the administration of the Eucharist in her public service, an when any layman presumed to administer it to themselves i the church, they were corrected for it by ecclesiastical censures." In truth the irresistible advance of this question of a layman's right to teach and preach is a just indication of what the polic *of concession* may be expected to lead to. The wisest friends

[1] See Bingham xiv. 4, sec. 4. [2] Book xv. 4, sec. 14.

the laity are those who look with suspicion on all such extreme developments of the layman's office. Such efforts are but the introduction of another wedge to undermine the framework of our ecclesiastical constitution. It is hard enough to have to resist open enemies, without having to deprecate the zeal of ill-judging friends as well. In December, 1870, a meeting of the Church Reform Union was held in London, when Rev. J. L. Davies "spoke in favour of the admission to church pulpits of persons who would not perhaps accept a bishop's licence to preach, instead of restricting this privilege only to ordained and subscribing clergymen."[1] The chairman, Mr. Cowper Temple, M.P., used much the same language. "It would be reasonable that the incumbent, *with the sanction, perhaps, of the bishop*, should be able to open his pulpit to any minister of another denomination *whom his congregation might wish to hear*." What a motley collection of believers an incumbent's congregation would soon become if (say) Father Hyacinthe occupied his pulpit one Sunday, Rabbi Adler the next, Mr. Punshon on a third Sunday, and an Irvingite completed the services of the month! We believe the effect would be gradually to empty his church, to introduce a conception of religion in which excitement and varied appeals to the feelings should occupy the prominent place, and utterly to explode the primitive and Catholic custom of the priest being made responsible for the soundness of the faith which he taught his people. These and the like movements are melancholy forebodings of what the church must expect when the Parochial system is wholly disintegrated.

Another subject remains. Parliament is asked by Lord Sandon to give a legal and a novel right to the laity of managing the ecclesiastical details of each parish in conjunction with its incumbent. The "sidesmen" who are to be the lay representatives will, it is proposed, form a council together with the churchwardens and incumbent, which shall meet not less than twice a year and regulate (as the Bill words it) "the concerns of the church of the parish." We confess to looking with dismay on such a creation of corporate bodies through the land. Had the bill been permissive, it would have had more friends, but to render it compulsory on all save cathedral or collegiate churches, was at once to open a wide field for parochial enmities to revel in and seriously to interfere with the discretionary power of the minister. Above all, it seems unwise to precipitate so great a

[1] *Times* report.

change by legislation, when the laity generally, as we hav striven above to show, are of their own accord beginning ver zealously to comprehend and enter upon their special dutie Every sidesman, the bill provides, within fourteen days of h election is to sign a declaration that he is a member of th Church of England, and "desires" during the ensuing year t attend the services of the church of the parish for which he h been elected, and in default thereof his election is to be voi Probably a looser specimen of an enactment was never put t gether than this. There is nothing to show that the sidesma has been an attached member or even an attendant at th church's services. Again, will the faithful laity who commun cate tolerate that their pastor and churchwardens should be ou voted by non-communicants? For this is what might happe and probably would happen in a parish where party feeling an dissent run strong, to say nothing of political complication The result must be disastrous to the Church of England hersel and to the peace of every parish in the land, if such men are t be permitted (as the Act provided) to allow or make change within the limits authorized by law in the accustomed manne and times of conducting the services and ministrations of th church, in the ornaments or decorations of the church, or in th ornaments of the minister, or in the furniture or fittings of th church. Take the case of a parish in a mercantile town co taining 2,100 people; it is easily conceivable that if 1,000 these are sincere church people, satisfied with the present order of the church and services, the tyrannical majority may factious elect eight bitter dissenters or men who have a personal enm to the incumbent, on the council, and so revolutionize the ecc siastical *status* of the parish. If the bill in its present shape passed, it will spread discord and foster schisms through eve other parish in England, and probably though framed and su ported by friends of the Establishment, will do more to precipita its downfall than all the attacks of its most uncompromisi enemies. Mr. Beresford Hope at the Church Congress whi rejoicing in the growth of Church Councils urged that any a tempt to create them by Act of Parliament would be futile.

In large parishes, however, with an energetic incumbent, w regard the adoption of such councils as likely to be beneficial it only results in the rector's efforts being more ably seconde and the waste power of the laity being centralized, so to spea in a committee. How many a clergyman knows what a depre

sing effect lack of sympathy has upon his own work! We are not indeed of those who attach much importance to a strong body of sympathisers ever ready to cheer up a clergyman in his work, for surely the servant of Christ who is conscientiously endeavouring to do his Master's business has that within him which far transcends all human sympathy; but the fact remains that many clergymen are easily dispirited in parochial work, and that the existence of such a council at his back, if constituted on a religious basis, would to such a man often prove the greatest of earthly supports. More substantial aid, however, might be expected in many cases. Thus a Church Council is in existence at St. James's, Paddington, consisting of twenty-five persons elected by all in the parish who would write a declaration that they were members of the Church of England. The council, it was found, assembled in fair numbers, and many good results had followed. The first thing they suggested was the addition of two services, and to show their earnestness they agreed to pay for an additional curate. There were some however who opposed the election of the Council for a characteristic reason, they did not like to transfer their fault-finding from their clergyman to an impersonal committee.*

At a time when the Church's emoluments, connection with the State, and doctrines are being called in question on all sides, when the Liberation Society is actively carrying on a platform warfare against her, and the political dissenters are openly attacking her rights in the House of Commons, (as when for instance, she is threatened with such an unjust piece of legislation as the Burials Bill), it is time for the faithful laity to bestir themselves in earnest. Next to the Divine promise to be with her to the end of the world, and the consciousness of the purity of her doctrines and discipline, we look on the many signs of awakening activity on the part of laymen, some of which we have thus endeavoured to review, as the truest omen of the future welfare and increased efficiency of the Church of England. Believing that she has a great work in store for her, we heartily wish God-speed to lay co-operation with her clergy, while we deprecate rash decisions on the part of her friends in Parliament and hasty deliberations on the part of the clergy as unwise in these critical times and calculated to precipitate the calamity which they most wish to avert.

* Speech of the rector (Mr. Moorhouse) at Southampton, 1870.

Since the above pages were written, Lord Sandon's bill has been in March brought before the House of Commons with important alterations, which, were they likely to be allowed to remain, would win the bill more regard at the hands of churchmen. The measure is no longer obligatory on every parish, but only on those which decide for themselves to have a council. It was proposed, too, that the sidesmen should be communicants. The suggestion, however, found small favour save with the Conservatives; the Premier himself deeming the provision a retrogade step in ecclesiastical legislation, a return to the imposition of a communicant test. After some discussion the bill was read for the second time, on the understanding that the obnoxious provision should be removed from it, and that the House was only committing itself to affirming the principle of the measure. It will not be carried further this year. Needless to say, the dissenters were opposed to the change in the bill on the score of its being an infringement on their rights to have a voice in the matter. Yet it is difficult to see how the measure can be made acceptable to churchmen, or otherwise than disastrous to the future of the Establishment, most certainly in rural parishes, unless not only the sidesmen be attached members of the Church, but also their electors be communicants; and it is not very probable in the present aspect of the times that the House of Commons would pass such an enactment. It has been proposed by Dr. Steere (in a letter to the *Guardian*, April 12, 1871), failing the communicant provision, that "the only other qualification which seems possible is that of a rateable contribution to the maintenance of the church and its services." Would the dissenters suffer this however to pass? Most certainly not, if we may argue from their sentiments respecting the Burials Bill. In any case the proposition of Dr. Steere is only useful as a plan for the Church to gain some material advantage from the thraldom to which the Bill will subject her; it possesses no positive merits of its own. It cannot be too often reiterated that if the parochial system with its numberless advantages is to contiuue, besides their right to the sacred offices of the Church, dissenters must not be entrusted with legislative and administrative functions for a body to which they are avowedly hostile. The Church of England only demands fair play, being confident she has that within her own borders which will amply provide for her continuance as a blessing to the land.

GENTLEMAN GRAY'S WIFE.

CHAPTER V.

MARIA WENTWORTH.

In the drawing-room of Sir Henry Arundel's house in Half-moon Street, one sultry evening in August, sat two ladies, one of whom had reached middle age; the other, young, fair, and blooming, had not completed her twenty-first year. Ten years have passed since Mrs. Wentworth returned to England a widow, to seek a home in her step-brother's house. Sir Henry kept his promise made on the first evening of her arrival; he visited her solicitor, Beechwood Park quickly found a purchaser, and after the sale had been effected, and Mr. Wentworth's debts paid, she found to her astonishment that a sum which would realize an income of £300 a year still remained in the funds for her. There was indeed some mystery as to the real purchaser of the estate, and the price given for it was never mentioned, Mr. Thornton politely declining to answer any questions on the matter.

"Never mind, Eliza," said Sir Henry, "you are the gainer any way; you are not left penniless after all, and I intend to give up this house to you. I never occupy it except during the season, and you will make room for us then I know."

"Of course, my dear Henry, I will take the children away during that time, and give it all up to you with pleasure."

"No, no, Eliza, it shall not be. I wish you to take the head of my table and chaperone my daughters, that is to say next year, when you get over your sorrow; but we shall leave town shortly, and the quiet and peace of the next few months alone with your children will do much to restore your mind to tranquillity."

And so after all matters were settled satisfactorily. Mrs. Wentworth was left in Half-moon Street with her two children, the mistress of a large and pleasant house, an income of £300 a year, and freedom from debt—a luxury she had not known for years.

And here we still find her after an interval of ten years,

during which she has devoted herself almost entirely to the education of her daughters. Mary, the second daughter, had been married to a colonel in the Guards for five years. Eliza the eldest, gloried in the title of a "blue-stocking," by which it was the fashion in those days to distinguish ladies who ventured beyond what was then considered sufficient for a woman's education. It was supposed impossible to unite intellectual pursuits with domestic duties. To have a well-informed mind, and to be able to make a pudding or mend a stocking, were considered perfectly incongruous, therefore learned ladies gene- rally remained single,—partly from believing what has just been stated, and partly because they were avoided by gentlemen who wished for a domestic wife. Perhaps they presumed too much upon their superiority to other women, for "shallow draughts intoxicate the brain." Yet Eliza Wentworth was a really clever young woman, and consequently less pedantic than a mere pretender. She composed poetry, and wrote essays in the sentimental style of the period, which were inserted in the few magazines then known, and yet she would have considered it a great degradation if requested to perform any domestic duty.

Her sister, Mrs. Herbert, formed a great contrast to Eliza, but they were excellent friends; she frequently visited at her sister's house. The colonel always gave her a cordial welcome, and although he laughed at her high-flown speeches and sentimental effusions, she took it all in good part, for she could not help owning to herself that her sister's domestic knowledge made their home at Kensington very happy. And yet Mrs. Herbert was in some respects as well informed and accomplished as her sister. How strange it is that so few persons seem to have the power of avoiding extremes in all they undertake!

Mrs. Wentworth's youngest daughter, Harriet, was still at school in Paris, having scarcely reached her fourteenth year, when that Maria only remained at home. Maria Wentworth presented a most singular contrast to all her sisters. Maria was like her mother, tall and commanding, with dark hair and eyes and regular features. Eliza had a fine figure, but very little pre- tensions to beauty, excepting in her broad forehead and clear blue eyes. Whether natural or acquired, her manners, although perfectly ladylike, had a masculine tone about them at times rather repulsive.

Maria's full, rounded figure was shorter than her sisters'; her eyes were blue, her hair a bright auburn, and her features by

means so regular as Mrs. Herbert's, but her greatest personal charm consisted in a complexion so beautifully red and white as at times to be perfectly dazzling. The term waxwork was not an exaggeration when speaking of Maria Wentworth. Her education had been in every way equal to that of her sisters; she had never left home, for as a child her constitutional nervousness had made her cling to her mother, and Mrs. Wentworth would not force her inclinations. The girls had spent so many of their early years in Paris that they spoke French as naturally as their own tongue, but Maria's favourite accomplishment was drawing, and her mother gave her every opportunity for improvement in the delightful art. She was always with her, and her sisters called her the "home bird," sometimes indeed Cinderella, for Maria had a decided love for domestic duties, which Mrs. Wentworth encouraged. In her young days it would have been considered the height of degradation for young ladies to enter a kitchen or to soil their white hands with domestic work; she had therefore felt the want of domestic knowledge herself, and with two of her daughters she had hitherto been successful, but Eliza she could not manage.

Maria Wentworth was a girl of peculiar character, shy and sensitive to a painful degree, and never so happy as when at home with her mother engaged at her easel, practising the piano, or busy in some domestic duties. She shrank from the brilliant society at Upton House, Sir Henry Arundel's place near Reading. She sometimes visited there with her mother, but the portionless girl who treated the young men with such cold reserve gave no encouragement to their attentions. On one occasion while on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Herbert, several gay officers of the colonel's regiment were present at a dinner-party.

"Who is that beautiful girl?" asked Captain Merton of the gentleman who had taken Maria down to dinner.

"Oh, one of Sir Henry's nieces," was the reply; "but she has not a rap of fortune, and I could scarce get a word out of her all dinner-time."

"She has a beautiful complexion," replied the other.

"Oh, ah, yes; so she may have, but to me she's nothing but a cold, insipid wax doll."

Charles Merton, however, determined to be introduced,—with very little result, however, for Maria, though gentle and kind in her manner to him, kept him at an immeasurable distance by her shy reserve.

Eliza Wentworth was present also, and although only a few years older than her sister, she often assumed the office of a Mentor. She now, therefore, took Maria to task for having lost another chance, as she called it, by her foolish shyness.

"I suppose you intend to be an old maid, Maria," said her sister as they were returning home in their uncle's carriage.

"I should not mind being an old maid at all," said Maria, quietly; "but what makes you think that such is my intention?"

"Oh!" said Eliza, who had a most unpleasant, snappish way of expressing herself when anything annoyed her, "I never saw any lady behave to gentlemen as you behaved to Captain Fawcett at dinner and Charles Merton afterwards; such a proud, reserved manner is most unbecoming in a girl who has not a penny to call her own. If you were an heiress to twenty thousand a year it would be a different thing."

"If I had a fortune, Eliza," said her sister, who always shrunk from these contentions, "it would indeed be different; but I prefer to be considered proud and disagreeable rather than allow gentlemen to imagine I am trying to get married for the sake of a home. Besides," she added, laughing, "you are older than I am, it is your turn first."

"Oh," replied her sister, "I can take care of myself, and if the worst comes to the worst I can be a governess; but such a poor, nervous, frightened thing as you to have to earn your own living, I'm sure I don't know what would become of you."

"But mamma never wishes me to earn my own living, Eliza," said her sister, in a tearful voice. "And yet I am sure I could do it if it were necessary."

"Suppose anything should happen to mamma," said Eliza, "it would be necessary then; you know people don't live for ever."

"Oh, Eliza," she exclaimed, now fairly in tears, "how can you say such dreadful things? there's nothing the matter with mamma, is there?"

"Of course not," said Eliza, "don't be so silly; I only want you to remember that it won't do for you to treat all gentlemen as you did those two to-day, unless you are prepared to take the consequences."

Maria was leaning back in the carriage, feeling very unhappy at the new light which had been thrown upon her future prospects; but with all her gentleness she possessed, as so many gentle spirits do, the strong power of endurance.

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bite off her tongue before offering it. A change was
both mother and daughter, which that strong-minded
never dreamed of.
y day in August with which our chapter commences
been unusually hot, and as the afternoon wore away
med to increase. The doors and the windows of
ıg-rooms in Half-moon Street were open, but not a
ıir stirred the long muslin curtains, which hung
he floor.
d like to go to church this evening, mamma," said
seems so uncomfortable to stay at home all day on a

r," said her mother, "it is really too hot to move,
ure I should faint in such a close atmosphere; you
crowded St. James's always is in the evening, and
ıg walk. I do miss your uncle's carriage."
ıamma, could we not go somewhere else, nearer; it is
rt distance to Berkley Chapel, and you know how
ere."
; time does the service begin?" asked her mother.
n, mamma."
l, then, it may be cooler by that time; we will have
if you will ring, my dear; it is scarcely five now,
ırs may cause a change in the weather."
ea it seemed likely that the expected change was
gentle breeze rustled the muslin curtains, and the
sunlight appeared softened. The folding-doors were
ever, to shut out the sun, which shone into the back
m when approaching the west. These signs induced
worth to agree to Maria's proposal. She remembered
ırkley Chapel was seldom full, excepting during the
that the evening service was never well attended.
ıis she remembered the large commonplace windows
n-like chapels and churches which sprung up during

the last century. However deficient in architectural beauty i was certainly a great comfort to worship in a building in whic the windows could be thrown up or let down at the top, bringin in a rush of cool air above the heads of the congregation, suc as no roof ventilators, or Gothic diamond-paned windows coul ever supply.

After tea the ladies went to their rooms to prepare for churc The windows of these rooms faced the west, and the sun ap proaching the hour of setting shone brilliantly in a sky of blu Maria and her mother, therefore, were quite unconscious of th existence of heavy, dark clouds gathering at all other points o the horizon, and they left the house without a thought of rai while the setting sun could shine so brilliantly. They had walke to a very little distance beyond the lower end of Half-moo Street, however, when a darkness that seemed darker by contra with the late bright sunshine suddenly covered the sky.

"Mamma," said Maria, "how dark it has become all at once I fear we shall have rain. Shall I go back for umbrellas."

"Not alone, my dear; indeed, I think we had better bot return, there is a storm gathering evidently."

As she spoke large heavy drops fell on the pavement, and flash of lightning, that seemed almost to blind them, we followed almost immediately by a terrific peal of thunder. Th ladies stood for a moment bewildered; they were just at th corner of a turning leading to an humble but very usef locality, which still exists in that centre of fashion, May Fa called Shepherd's Market. In the days of the *Spectat* when Piccadilly was the continuation of the country road le ing through fields to Kensington, the spot on which the mar now stands was no doubt a great mart for the sale of sheep a fair which occurred in May. The sweet, tender voices of t fleecy mothers to their bleating lambs on a bright May mornir the sweet scent of early spring flowers, and the sharp, qui bark of the shepherd's dog, are heard no more in that fashiona locality. Noble streets and houses now occupy the sites many a gingerbread stall or a wonderful show, and the market inhabited by respectable tradespeople, who supply the neighbo hood. Round the houses in the centre of the market ran a pla but useful colonnade; Maria remembered it. "Mamma," she e claimed, "if you can walk fast we may reach the colonnade rou the market in less than a minute,—we shall be safe then; if attempt to return we shall get wet through."

For a lady to walk fast who lived when the present century was in its teens seemed out of the question, but a thunderstorm is no respecter of persons, and as Mrs. Wentworth quickened her steps the rain fell thicker and heavier, and it appeared impossible for them to reach the colonnade in their summer dresses without the result which Maria had feared would attend the return home. Shelter, however, was nearer than they supposed. At a very few yards from the corner at which the thunderstorm had overtaken them stood a plain, unpretending Dissenting chapel.

"Look," exclaimed Maria suddenly, and leading her mother forward, "there is the porch of the Dissenting chapel; we can stand under it for a few minutes. I don't think the rain will last long."

This was not a time to refuse, so Mrs. Wentworth followed her daughter as she ran hastily up the steps, and presently the two ladies stood beneath the entrance porch completely sheltered. The outer doors stood open, but inner green baize doors concealed them from the congregation. Scarcely a minute had elapsed since the first flash of lightning and the heavy raindrops had overtaken them at the corner, although it has taken so long a time to describe the locality; therefore after shaking the drops from their dresses, and rubbing their shoes on the mats at the door of the chapel, they congratulated themselves on the comfortable shelter they had secured.

They had not stood there many moments when the rain began to descend in torrents; those persons whom they had seen rushing in all directions for shelter were out of sight. The streets seemed deserted, while flash after flash of lightning, followed by near or distant thunder, succeeded each other at very short intervals. The ladies stood for some time in silent awe, then Maria whispered, "Mamma, I hear a voice reading; the service has begun."

Mrs. Wentworth merely bowed her head in assent, but she seemed to listen. Presently the earnest voice ceased, there was a sound as if the congregation were changing their positions. Silence followed, and then were heard the pleading tones of prayer, gradually increasing in earnestness and becoming more audible to both ladies, though now and then overpowered by a peal of thunder.

Mrs. Wentworth had been educated to feel a horror of Dissent, and a deep persuasion that schism was a sin; all Dissenters in

her eyes were Methodists or fanatics. The Churchman and the Dissenter were in her young days the "Jew and the Samaritan," and the high-born lady, as she stood at the entrance of the little chapel, felt as if on forbidden ground, and listening to heresy. The liberal enlightenment of modern times was, however, dawning on society, and Maria's prejudices were not so strong as her mother's. She heard distinctly a sentence referring to the storm and praying for the protection of "all beneath that roof." The young girl felt that herself and her mother were included in these words, and it induced a sensation of safety, even while the conventicle tone jarred on her ear. There was a solemnity also consequent on the occasion, for the lightning as it flashed across the open porch, and the deep roll of the thunder, were alarming enough to send those to their knees who never prayed before.

During a lull in the storm the voice ceased, and a rustling sound again denoted the change of position among the congregation. Presently they began to sing. At first the music-loving girl, whose cultivated ear had listened to the highly wrought strains of operas and oratorios, felt a shudder of dread. But a musical air which Maria had often heard at church was sung so simply and harmoniously, and without pretence, and the leader evidently had such a fine voice, and so clearly understood what he was about, that her dread vanished, and she listened with surprise and pleasure.

"How well they sing, mamma!" whispered Maria.

Mrs. Wentworth nodded assent: she was surprised to find herself there at all, and to be obliged to approve of anything belonging to Dissent surprised her still more.

At this moment the green baize doors gently opened and a respectable pew-opener came out. She started when she saw the ladies, whom she knew at a glance belonged to a higher class than the usual attendants at the little chapel. She curtseyed low, and then advanced to the open door and looked out.

"I'm afraid, ladies," she said, in a low voice, as she turned again to where they stood, "that the storm will not be over for some time yet. Will you walk in?"

Mrs. Wentworth looked at the pouring rain. She heard the distant thunder, and she felt tired of standing; but she refused in firm but gentle tones to enter the place. Mrs. Jones re-entered the chapel. She had, however, no intention of giving *up the* ladies so easily. The preacher that evening was a star in *the Dissenting* world, and that these ladies should miss hearing

him would be terrible. She walked softly up the middle aisle, and paused at a seat in the centre, within which near the door sat a most, respectable-looking grey-headed man, and whispered a few words in his ear. He arose and followed her to the porch. He started also when he saw the ladies; but for a different reason; he knew them. Sir Henry Arundel and Mrs. Wentworth had been his customers for years. Mrs. Wentworth recognised with surprise the respectable upholsterer, who, in his quiet Sunday dress, looked so completely a gentleman. He bowed with politeness as he said, "I was not aware, madam, that you and your daughter were the ladies our pew-opener wished me to persuade to enter our chapel; but if you will do so, I shall be glad to offer you a pew."

Mrs. Wentworth smiled; she could not resist a sudden impulse. There seemed no hope that the weather would clear; she was tired of standing, and the damp air caused a feeling of chill after the heat of the morning;—all this passed rapidly through her mind while Mr. Gordon was speaking; so with scarcely a pause she replied,—

"I have no objection, Mr. Gordon. I suppose I shall not hear anything to shock my Church principles very much?"

Mr. Gordon flushed slightly, but he replied, "You will hear nothing at variance with the Christianity of the Bible, and, I might say, with the thirty-nine Articles of the Prayer-book," he added, as he opened the green baize doors and ushered the ladies through the entire length of the aisle to a large square pew near the pulpit, which was known as "the strangers' pew." Maria followed her mother with surprise, but not reluctance. She had some little curiosity to see the interior of a place in which she had heard praying and singing, and was scarcely less anxious to hear what the sermon would be like. But after walking the whole length of the chapel, and finding herself in a pew which could be seen from every part of it, the timid girl took a seat with her back to the congregation in blushing confusion.

Her mother, however, chose the opposite corner. This pew, designated "the strangers' pew," was empty, and she therefore deliberately chose to face the congregation. Many recognised her at once as a regular customer, but she failed to distinguish in the well-dressed, respectable families who filled some of the best pews, the wives and children of the tradespeople at whose shops she had often called to leave orders or to pay a bill.

But her attention was soon drawn from the congregation to the minister. During the singing of the last verse of the hymn he rose from a large pew beneath the pulpit and ascended the stairs. He wore no gown or ritual costume of any kind, and was comparatively a young man, with no pretensions to good looks or attractive manners.

Mrs. Wentworth began to regret her ready assent to Mr. Gordon's request. She could not, however, help watching the young preacher as he stood calmly waiting till the congregation were quiet and ready to attend to him. Then he opened a large Bible, gave out his text, plunged at once into his subject, and without a note or manuscript of any kind, poured forth rapidly and eloquently in an almost unbroken stream the thoughts which the words suggested.

Mrs. Wentworth was amazed. Was this rousing, overpowering style of preaching customary among Dissenters? Were all their preachers equally correct in grammar and pronunciation, for the accent and tones of this man were those of a gentleman. After a while she forgot the preacher in his subject. She knew enough of the real nature of Christianity to perceive that he was right in the earnestness with which he enforced its doctrines and precepts on his hearers. Then she drew comparisons between his sermons and those she had listened to at her own church, and under the mistaken impression, so often produced even in our own day, she concluded that the Dissenters were right and the Church wrong. Certainly the gospel, as she now heard it preached, was unlike the dry moral essays to which she had so often listened, and the earnest extempore prayer which followed contained more true devotion than a mumbling of the Liturgy, which no one can understand. Yes, she was wrong in her conclusions. The gospel which each Churchman professes to believe is contained in every article, every prayer, every form of worship, of the English Church; but in Mrs. Wentworth's young days its ministers had been sleeping at their posts, and we have to thank Whitfield and Wesley for the trumpet tones which roused these soldiers of the cross to action.

When leaving the chapel that evening Mr. Gordon attended the ladies to the door, and offered to send for a coach. Mrs. Wentworth gladly accepted the proposal, for although the storm had ceased, and a crimson halo filled the western horizon, the pavement was wet and large pools of water lay in the road.

As the coach lumbered up Half-moon Street, Mrs. Wentworth marked,—

"Well, my dear, this is an adventure. I hardly know ether I have done right."

"Oh yes, mamma, you have," she replied. "I liked the mon so much, I could repeat almost every word of it, and I sure it was all true and taken out of the Bible. Mamma, you ever hear such a sermon in the church?"

"Not often, my dear; and I think our clergymen are very ong not to be more earnest in their preaching. Some have ed it, and have been called Methodists and all sorts of oppro- ous titles. You have heard of Rowland Hill, have you not?"

"Yes, mamma; but he's a fanatic, they say, and the bishop used to let him have a living, did he not?"

"I believe so," she replied, "and yet I think he only preaches e the man we heard to-night. I have always considered it in to leave our Church, but if our clergymen will only preach y moral essays that send one to sleep, I think I shall become Dissenter. I don't wonder the chapels are so full, if all their nisters preach like this one."

"Shall you go again, mamma? asked Maria.

"Yes, my dear," said her mother. "I should like to under- nd exactly what they do believe before I take sittings."

"Oh, do you think of taking sittings, mamma? I am so d. All the worship there seems so good and real, I think Dissenters must be a very religious class of people."

Mrs. Wentworth shook her head. She had seen more of the rld than her daughter, and suspected a touch of hypocrisy those who professed so much. She did not, however, attempt upset her daughter's faith in the sect whose chapel she had ermined to visit again.

"I will go among them," she thought, "before I attempt to s judgment upon their sincerity."

CHAPTER VI.

GENTLEMAN GRAY.

A front room, on the first floor of a house of business in quiet street at the *West End*, sat three young men at dinner. *closed shops, the clean* and almost deserted pavements, and

the absence of the clatter of carts and carriages, made t locality, on a Sunday, almost as quiet as the country, especi in days when omnibuses and cabs were almost unknown. nearness to the Green Park also increased the illusion, for balmy air of early spring brought a sweet odour of fresh flow cultivated in the balconies of Piccadilly, and a meadow- scent of young blades of grass, which even the smoky at sphere of London could not overpower. The windows of room stood open, and below them, over an extensive shop fr appeared the words, "William Gray, Cabinet-maker and holsterer."

"How pleasant and quiet it is here!" said one of the yo men, who appeared about three-and-twenty; "to me it is the country, after being shut up in that close City warehouse the week. Gray, you're a lucky fellow."

"Ah! but, Mr. Gordon," said another youth, a year or younger, "you forget how Gray has worked for it; you knew would come to the West End, and I don't believe he could e anywhere but among the grandees; he was always ca 'Gentleman Gray' in our village. Did you know that?"

"Hush! nonsense!" exclaimed the master of the house; "must drop that, Harry Stapleton, I am only a London tra man now; and if you speak of me with the foolish title I at home, I shall only get laughed at here."

"My father says," interrupted James Gordon, "that a may be a gentleman in any position if he has refined and Cl tian feelings, and acts upon them."

"Your father is quite right," was the reply, "and he living proof of the truth of his own assertion; but, Harry, continued, turning to the other, "now tell me how you left t all at Lynnford."

"Oh," replied the youth, "father is better than he ever John helps him famously, and Esther has managed so well s poor mother died, the house is quite different. It's all owin you, Willie."

"To me! why, I have not entered your house since Christmas after you sent me to the white witch," he answe laughing.

Harry Stapleton flushed.

"Oh! don't speak of that folly, William," he said; "I'm w now, thanks to you."

"To me again! Come, Harry, do enlighten me; how ha

at a distance of 250 miles, been able to effect so much good? Why, I must be as clever as the white witch."

"Ah, Willie, you may laugh; but don't you remember asking Mr. Spencer to come and see us. At first mother did not care for him, especially when she got so much better after the bottle of medicine; but when she became really ill, the dear old gentleman used to come and read to her; and after she was gone, he persuaded father to let me go into a counting-house at Exeter. And then how he did talk to John about being industrious and helping father! and isn't it all through you? And I wonder," he added, "who made Esther such a clever little woman in the house as father says she is? Was it not your mother, Willie?"

It was William's turn to flush a little now; he knew his mother would have gladly encouraged him to take the little bright-eyed Devonshire maiden for a wife; and, doubtless, Esther would not have said him nay. But Willie had seen too much of the really well-bred women of England since he had lived at the West End of London. The refined ideas he had learnt from his schoolmaster made him feel that it would be impossible for him to marry a woman inferior to those so far above himself in birth and position. His good sense told him the thing was impossible; and he allowed it to be generally supposed that he intended to remain a bachelor.

He quickly turned the subject from Esther by asking,—

"Well, Harry, and how did you leave our dear old schoolmaster?"

"Oh, as well as ever; he does not look a day older to me than when I first went to school; his hair was quite white then, and he is as upright as ever."

"But he *is* older," said William. "Why, it is eleven years since I left Lynnford; dear old gentleman, he must be nearly eighty by this time, I am sure. I do hope he will live till my next visit home. I should be sorry not to see him once more."

While they talked, a respectable middle-aged woman removed the dinner, and then placed upon the table two decanters of wine, and a simple dessert. Henry Stapleton looked at these preparations with some pride; dessert and wine at the Squire's was all very well, but for his old playmate to assume such grandeur seemed nothing out of place for "Gentleman Gray."

"I do not have dessert and wine every day, Harry," said Mr. Gray, with a smile; "and this is in honour of your visit; and

if I can afford a glass of wine and a little fruit for a friend, I may as well have it placed on the table decently as not."

"Ah! you will be a real gentleman, Willie, some day, I know," said his young admirer, looking proudly at him.

"By a real gentleman you mean, I suppose, Harry, a man with plenty of money in his pocket, and nothing to do; if so I shall never be that, for I could not live idle."

"No, I am sure you could not; but just think what you have done already; you have only been six years in London, and now you have got this house and your master's splendid business."

"How strange he should die just when he did!" remarked James Gordon.

"It was not his master's death that caused William's good fortune," said Harry. "If he had not saved money to buy the business, it would never have been his."

"You forget, Harry," interrupted William Gray, "my father helped me."

"Not with much, though," he replied; "I know, for I heard all about it from Esther."

"Come, Harry, that will do," said William; "don't discuss me any more. And now what shall we do with ourselves this afternoon?"

"Oh," said the youth, "I should so much like to hear the singing at Westminster Abbey: it is not far from here, is it?"

"No, not across the parks," replied William, looking at his watch; "but if we go, we had better start soon. What do you say, James?"

"Well," he replied, "my father is rather strict, as you know about Sunday walks; but he went with me once to the abbey on a Sunday: he is very fond of music, and it is glorious there. If anything would make me turn Churchman, I think it would be a love of music, for after all, our singing is very tame. We'll come back here to tea," said William, as they left the house, still talking on the same subject.

"Oh," exclaimed Harry Stapleton, "you cannot think what a treat it will be to me; I used to go to the cathedral every Sunday while I was at Exeter. You know father always attends church now, and he wishes me to go regularly while I am in London."

"I used to accompany Mr. Parker's family to chapel when I was an apprentice," said William; "but I was brought up to attend Church; and I prefer the services, and the church prayers

superior to any extemporaneous effusion ever uttered. In
I felt it right to go with my master, and I think Mr.
he Dissenting minister there, was as free from narrow-
ness and bigotry as any man I ever knew. And you
Harry, what a true gentleman the Dissenting minister is
nford; he and our old rector were great friends. Why,
en them walking side by side in their black gowns at the
f many a walking funeral, when they wished to show
to an old parishioner."
ve you indeed?" exclaimed James Gordon; "is that not
n unusual circumstance?"
haps it is, but it ought not to be; real religion never
people uncharitable to others who may differ from them
ion or mode of worship. Harry, when you come and see
in I will take you to hear old Mr. Shepherd, who
s at St. Giles's; it is a long walk for me, but it does me
good physically as I hope the sermon does in another
There is a beautiful organ there, Harry, that I think you
e pleased with; I have no ear for music, as you know."
you think of going there this evening?" asked James

certainly not after the walk to the abbey and back.
you ask?"
ll, I want you both to go with me to our little chapel.
vice is over about eight o'clock. I think you would
r young minister; he is considered a very eloquent
r."
heard your father speak of him," replied William. "I
pleased to go; eight o'clock will not be too late for you
ack to the City, will it, Harry?"
no, not at all," was the reply. "I shall like to go to
f all things. I never was inside one in my life."
singing will be a great contrast to what we are going to
w," said James Gordon.
never mind, I like any singing; it can't be worse than
to be at our old church when I was a little boy; we had
utes and a violin and bass viol, and I always thought it
l."
must walk a little faster," said William, as they entered
es's Park. The sweet fresh air of spring seemed to give
w life as they stepped briskly on towards the abbey,
at least in his heart *thanked* God for the day of rest

from labour, which gave them this opportunity for enjoying it. After tea they all started again for Shepherd's Market Chapel. As they approached the porch, James Gordon remarked,—

"I know you are a great admirer of aristocratic ladies, William, we have some real ones who attend our chapel."

"Hush!" was the reply, "there is no respect of persons in God's house; we are all equal there."

Maria Wentworth and her mother were seated in the pew they occupied on their first visit, and in which Mrs. Wentworth had rented sittings, when James Gordon entered with his companions. The chapel was unusually full. Mr. Gordon had not room for them in his pew, so the pew-opener ushered them up the centre aisle to a seat near the pulpit, and at right angles with that occupied by Mrs. Wentworth. It so happened that on this evening strangers had been shown into Mrs. Wentworth's pew before her arrival, and one of them took possession of the corner generally chosen by Maria, that she might sit with her back to the congregation. Now, however, she almost faced it, and could not avoid seeing the two strange young men as they entered with James Gordon. At first she merely noticed that they were strangers, and with her usual timed reserve kept her face averted from them till the service commenced. While singing the first hymn she suddenly became conscious that the eyes of one of the strangers were fixed on her face; her usually brilliant colour deepened, but by no other sign could William Gray conclude that he was observed. This, however, was enough; he quickly turned away his face, and conscious that he was there to worship God and not to stare about him, he resolutely determined to avoid looking that way again during the service, and William Gray was not one to make a resolve and break it. Yet during those few brief moments that his gaze had been riveted upon Maria Wentworth, the beautiful oval face, the waxwork complexion, the downcast eyes, and the modest retiring aspect had been photographed on his memory for ever.

With the young lady no such impression of William Gray would have been at all likely to be produced but for a peculiar artistic power which literally haunted her in every public assembly. Every profile that presented an unusual amount of beauty or ugliness had a perfect fascination for her, and before she had learnt from the preaching at the little chapel that religion, to be true, should exist in the heart and influence the conduct, she had filled her portfolio with quaint sketches of

profiles which had attracted her even in God's house. Now she mourned over the misused talent, and struggled against it as a sin. On this evening, however, as she sat quietly listening to the reading of the Bible, she raised her eyes for a moment, and suddenly caught sight of the almost perfect profile of William Gray, as he sat at right angles with her own position, and nearly opposite to her. To resist a second glance was impossible, especially as William never moved his head, and for a moment she forgot all else in her admiration of the profile before her. The features were faultless, the complexion a clear olive, which looked almost fair by contrast with the dark hair and clearly defined whiskers, while a light seemed to sparkle beneath the black lashes which shaded the dark eye. In this earnest, admiring gaze the innocent girl thought of nothing else but the pleasure it would be to represent such a profile on paper from memory. She dropped her eyes, yet the face still appeared clear to her mental vision. All at once she was recalled to the service in which she was supposed to be engaged, and with a shudder at what she considered her wicked conduct, she determined to look no more. The service continued, and the young preacher by his powerful eloquence very soon drew away the thoughts of these young people from each other, and fixed them on the subject he so ably explained. At the close of the service, however, she felt conscious that as the young man rose to leave the chapel he looked at her earnestly, but she did not return the look. She saw him join Mr. Gordon's family as they went out, and, excepting with the hope that she should be able to sketch that beautiful profile from memory on the morrow, she felt no more interest in the stranger than in Mr. Gordon's son James.

William Gray and his friend walked home to Mr. Gordon's to supper.

"You shall not be late, Harry," said his friend; "we will find one of those new cabs that are superseding the old hackney coaches; it will take you home in less than an hour, and I will pay for it. We can't spare you yet."

"I'll stay as long as you like, Willie, so that I may be in before ten o'clock,—that is the rule for all of us."

"And quite right too," said Mr. Gordon. "Don't fear; we will take care you are in time."

William Gray was a great favourite with Mr. Gordon; he had found him a thorough man of business in some transactions which had passed between them, and he prophesied for the

young man a fortune in a few years, Perhaps when he som times invited him to his pleasant home in Duke Street, thought of his two daughters—quiet, well-informed girls; a such a son-in-law would have been after his own heart, althou William was not a Dissenter.

He did not now hear the conversation of the young men William Gray and James Gordon walked quickly on in advan of the rest.

"James," said the former, "who was that young lady who s in a square pew to my right this evening?"

"Upon my word, William," said his friend, laughing, "yc have sharp eyes! To think that you should find out o aristocracy the very first time you enter the chapel. Wh that young lady is Miss Wentworth, Sir Henry Arundel niece."

"Have you any other families of this same class?" sai William, after a pause; for whatever thoughts may have passe through his mind respecting the young lady, they were com pletely silenced by James Gordon's information.

"Well, no," was the reply; "but we have others much mo wealthy. A doctor, who has a pew, keeps his carriage, and hi daughters are very stylish girls; and we have a barrister and hi family, and several rich tradespeople who regularly attend, but i some way they have not the manners and appearance of Mr Wentworth and her daughter, although they dress so ver plainly. How came you to notice them, William?" he con tinued; "Miss Wentworth always sits with her back to th congregation, and she dresses too plainly to attract attention."

"It was the young lady's face, not her dress, that I noticed said William; "I never saw such a complexion in Lond before; this evening she must have occupied another seat in t pew, or I should not have seen it."

"Oh yes, I remember she did; there were strangers in the pe Well I'm glad you had an opportunity of seeing her face; assure you we are rather proud of this addition to our cong gation. My father invited them in one Sunday evening la autumn, when they were taking shelter under the porch from a thunderstorm, and they have attended regularly ever since."

"How many of the family attend the chapel?"

"Only Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter; my father h known them for years. Sir Henry Arundel is a very old custome and Mrs. Wentworth used to be as proud and haughty in h

manner as a duchess, but she is very much altered lately. My father, you know, is one of the deacons, and he goes to her house to spend the evening sometimes; and Mrs. Wentworth will sit for a long time in our shop or in the parlour, talking so pleasantly to my mother and sisters; and yet somehow there seems a kind of distance which keeps them as it were apart from us."

At this moment the rest of the party overtook them, and William quickly changed the subject.

The young men spent a pleasant hour at Mr. Gordon's, and after seeing Harry Stapleton safely off in a cab, William returned home. But although he had so readily changed the subject while talking with James Gordon about Mrs. Wentworth, it was not so easy to dismiss from his memory the fair face which had so attracted him. He reasoned with himself on the folly of supposing he could ever be associated on equal terms with the niece of Sir Henry Arundel, all in vain; something seemed to impel him to act in direct opposition to his usual good sense.

During the whole week he struggled against it, at times determining to avoid the chapel for ever, and at others unable to see any necessity for doing so.

Sunday morning arrived again; even on the threshold of his own door he stood irresolute, and at last muttering to himself the oft-quoted words of Cæsar,—

"The die is cast,"

he turned towards Shepherd's Market. For several weeks he continued to attend regularly, and then finding that a sitting was to be let in the pew he first occupied, he took it at once, and became a seat-holder. After that Sunday evening William Gray never saw Maria Wentworth's face, excepting when leaving their pews at the close of the services. She would then often detect a respectful glance, yet so full of earnestness as to make her shrink from it with her usual timid reserve. William Grey mistook this manner for pride, and would leave the chapel fully determined never to enter it again, but the next Sunday morning found him in his usual place. All this while Mrs. Wortworth remained profoundly ignorant of any glances, respectful or otherwise, directed at her daughter. Notwithstanding the lessons of humility she fancied she had learnt in the Dissenting chapel, she never deemed it possible that any young man of that

congregation would presume to notice *her* daughter, th
Sir Henry Arundel. She did not consider herself
thinking thus; it seemed to her simply impos
her gentle, high-bred daughter could be asked in
much less accept the offer of a man of coarse a
habits, such as she had been taught to believe thes
tradespeople always acquired. In God's house she
to feel that we are all equal, but she did not inten
that equality beyond its *walls*. She had certainl
William Gray as a steady, good-looking young man
always in his place at chapel; but who he was, or
came from, were to her matters of perfect indiffere
Maria Wentworth belonged to that class of young
are not ashamed of carrying on a kind of flirtation
eyes in any public assembly, she might have done sc
punity; Mrs. Wentworth was so completely oblivi
glances which with all his firmness William Gray
restrain. But Maria, though she could not avoid see
scarcely allowed him to discover that she did so; and
arrived, and Sir Henry Arundel came to London for
William Gray was as completely a stranger to Mrs. V
and her daughter as when he first visited the c
months before.

CLARE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

Draw back the curtain, friend, and let me see
  Mine own grey Minster,—while the mellow gleam
Gilds here and there the time-worn tracery;
  Mark, in each crumbling cleft and rugged seam
The amber lichens gather,—and the moss
  Hath spread its velvet tufts of greenest shade,
While the strong ivy-fibres reach across
  The fretted stone-work of the grim façade.

Beneath its peaceful shadow have I dwelt,
  And loved it, Gilbert, with no common love;
Often within its hallowed walls I knelt,
  Until some God-sent message, as a dove,
Flew down, and laid upon my troubled breast
  A tender promise like an olive-leaf;
And I grew quiet with the sense of rest,
  Learning to bear my lightened load of grief.

It was a morning in young June, the clouds
  Flecked the blue sky like snowflakes touched with gold
And garrulous rooks, in sable-pinioned crowds,
  Compassed the swaying elm-boughs, green and old;
Perched on the broken dial, the peacock spread
  His burnished plumage in the sun-lit air,—
When o'er the shaven lawn my sister led
  My gentle ward—the lonely orphan Clare.

She was the daughter of mine oldest friend,
  And I had vowed this sacred trust to take;
To watch the girl, and evermore defend
  Her *early womanhood*, for Edgar's sake;

And oft I wondered, ere I saw her face,
How she would bear the long unbroken hours
Of dreamy quiet in this ancient place,
Beneath the shadow of the Minster towers.

I saw the warm light touch each sombre fold
Of her black garments as they swept the green,
I caught the glitter on the wavy gold
Of her bright hair, and marvelled at her mien
So grave, and yet so child-like; then she raised
Her earnest hazel eyes, dark-lashed, and deep
With sweet, unspoken thoughts; and as I gazed,
My soul leaped up, and broke its tranquil sleep!

The weeks went on, and as they passed, she grew
More beautiful amid the hush and gloom;
To these old dusky rooms she brought the dew
And simple freshness of her girlish bloom;
And like some flower by summer breezes sown
In the grey crevice of a mouldering wall,
She blossomed in my heart, unguessed, unknown,
And flourished there, my love, my life, my all.

I was a scholar, Gilbert; through long nights
My study lamp burned brightly, while I found
Eternal truths, and infinite delights
In strange black-lettered volumes, quaintly bound:
But now the teachings of a bygone age
Lost the old charm that used to linger there,
I ceased to read—for Love had blurred the page,
And only left thereon the name of Clare.

One golden day I sat amid my books,
With mullioned windows opened to the morn;
And heard the ceaseless clamour of the rooks,
And saw the yellow waves of ripened corn,
And drank the sweetness of the balmy air,
And watched the clear light filtered through gree
When suddenly the silver tones of Clare
Came drifting to me with the scent of flowers.

'I am so young, dear Raymond, and my life
Is calm and peaceful in its level flow,
am so young—the duties of a wife
Are far too heavy for my years, I know;
Be patient, Raymond." Then a passionate tone
Came trembling through the mazy screen of leaves;
I cannot wait, my darling—be mine own,
I cannot rest—my spirit chafes and grieves!"

Across my heart there crept a deadly chill,
A slow sick faintness, numbing nerve and brain;
shivered in the sunshine, and sat still,
And knew that cries and prayers must all be vain:
Familiar sights and sounds were changed to me,
The crows' loud voices took a mocking tone;
The golden grain stood blighted on the lea,
The odorous south-wind whispered like a moan.

* * * * * *

Ere the white snow-shroud wrapped our woods and dells,
I was a wanderer in other lands;
waited not to hear the wedding-bells,
I could not look upon their claspèd hands;
would not mar their bliss—no sigh of mine
Should cloud Love's mirror with the breath of care;
Alone I drained my draught of deadly wine,
And left the sweet for Raymond and for Clare.

* * * * * *

lingered long in Rome, eternal Rome,
Rich in old glory, fair with ancient grace!
stood, all hushed, beneath Saint Peter's dome,
And gazed straight up into that dreamy space,
Hazy with golden light, and angel-wings;
And beautiful with countless rainbow gems,
As if an untold multitude of kings
Had lavished here their regal diadems.

knelt on that illimitable plain
Of many-coloured marbles, and afar
Heard the low murmur of a chanted strain,
Or *caught the glimmer* of a taper-star

Before some distant shrine,—and soft clouds curled
And hovered dimly in that luminous height;
While slowly the Cathedral of the World
Dawned in its vastness on my dazzled sight.

I saw old marble gods grown dim with time,
Shine still in their imperishable youth;
Born of immortal genius, and sublime
With the great majesty and charm of truth:
I saw sweet faces smile from palace walls,
Bright with the deathless bloom, and tender gleam
That through long ages ever softly falls
On the rare beauty of an artist dream.

And then I left the city, when the breath
Of summer crept amid suburban shades;
I fled the flowery paradise where Death
Haunts the sweet twilight of the green arcades,
And sought pure air on lofty hills, vine-clad,
Hearing the vesper bells on dewy eves
Ring their soft chimes, half mystical, half sad,
From convent belfries framed in bowers of leaves.

* * * * * * *

I could not rest, ay me,—I could not rest,
Strange, fitful yearnings filled this soul of mine!
Heavings of troublous heart-waves, unrepress't,
Drove me a pilgrim unto Palestine:
I saw the palmy valley of old Nile,
And from the vast grey Pyramid looked down
On tawny sand outstretching mile on mile,
On desert slopes, and lowlands flat and brown.

But I forgot awhile my secret pain,
Forgot the grief that made me desolate;
When with full heart, bare brow, and slackened rein,
I rode all slowly through Saint Stephen's Gate,
For I was in Jerusalem;—the thought
Brought sudden thrills, and tears fell unawares,
Touched with strange light from holy memories caught
My soul was pregnant with unuttered prayers.

Mutely beneath the azure sky's clear heat,
I trod in reverent love the Dolorous Way;
I see it now;—the narrow, dreary street,
Hemmed in with ruins, spanned by arches grey!
Here toiled those blessèd Feet so wearily,—
Here failed the feeble step and tortured limb;—
'Twas here He bore that cruel Cross for me,
And should I shrink to bear my cross for Him?

Ah friend, my heart is faint, my voice grows weak!
I have no words for that divinest awe
Which overshadowed me,—I cannot speak
Of those old scenes, and all I felt and saw,
For human language fails; yet this I know,
That my small sorrows and poor trivial strife
Sank to the very dust,—abased,—laid low,
By the great Vision of that Perfect Life!

* * * * * * *

Then I came back to England. Dim, sweet hopes
Sprang in my silent breast like white spring flowers;
When first I saw again the fresh brown slopes,
The windy tree-tops, and the Minster towers:
But still I trembled, for strange news had crost
The seas to reach me;—of a heart deceived,
A false vow broken, and a light love lost;—
And Clare ——, I knew not if she pined or grieved.

She gave me welcome at the very door,
Framed in the soft grey gloom she, smiling, stood,
With a rare radiance,—paler than of yore,
And statelier with the grace of womanhood:
The bright head with its crown of shining gold;
The dark eyes, luminous, and clear as dew;
The brow, quiescent as in days of old;
The mobile lips, so stainless and so true.

Time cannot change the picture, nor impart
One dusky shadow to that angel face;
Fast locked within the casket of my heart,
Its fresh, pure colours show no fading trace:

O wedded life, so beautiful and brief,
O calm, sweet days of summer blossoming;
O love, thrice fairer in its falling leaf,
Than in the budding promise of its spring!

Buried beneath those ancient Minster towers,
And I, the old man, left to die alone!
And yet not lonely; through these languid hours
Drifts the low music of a spirit-tone;
I wait till God reveals her to my sight,
While airy hands clasp mine, and kisses fall
On my worn brow like rays of tender light,
That touch and tint some pallid marble wall.

'Tis twilight now, all hushed and cool and grey,
The dusk grows deeper in this quiet room;
All care has faded with the dying day,
Gone is the pain, the weakness, and the gloom
Friend, spread the pillow for my weary head,
I know that I shall sleep in peace to-night;
How dark it is! Who was it sung or said
Those words, "At evening time it shall be light"?

ENGLISH HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS OF THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. III.—AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

In the whole range of English Hymnody it would be difficult to point out a hymn which has met with more general acceptance among all "who call themselves Christians" than the inimitable 'Rock of Ages," by Augustus Montagu Toplady. Either in its original, or in a slightly altered form, it is included in almost every hymn book; and it is not too much to say that as a devotional hymn for private use it has occupied a place which no other lines have ever filled. It is said to have been on the lips of the late Prince Consort in his last moments, and to have formed the death song of one of the master spirits of our English Universities, the late Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity, while still more touching is the record of its use in the distant city of Constantinople, where Dr. Pomeroy heard it sung in an Armenian church. Seeing that many of the congregation were weeping, he asked what they were singing, and to his surprise he found that they had obtained a translation of the well-known words the use of which had affected them so deeply. To have written such a hymn, if no other lines had ever flowed from his pen, would have been sufficient to establish the author's claim to a high place in the ranks of the Christian poets, and we therefore gladly include a sketch of his life and works in the present series of papers.

Augustus Montagu Toplady, unlike many of our hymn writers, was a man of good family. His father, a major, died at the siege of Carthagena, in 1740, leaving his infant son to the care of his wife, the sister of the Rev. Mr. Bate, Rector of St. Paul's, Deptford. The boy's Christian names were given to him in honour of his sponsors, Augustus Middleton and Adolphus Montagu. He received his early education at Westminster school, where his ability soon became evident, and having decided to take *Holy Orders, he* subsequently graduated at Trinity

College, Dublin. During his schoolboy days he visited Ireland with his mother to make inquiries respecting an estate which she possessed in the sister island; and here it was that he was first convinced of the great responsibilities of the Christian life, and of the duty of acting up to its high privileges. The record of this period of his career is given in his own words in his journal, under date of February 29, 1768, when he was twenty-eight years old. Thus he writes:—"At night, after my return from Exeter, my desires were strongly drawn out and drawn up to God. I could indeed say, that I groaned with the groans of love, joy, and peace; but so it was even with comfortable groans that cannot be uttered. That sweet text Ephesians ii. 13, 'Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ,' was particularly delightful and refreshing to my soul; and the more so as it reminded me of the days and months that are past, even the day of my sensible espousals to the Bridegroom of the elect. It was from this passage that Mr. Morris preached on the memorable evening of my effectual call. By the grace of God under the ministry of that dear messenger, and under that sermon, I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1756. Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought near to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his own name. Surely it was the Lord's doing, and is marvellous. The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of man; the regenerating spirit breathes not only on whom, but likewise when, where, and as He listeth." The history of his "awakening," as he terms it, was the subject of a good deal of erroneous statement in after years, but all doubt on the matter is set at rest by the reference which he made to it in his last sermon, on Sunday, June 14th, 1778, a few weeks before his death, when he said—"I was awakened in the month of August, 1755, but not as has been falsely reported, under Mr. John Wesley or any preacher connected with him. Though awakened in 1755, I was not led into a full and clear view of the doctrines of grace, till the year 1758, when, through the great goodness of God, my Arminian prejudices received an effectual shock in reading Dr. Manton's sermons on the xviith of St. John. I shall remember the years 1755 and 1758 with gratitude and joy, to the heaven of heavens to all eternity."

Toplady's earliest poetical works, written between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, when he was actively engaged in study, were published in a small volume in the year 1759, with the following somewhat lengthy title, "Poems on Sacred subjects, wherein the Fundamental Doctrines of Christianity, with many other interesting points, are occasionally introduced." Although it possesses considerable merit, more especially in the hymns, the little book can only be regarded as a first effort, and as such can hardly be judged by critical canons. Considerable interest is attached to Toplady's admission to Holy Orders, from the fact that he lays great stress upon his subscription to the articles, homilies, and liturgy, an act which he regarded as a matter of the utmost importance, and as involving a heavy responsibility. He was ordained on Trinity Sunday, June 6th, 1762, and tells us that he subscribed to the Book of Common Prayer from principle. He did not believe because he subscribed, but subscribed because he believed. He was well persuaded that, after such an awful declaration as that made by a candidate for Holy Orders, the man who could draw back or qualify, for any sinister purpose, the doctrines he has subscribed so as to insinuate himself into the favour of men to avoid persecution, or for any aggrandisement, must be devoid of every upright principle, and openly prove himself an apostate from the Church, a traitor to the cause he once avowed, and a liar to the Holy Ghost. These are strong words, but there can be little question that their author, then in his twenty-second year, was firmly persuaded of their truth, and that he regarded his obligations as strict and literally binding upon him. Between the time of his ordination and the year 1768 he held two livings, Blagdon, in Somersetshire, and New Ottery; and in the latter year he accepted the vicarage of Broad Hembury, in Devonshire. The value of the last-named benefice was only £80 a-year; and thus Toplady is another instance of the too frequent absence of "reward for merit," which exists among the clergy of the Church of England. He was a man of unquestionable talent as a preacher, apart from his personal excellence and his gifts as a poet and a hymn-writer; and yet, like good Dr. Neale and others of our Christian singers, his income scarcely exceeded the pittance of the country parson, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a-year." In his Devonshire vicarage he carried on his habits of study, often writing until two or three o'clock in the morning; and here it was that the majority of his hymns were composed. His health failed him however,

and the steady growth of that most insidious of diseases consumption, which his friends believed was generated by the damp air of the Southern village, compelled him to resign his charge. In those days there were no clerical agents to negociate exchanges, and thus Toplady after making several efforts among his friends was obliged to leave Devon and come to London in the year 1775. His reputation as a preacher made many of his admirers in the metropolis anxious to hear him, and we find that on April 11, 1776, he commenced a series of sermons in the French Calvinist Reformed Chapel in Orange Street, which he obtained from the trustees, and here two years later he preached his last sermon before his death. On Easter Sunday, 1778, it became apparent that his end was near, and he so completely lost his voice in the pulpit, that he was compelled suddenly to conclude his discourse. After this he preached but four times, and growing weaker day by day he died peacefully, surrounded by his friends on Tuesday, August 11th, 1778, comparatively a young man being only thirty-eight years of age, with his mental powers at their highest. Those who were with him shortly before his death, give frequent records of his conversations proving that the intense spirituality of his hymns was but the natural expression of his life. Day by day he spoke with rapture of the joys of heaven which to him were indeed begun on earth. "Oh!" said he, "how this soul of mine longs to be gone! Like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest for ever. O that some guardian angel might be commissioned; for I long to be absent from this body and to be with my Lord for ever." A few hours before his death he was praising God for His abiding presence, and the shining of his love upon his soul adding "The sky is clear, there is no cloud; Come, Lord Jesus, Come quickly."

Such was the man to whom we owe the noble hymn which notwithstanding its minor defects has well deserved the praise bestowed upon it on all sides. The original text appeared, in the *Gospel Magazine* of which Toplady became the editor in 1775. It is found in the number for March, 1776, and bears this title: "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." We quote the text from Mr. Sedgwick's admirable reprint of his collected hymns and poems placing by its side the following faithful and beautiful Latin version of the lines by the present Prime Minister which will be read with general interest.

ages, cleft for me,
ıide myself in Thee
water and the Blood
ıy riven side which flow'd
n the double cure,
me from its guilt and power.

labours of my hands
ıl Thy law's demands:
y zeal no respite know,
y tears for ever flow,
in could not atone:
ıst save and Thou alone.

in my hand I bring
o Thy cross I cling
ome to Thee for dress;
look to Thee for grace;
o the fountain fly:
e Saviour or I die!

draw this fleeting breath
y eye-strings close in death
soar through tracks unknown
on Thy judgment throne;
ages, cleft for me,
ıide myself in Thee."

"Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
Tu peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam sordes munda.

"Coram te nec justus forem
Quamvis tota vi laborem,
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso:
Tibi soli tantum munus;
Salva me, Salvator unus.

"Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus crucem gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro,
Fontem Christi quaero immundus
Nisi laves, moribundus.

"Dum hos artus vita regit;
Quando nox sepulchro tegit;
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes;
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus."

ıl other translations of the hymn have been published, in
ıs attained to such universal favour that we believe that
w to be found in at least seven languages. It was
never more happily described than in the words of Dr.
who says it is "the most deservedly popular hymn,
the very favourite—very beautiful is it." Not the least
feature in its history is the fact that it has never been
quently used in any church or sect than among the
sts, whose founders were the most bitter opponents of
on account of his strongly developed Calvinism, while
less strange is the equally instructive fact that Toplady,
tanding his well known hatred of the Wesleyan Armi-
which drew from him expressions scarcely consonant
character as a Christian, included a large number of
mns in the collection made for his congregation, thus
g another illustration of the actual basis of unity
by our hymns, to men who would perhaps never be
gether by any other means.

reater part of Toplady's works were not, however, cast
ı the hymn form, indeed they are more correctly described
ıthor's own title, "Poems on Sacred Subjects." In the
edition they were classified under six heads:—1.

Petitionary Hymns; 2. Hymns of Praise; 3. Paraphrases on some select portions of Holy Writ; 4. Hymns of invitation; 5. A few pieces occasioned by the death of friends; and lastly, several pieces not properly referable to any of the preceding heads thrown together by way of appendix.

In the first division there is a hymn of unquestionable merit, evidently intended by the writer for congregational use, as it is headed, "When two or three are gathered together in My name." We are unable to give the eight verses in full, but extract the last two, as a fair specimen of its style:—

Let us chant melodious hymns
Loud as those of Cherubims;
Join with heart and tongue to bless
Christ our strength and righteousness:
All our praise to Him belongs
Theme of our sublimest songs,
Object of our choicest love,
Thee we laud with hosts above.

Thee we hail with joint acclaim,
Shout the glories of thy name;
Ever may we feel Thee thus,
Dear Immanuel, God with us!
Prince of Peace, thy people see,
All our thanks we aim at Thee;
Deign our tribute to receive,
Praise is all we have to give.

As a proof that Toplady was not uninterested in the political events of his day we may instance his "Hymn for the King of Prussia," which might almost have been placed in the lips of the worshippers of Kaiser Wilhelm during the recent struggle. Thus he prays:—

Still to thy chosen Gideon prove
A wall of fire, a shield of love;
Him in their hands let angels bear,
And screen him in the day of war.

Long may he stand, as now he does,
The bulwark of thy people's cause;
Let France and Austria weep in blood,
Just victims to the sword of God.

His noblest efforts were those inspired by his contemplation of the life and death of Christ, the sublime realities of which seem to have been an ever present subject in his contemplations. Among his "Hymns of Thanksgiving," for instance, we

find some very fine lines for Ascension Day, a festival for which, owing to its comparative neglect among the great mass of churchmen, there are very few special hymns in our popular collections. We can only quote a few verses, and select the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th :—

Seraphs chant His endless praises,
  Guard Him to His ancient seat;
Open wide ye heavenly places,
  Your returning God admit:
Heavenly portals,
Let the King of Glory in.

Christ, His kingdom re-inherits,
  His before the world began;
Myriads of admiring spirits
  Hover round the Son of Man;
Wrapt in wonder,
View the wounds He bore for us.

"Worthy Thou of exaltation,"
  Lost in sweet surprise they sing;
"Mortals with like acclamation,
  Hail your great Redeeming King;
Let your voices
Emulate th' angelic Choir."

Yes, O Christ, from every creature,
  Praise shalt to Thy name be given;
Worthy Thou of more and greater,
  King of Saints and King of Heaven!
Kindling transports,
Swell our hearts and tune our tongues.

If this hymn were subjected to a little judicious pruning it would be well worthy of a place in our popular hymnals, and we commend it to the attention of editors, who, in the case of Toplady, as of many other of our native writers, seem to have contented themselves with appropriating the hymns on which the approval of the church was already stamped without searching for other gems which lay hidden, simply owing to a lack of energy and research.

Like all our earlier hymnists Toplady devoted his talents to the too often unfruitful work of paraphrasing scripture, and not only the psalms, but many passages from the Prophets, were in this way rendered into verse, while in one case he went to the Prayer Book for a subject, choosing the General Thanksgiving. His success in this oft-attempted task was limited, and but few, if

any, of his "versions" of the psalms are known to the p
They are considerably above the average of many of the
poetasters, but it is scarcely surprising that he should
added another name to the list of those who have failed i
attempt to perform what must be regarded, at any rate as
the majority of the psalms are concerned, as an impossil
well as an undesirable achievement. With other portions
Bible he was more successful and in one piece entitled "a
templation suggested by Revelations vii, 9—17," he prodt
poem which our readers may have met with amon
specimens of his works, in Sir Roundell Palmer's "Bo
Praise," but which is so little known to the general p
that we gladly reproduce it here:—

"I saw, and lo! a countless throng,
Th' elect of every nation, name, and tongue,
Assembled round the everlasting throne,
With robes of white endued
(The righteousness of God);
And each a palm sustained
In his victorious hand;
When thus the bright melodious choir began—
'Salvation to Thy name
Eternal God, and co-eternal Lamb
In power, in glory, and in essence one.'

"So sung the saints. Th' angelic strain
Second the anthem with a loud Amen;
(These in the outer circle stood,
The saints were nearest God,)
And prostrate fall, with glory overpowered,
And hide their faces with their wings,
And thus address the King of Kings:
'All hail! by Thy triumphant church adored!
Blessing and thanks and honour, too,
Are Thy supreme, Thy everlasting due,
Our Triune Sovereign, our propitious Lord.'

"While I beheld th' amazing sight,
A seraph pointed to the saints in white
And told me who they were, and whence they came:
'These are they whose lot below
Was persecution, pain, and woe;
These are the chosen purchased flock,
Who ne'er their Lord forsook;
Through his imputed merit free from blame,
Redeemed from every sin,
And as thou sees', whose garments were made clean,
Washed in the blood of yon exalted Lamb.'

"Saved by His righteousness alone,
Spotless they stand before the throne,
And in th' eternal temple chant His praise.
Himself among them deigns to dwell
And face to face His light reveal;
Hunger and thirst, as heretofore,
And pain and heat, they know no more,
Nor need, as once, the sun's prolific rays.
Immanuel, here, his people feeds,
To streams of joy perennial leads,
And wipes, for ever wipes, the tears from every face.

"Happy the souls released from fear,
And safely landed there!
Some of the shining number once I knew,
And travelled with them here;
Nay, some (my elder brethren now)
Set later out for heaven; my junior saints below,
Long after me they heard the call of grace,
Which waked them unto righteousness.
How have they got beyond?
Converted last, yet first with glory crowned.
Little, once, I thought that these
Would first the summit gain,
And leave me far behind, slow journeying through the plain.

"Loved while on earth, nor less beloved though gone,
Think not I envy you your crown.
No; if I could I would not call you down.
Though slower is my pace
To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on Jesus all the way,
Who now and then lets fall a ray
Of comfort from his throne.
The sunnings of His grace
Soften my passage through the wilderness,
And vines, nectareous, spring where briars grew.
The sweet unveilings of his face
Make me, at times, half near as blest as you.
Oh, might His beauty feast my ravished eyes;
His gladd'ning presence ever stay,
And cheer me all my journey through!
But soon the clouds return; my triumph dies;
Damp vapours from the valley rise,
And hide the hill at Zion from my view.

"Spirit of light, thrice holy Dove!
Brighten my sense of interest in the love
Which knew no birth, and never shall expire!
Electing goodness, firm and free,
My whole salvation hangs on Thee,
Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity.
Redemption, grace, and glory too,
Our bliss above, and hopes below,
From her their parent fountain flow.

Ah, tell me, Lord, that Thou hast chosen me!
Thou who hast kindled my intense desire,
Fulfil the wish Thy influence did inspire,
And let me my election know!
Then, when Thy summons bids me come up higher,
Well pleased I shall from life retire,
And join the burning hosts beheld at distance now."

Another division of Toplady's works contains a collection of "occasional pieces on the death of friends," forming a series of epitaphs, written like the majority of these questionable eulogies more with a view to arrest the attention of the living than to commemorate the virtues of the dead. Judging from one of his quaint productions, the Parson of Broad Hembury must have been an advocate of the floral decoration of churchyards, or at any rate an opponent of that worse than heathen custom which induces people to place a heavy slab over the bodies of the departed instead of acting on the advice of the poet:—

"Let nature, day by day,
Her flow'ry tribute pay.
Clad with unaccustomed bloom
Let the sacred earth appear;
By the verdure of the tomb
Show that thou art slumb'ring there."

The most interesting pages in the book are the last, which form in fact an appendix to the previous sections. Among the contents we find the beautiful lines "written in illness," commencing "When languor and disease invade this trembling house of clay," and the still better known poem, "Deathless principle arise" which is often declared to be the finest of his works. This soliloquy written upon the death of a valued friend is supposed to have been suggested by the memorable verses of the Emperor Adrian.

"Anima vagula, blandula,"

which are better known by Pope's translation—

"A fleeting spirit wand'ring fire."

Of course like Pope's well-known ode,—

"Vital spark of heavenly flame."

which although the utterance of a man "in articulo mortis" has often been sung in our churches, these lines are unsuited for congregational use, but they deserve to be included in every volume of sacred poetry, and we regret that we have not space to reprint them here.

ı concluding our notice of this eminent hymn-writer we ıot do better than offer our readers his own justification of use of hymns in the service of God, which we commend to notice of those gentlemen north of the Tweed, who, with Dr. ʒ at their head, are still busily engaged in opposing the ɔduction of a hymn book into their kirks. In the preface to ɔollection of "Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private ship" he says: "Some worthy persons have been of ion (and what absurdity is there for which some well-ning people have not contended?) that it is unlawful to human compositions in the House of God! But, by the e rule, it must be equally unlawful to preach, or publicly ray, except in the very words of Scripture. Not to observe many of the best and greatest men that ever lived have, ı in ancient and modern times, been hymn-writers, and that e is the strongest reason to believe that the best Christians ll ages have been hymn-singers. Moreover the singing of ıns is an ordinance to which God has repeatedly set the seal His own presence and power, and which he deigns eminently less at this very day. It has proved a converting ordinance ɔme of his people, a recovering ordinance to others; a com-ing ordinance to them all; and one of the divinest mediums ɔommunion with God which His gracious benignity has ɔhsafed to His Church below."

hose of our readers who desire to know more of Toplady's ks will do well to consult Mr. Sedgwick's trustworthy int, and we believe it will not be without interest to give the ıwing list of additional hymns recently discovered in the ıspel Magazine," 1796—1799, with signature W. R. appended ıem, which Mr. Sedgwick has proved to be by Toplady and by Walter Row.

For Thy free electing favour," 1776 (Toplady's coll., 1776).
Twas grace that wrote my name," (Toplady's coll., 1776).
Thrice happy souls who with the Lamb," 12 stanzas, 1796.
Ye men who fear the Lord," 10 stanzas, 1796.
Since my Redeemer's name is love," 10 stanzas, 1796.
Lay to Thy hand, Thou jealous God," 9 stanzas, 1797.
Great God whose sov'reignty of power," 5 stanzas, 1798.
What is that grand, that awful name," 7 stanzas, 1798.
Our God, our Saviour, and our love," 10 stanzas, 1798.
Hail chosen race redeem'd from sin," 7 stanzas, 1798.
My *Good Shepherd is Jesus* the Lord," 5 stanzas, 1799.

THE CLERGY.[1]

BY JOHN PIGGOT, JUN., F.S.A.

MR. JEAFFRESON, the author of "A Book about Lawyers," and "A Book about Doctors," has completed his plan of dealing with the affairs of the three learned professions by giving us "A Book about the Clergy." There is a vast amount of readable matter in the two volumes before us, which will doubtless be as popular as the preceding ones.

Our author commences by pointing out the admirable efficacy with which the monastic system discharged its most important functions throughout a long series of dark and turbulent ages. Co-operation was used for man's spiritual needs and religious interests. It was not a yoke forced on England by any foreign power, but the natural outgrowth of our needs and aspirations at a time when Christianity was only an experiment. Monasticism covered the land with schools for learning and edifices for public worship, became the promoter of the gracious virtues of chivalry, and its triumph was the triumph of order over anarchy, of knowledge over ignorance, of civilization over barbarism. Of course it is not to be denied that in later periods many monasteries became corrupt, but for a long series of years the monks proved themselves, on the whole, careful and efficient stewards of the talents for whose employment they held themselves accountable to their Maker. The monks raised agriculture to the dignity of an art, and illuminated volumes and ivory carvings attest their skill, which we can hardly copy, much less excel.

About half of Mr. Jeaffreson's first volume relates to Wycliffe's England—the glorious fourteenth century. People often talk as if means of locomotion were little used at this period; on the contrary, journeyings were more frequent among our forefathers of every social rank before the Reformation than in the times which intervened between the suppression of the religious houses and the middle of the eighteenth century. The hostelries were more numerous than in times subsequent to the Reformation, and there is plenty of evidence to show that constancy of intercommunication was kept up between the inhabitants of the

[1] "A Book about the Clergy," by John Cordy Jeaffreson, B.A. London, Hurst and Blackett. Two vols., 1870.

arious shires. This was greatly due to the church in directing eriodic journeyings to sacred shrines. Crusaders returned from he perils of the East roused in the breasts of others a burning esire for like adventures. All this helped the architectural ctivity of the fourteenth century. To gain funds for building alisbury Cathedral, the prebendaries went through the entire ingdom soliciting funds, and were very successful. Architecture was the one really high art exercised at this period. The ntellectual forces now divided among the sister arts were then rought to its sole service. At this period painting can scarcely e said to have existed; Chaucer was a man in middle life when an Eyck was learning his primer. Gothic architecture was lmost the only pursuit that furnished a congenial sphere of ctivity to men of the highest intellect and most refined taste; t was the product of the quick intellects of the epoch concenrated upon a single field of artistic enterprise.

Mr. Thorold Rogers computes the whole population of England and Wales in the fourteenth century at 2,500,000, and of those between 30,000 and 40,000 were monks, nuns, and secular priests. The clerical order was dominant in every grade of the community. The highest offices of the court were filled by priests. The chancellor was usually an archbishop, and in the courts of common law priests occupied the judicial seats, and priests had the leading practices at the bar. Priests scorned not to don mail, or to thrive as farmers, merchants, or pedlars.[1] Aspiring laymen assumed the dress and functions of the clergy for worldly aggrandizement, and brought the order into disrepute. Wycliffe vehemently denounced these, but to the last day of his life was in a minority, and his followers were for the most part of the lower people. The term Lollard was understood to mean a pauper in fact, and a robber in intention. The small number of the educated laity at this time arose from the fact that as soon as a worldly layman had mastered a certain amount of earning he invariably took orders. Edward III., in a proclamation, commands "all prelates there assembled that, in respect of he great danger and damage which perhaps might happen to he realm and Church of England by reason of this war, ley will put to their aid in defence of the kingdom, and cause heir subjects to be arrayed, as well themselves and the religious en as parsons, vicars, and other men of holy Church whatso-

[1] One of the devout *pedlars of old England* attained the honours of canonization. "Saint *Godryche, born at Walpole, in* Northfolke," as Bale calls him.

ever." This feeling cropped up again in the seventeenth century, when certain royalist clergymen felt themselves justified in rendering military service in Charles I.'s forces.

During the feudal period the clergy were divided into the papal party, consisting of those who supported the pretensions of the Pope; and the national party, who rebelled against his exactions. The former were the monks and friars, or regular clergy, and the latter the secular priests. The monks would suffer no bishop to meddle with their affairs, or if they required one to perform distinctly episcopal acts, had one of the bishops *in partibus*, who had received ordination in foreign parts, and found employment in acting for other bishops. In any crisis of national politics affecting the interests of his abbey, the abbot applied to the superior of his order. It sometimes happened that the latter was at variance with the Pope, and he would tell the abbot to effect a coalition with the national party to which bishops chiefly belonged. Vast sums were drawn out of the country to support the Pope's wars, and patrons of English livings were required to appoint to the best benefices the nominees of the papal court.

The English Church has always been an eminently aristocratic vocation. In the feudal period, though men of the humblest birth often raised themselves to the highest offices in the Church, the most honourable ranks of the hierarchy were chiefly filled with men of honourable extraction. The best bred men were to be found in the ranks of the monks. We have been too apt to take our conception of the fourteenth century monk from satirical representations. After paying the expenses in the great monasteries the income was divided among the members, and hence these clerical celibates were amongst the richest persons of the time. We need only refer to the description of the monk in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The mediæval monk was addressed as "My lord," or *Don*, an abbreviation of *Dominus*. This is preserved in the word Don used at the universities. The secular clergy, on the other hand, were only called "Sire," or "Sir," but this title was accorded by mediæval etiquette to all persons of social responsibility. Bachelors of Arts were addressed as "Sirs" within the limits of their universities. In the latter sense it had more significance. In the sixteenth century to call a clergyman "Sir" was equivalent to denouncing him as an illiterate fellow.

The tithes of many parishes of the fourteenth century were

wholly appropriated to the use of monasteries, which provided an indigent priest of the monastic or secular sort for the spiritual service of the parish. A rector in Wycliffe's days was often very badly off. His parishioners delighted to cheat him in his tithes, and to get them paid it was not uncommon for him to curse a defaulter before the assembled congregation. Fees for special services formed an important addition to their incomes. About 1350 the clergymen of Bucknell, near Bicester, received for burying a child of affluent parents two shillings, but only three farthings for the same service at the interment of a poor child. The annual stipend for the lowest class of parochial priests, who subsisted on payments made for saying masses, or acting as the substitutes of absentee incumbents, was generally only £3 6s. 8d. for the routine duties of a parish, and £4 when he, besides this, performed daily private masses. A labouring man, wife, and boy would earn at the same period £2 7s. 10d. After the Plague these priests demanded greater pay, as numbers had died. This Archbishop Islip, in 1362, refused to grant them, and spoke of their covetousness and love of ease! Chaucer's "Clerke of Oxenforde" is an example of the erudition frequently found among the more cultivated seculars:—

> "For him was lever ham at his beddes hed
> A twenty bookes, clothed in black or red,
> Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
> Than robes rich, or fidel, or santrie."

This was unhappily not common, and the writers of the period refer with disdain to the ignorance of many of the clergy. But we must now speak of a class of men who exercised great influence in mediæval society, especially among the lower orders, —the mendicant monks or friars. Vast numbers of these wandered about England at this period. Gregory X., in 1272, reduced them to four orders,—the Carmelites, or White Friars, the Augustinian Eremites, the Dominicans, or Black Friars, and the Franciscans, or Grey Friars, from the colour of their dress. Their manner of life won the hearts of the poor, and they became thorns in the flesh of the beneficed clergy, whose luxury and pride they unsparingly exposed. Even Bishop Grosthead, of Lincoln, thought that this rivalry would stimulate the parochial clergy to better life, and gave the itinerants his support. But these mendicants, fresh from Rome, strengthened the papal party in England, and aggravated every popular discontent.

Every friar possessed the right of discharging every function

of the priestly office, wherever he might be, without any respect to the bishop or priest. He could enter a parish church at service-time to harangue the congregation, without the rector's permission. They sold indulgences and pardons, and they often possessed great riches, for Innocent IV. allowed the Franciscans to possess houses and lands, provided that the things so enjoyed *were vested in St. Peter.* They built splendid churches, and got possession of the theological chairs at the universities. The Carmelites circulated a report that the Virgin Mary had appeared in the thirteenth century to the general of the order, and stated that no human being should be damned eternally who should die dressed in the scapular, or short mantle of a Carmelite. This was so universally believed that preposterous prices were given for these articles. The friars were very popular with the laity. Their packs contained relics, pardons, knickknacks, and they heard confession and gave absolution in every village they entered. Chaucer's friar was—

> "Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
> With frankeleins over all in his contree.
> His tippet was ay farsed ful of knives,
> And pinnes, for to given fayre wives.
> And certainly he had a mery note.
> Somewhat he hisped for his wantonesse
> To make his English swete upon his tonge."

The Lollards were for the most part of humble birth and m[illegible] estate, though they gained the support of such men as Thomas Latimer, Sir Lewis Clifford, the Duke of Lancaster, L[illegible] Henry Percy, Sir John Montague, and Lord Cobham, the mart[illegible] Knighton estimates their number at one-half the populati[illegible] though doubtless he greatly exaggerates. A new sort of clerg[illegible] Wycliffe's "poor priests," perambulated the country, persuadi[illegible] people to read the Scriptures. The Lollards at this period we[illegible] noticeable for their simplicity and soberness of attire. At a time when monks and seculars vied with the laity in gorgeous costume the Lollard preachers could easily be known by their dingy russet gowns and bare feet. They urged ladies to lay aside their splendid attire for simple dress. They specially preached against swearing, so common in the Middle Ages. They disapproved of instrumental music in divine service, and this was one cause of their unpopularity. Another was their mode of observing the Sunday. They considered the day should be kept by fasting and humiliation. Now this day in the Middle

Ages was the day of the whole week for marriages and marriage feasts, revels in taverns, pageants at princely courts, fairs in country towns, and sports on the village greens. The Lollards also objected to pilgrimages to national shrines, which, as we have before stated, were so popular at this time. These excursions afforded our forefathers the same kind of recreation and excitement which we derive from a Swiss trip, or a sojourn at a seaside watering-place. Lord Cobham said, "He that knoweth the holy commandments of God, and so performeth them to the end of his life to his power, shall, without fail, be saved in Christ, though he never in his life go on pilgrimage, as men use now-a-days to Canterbury, Walsingham, Compostella, and Rome, or to other places." But the tenets of the Lollards, particularly at an early period, were very different from the doctrines of the Marian martyrs. In fact, Wycliffe's followers protested rather against the corruptions of a clergy than revolted against the doctrines of a church. The rector of Lutterworth held high views on the doctrine of purgatorial punishment; in his work, "The Poor Caitiff," he states that the artistic devices of the rood-loft and images might be profitable to simple worshippers.

Respecting the marriage of priests. An important per-centage of these were married, though their wives were dishonoured women according to the canons of the Church. Henry I. permitted the priests whom Anselm had separated from their wives to resume their old domestic relations on paying a sum of money into the royal exchequer. 200 poor priests who could not afford this walked to the king's palace in procession, and petitioned the queen to intercede for them, but she durst not. The Lollards were opposed to the celibacy of the clergy, hence a married priest was liable to be considered a Wycliffite, and the populace soon conceived a violent abhorrence of concubinary priests. William White, the Wycliffian martyr and priest, who suffered at Norwich in 1428, gave up his benefice before he married. Bishop Bale married in the Catholic time of Henry VIII.'s reign. Cranmer married twice. Queen Elizabeth retained much of her father's prejudice against married clergy. John Knox married in the reign of Edward VI. Several of the Marian martyrs suffered at the stake quite as much on account of their domestic virtues as in consequence of their doctrinal heresies. Queen Elizabeth ordered that no priest or deacon should *marry without the* consent of the bishop of the diocese

and two justices of the peace. The social status of the priesthood had been decidedly lowered by the Reformation. The large majority of the aristocracy and gentry secretly cherished their old attachment to the papal see; and as the stability of the Protestant Church was doubtful, parents generally did not show favour to clerical suitors. The cathedral close, when the marriage of the clergy became more general, lost its conventual character and clerical bodies were charged with having converted to their use the magnificent vestments of the old ritual. When we come to the reign of Charles II. the average clergyman enjoyed a larger measure of esteem than he had enjoyed at any previous period since the Reformation.

Life insurance is distinctly traceable to the abolition of clerical celibacy. Bishop Ken states that in his day the incumbents of 4165 parishes were habitual absentees, their duties being performed by curates, who received £20, £30, or £40 per annum. These were chiefly married men, and their distress was very great. The Rev. William Assheton, rector of Beckenham, Kent, and domestic chaplain to the Duke of Ormond, considering this hit upon the scheme of life insurance, he wished to find a company that would pay an annuity of £30 a year to every clergyman's widow whose husband should, before he was sixty, pay into its funds £100. If the insurer outlived his wife the £100 would remain the property of the company. An opulent clergyman who wished his wife to have £300 a year would pay £1,000 down. In 1698 he brought his scheme before the Mercers' Company, and after due consideration the company entered on business as life insurance agents. The success was so great that in 1706 the Amicable Life Assurance office was formed, and soon followed by others.

In feudal England, besides being temples for divine worship and schools for religious instruction, our churches were used for purposes of a secular nature; they were halls of social intercourse, receptacles for articles of merchandise, storehouses for worldly treasure, buildings in which courts of justice were held, and places for periodic markets and fairs. The most famous of our consistory courts, the Court of Arches, derived its name from the peculiar architecture of the church (St. Marylebone, London) where it was held. The trials of the Lollards usually took place in the cathedrals or important churches. Respecting the *storage* of goods in churches, incumbents were allowed to charge *for this*, and so add to their incomes. These things were sold

stolen, as theft was sacrilege. We must remember the secondary objects for which churches were built, and that the grand social purpose of mediæval Christianity was to exercise a sanctifying influence on all human labours and interests. In fine weather the stalls of a fair would be placed outside the church, but when wet, within the sacred building. At this time the private chapels afforded places of quiet for the pious visitor. The chancel (derived from *cancelli*, or screens) was fenced off, and no layman allowed to enter, except by the special permission of the clergy. The clergy would not tax the laity for the maintenance of this part of the church, lest the laity might be thought to have acquired any right to enter it. One of the great sources of difference between the Elizabethan clergy and the Puritans arose from this, the latter calling the chancel a cage for blackbirds.

The most conspicuous ornament of a mediæval church was a large crucifix with figures of the Virgin Mary and St. John placed on a gallery between the chancel and nave. Instrumental performers were stationed in this gallery, which was often richly decorated. Sometimes the figure on the cross was contrived so that by mechanical appliances it moved its eyes or limbs. Such was the famous rood of grace at Boxley, in Kent, which in the time of Henry VIII. was taken down, and the deception exposed at Paul's Cross.

The Saxons buried their dead outside the walls of their towns. In the eleventh century Archbishop Lanfranc forbade that burial should take place within churches. After a time persons were allowed to build chapels contiguous to churches, and thus it was that many churches acquired their aisles. In the Elizabethan period the custom of burying in churches became more general. John Evelyn's father-in-law, who died at Sayes Court in 1683, by a special clause in his will, wished to be buried in the churchyard, hoping that this would tend to put intra-ecclesial burial out of fashion. Bishops Hall and Compton were buried in this manner.

Pews in churches were not common in the earlier half of the fifteenth century, for Mirk, in his "Instructions for Parish Priests," does not mention them. When they did occur they were generally rich seats in the chancel for privileged clergy or laity; naves were not benched at this period. Under Elizabeth, pews became numerous though not universal in the London churches. Even as late as the reign of Charles I. there was

much contention on the subject. Bishop Corbet says, "S pews are now become tabernacles with rings and curtai them." In mediæval times infirm or aged persons br little stools with them like that which Jenny Geddes fl the dean's head in the church of St. Giles, Edinburgh.

Mr. Jeaffreson thus shows the distinction between mec church life and the meanness of ordinary dwellings:—

"In times that had no profane theatres, lecture-rooms, houses—none of those sources of artistic amusement intellectual diversion which are so abundant in modern s —the mediæval citizen went to his church for wholesome r tion and æsthetic culture as well as for devotional exerci spiritual edification. His ordinary dwelling-room was low narrow, and ill furnished; the church, a work of noble ar lofty, luminous, spacious, and richly decorated. His hon usually a foul place; the church airy and redolent with t perfumes of incense. Away from the church he never hea music better than the strains of ballad-singers, and suc cordant noises as wandering minstrels produced with fi bagpipe; in the churches he was stirred and fascinated by harmonies, to which the most fastidious critics of the mel art still listen with delight and admiration."

But irreverent familiarity often distinguished the behav people in church at that time. High-born ladies came sparrowhawks on their wrists, and hounds at their heel men brought their hounds and falcons, "and the chants choir and the tones of the organ were marred by the bar dogs, the jangling of hawkbills, and the screams of c terrified by the noise of savage mastiffs." Alexander B in his "Ship of Fools," tells us how, when a priest, sitting side of the choir, wished to communicate during the a piece of trivial gossip to a brother priest on the oth

Men wore their head-attire in church down to and long after the Reformation. Barclay complains that some men would not take the trouble to uncover at the elevation of the host.

The most famous of the few permanent pulpits in England before the Reformation was that of Paul's Cross, which was used for secular and religious purposes as early as 1259. The structure which stood in Elizabethan times was a wooden pulpit roofed with lead and fixed on a stone base, provided at its rear with stone steps. It was finished in this form in 1449 by Kemp, Bishop of London, and was destroyed by Sir Robert Harlow in 1643. In those days our forefathers gathered together on Sundays and other holy days to receive political tidings and guidance from their Paul's Cross teachers, discussing shrewdly when they got to their homes whether the notable utterances boded good or ill to the nation. If a sermon pleased them the auditors repeated rapidly the words, "Hear, hear, hear;" if not they signified their disapproval by groans. Such a riot was caused in Mary's reign by a sermon by Dr. Bourne on the Papacy, that Elizabeth was careful to choose discreet and moderate orators. When it was wet or very cold the Paul's Cross sermons were delivered in the *shrouds*, a temporary shed near the cathedral. Mr. Jeaffreson says the reason why they were not preached in the cathedral was, that the body of the church was so blocked and filled with stalls and other furniture for its permanent bazaar, that its unoccupied spaces would not have afforded standing room for an ordinary Paul's Cross congregation. Henry VIII. considered four sermons in a year an adequate supply for an ordinary parish church. Edward VI. ordered eight sermons should be delivered annually, of which four were to be against the papal usurpation. Elizabeth, in one of her injunctions, seems to wish that a licensed preacher should deliver a discourse once a quarter, and on other Sundays a homily should be read. James I. ordered each resident incumbent to preach one sermon every Sunday, which was a great advance, and this is George Herbert's number. These sermons were not necessarily of an hour's duration because there was an hour-glass in the pulpit, but if the sand had run out the congregation would not sit a moment longer. Highly popular preachers like Bishop Burnet would, however, be encouraged to proceed. Low church clergymen tried to preach in the afternoon, but were discouraged by the ecclesiastical authorities. Dr. Pierce,

Bishop of Bath and Wells, suspended one clergyman for preaching a funeral sermon on a Sunday evening. In Edward VI.'s time even bishops could not preach without a licence. Mary would only grant licence to Catholics, Elizabeth to Protestants. The latter queen said the homilies were all the sermons people needed, and that three or four licensed preachers were enough for a county; about a third of her clergy only held licences to preach.

The practice of preaching from a text began early in the thirteenth century, but the sages and seniors of the universities continued to preach by postillizing, that is, expounding a particular chapter of the Bible. St. Augustine is said to have preached 400 sermons in this manner without a text. Written sermons were much disliked by our forefathers; they were called *bosom sermons*, because the preachers took the paper on which they were written from the folds of their canonical dress. Mr. Jeaffreson is of opinion that the average preacher of to-day is greatly superior to the average preacher of past time, but the former labours under this disadvantage, that many of his auditors are as well taught as himself.

Mr. Jeaffreson's volumes contain an interesting note on that well-known personage the famous vicar of Bray. When a change of religion took place in England the greater part of the clergy turned without a struggle as the tide turned. Little difficulty was found in establishing Popery in Mary's reign, and mass was willingly celebrated everywhere; at her death not 250 priests out of nearly 10,000 were found who resigned their preferments rather than read English prayers. Many sacerdotal turncoats became angry disputants in behalf of their newly adopted tenets. It was seen that they were men of no charity, no manly feeling, no truthfulness, but they could *bray*. Thus arose the popular term for such people,—*vicars of Bray*. The term became proverbial, and the nickname gave rise to a mythical story of a certain vicar of the parish of Bray, Berks, who was supposed to have distinguished himself in the reign of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, by figuring successively as a Papist, a Protestant, a Papist once more, and yet again a Protestant. Fuller tells his readers that he was Simon Aleyn, Canon of Windsor, who held the vicarage of Bray from 1540 to 1588. Mr. Jeaffreson says that a search in the parish register of Bray proves that no clergyman either named Aleyn, or bearing any other name, held the vicarage for the

nentioned by the anecdotal annalist. Simon Symonds ed vicar of the Berkshire parish from 1522 till 1551, ar of his death. The author of the humorous and as song called the "Vicar of Bray" is said to have been a in Colonel Fuller's troop of dragoons. Our author out that the writer caught exactly the original signifi-

The parson of the song is a vicar who brays, not a er who changes sides in order to retain possession of a lar living.

cannot better conclude this paper than by quoting the ul picture which Chaucer has left us of the Poor Parson fourteenth century :—

"A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a pore Persoun of a toun;
But rich he was of holy thought and werk,
He was also a lerned man, a clerk
That Cristes gospel truly wolde preche;
His parischens devoutly wold he teche.
Benigne he was, and wondur diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.
Ful loth were him to curse for his tythes;
But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
Unto his pore parisschens aboute,
Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
He cowde in litel thing han suffisance.
Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asondur,
But he ne lafte not for reyn ne thondur,
In sicknesse ne in meschief to visite
The ferrest in his parische, moche and lite
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample unto his scheep he guf,
That ferst he wroughte, and afte that he taughte,
Out of the gospel he the wordes caughte,
And this figure he addit yit therto,
That if golde rust, what schulde yren doo?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wondur is a lewid man to ruste."

CHALET LIFE IN THE HIGHER ALPS.

BY DAVID KER.

"LES montagnes," said a guide to me the other day, "sont les meilleurs médecins du monde." And certainly, after the routine of the civilized world, there is something marvellously exhilarating in the utter "abandon" of mountain life. Breakfasts at midnight—mountain ascents at 1 A.M.—retirement to rest before the usual English dinner-hour—shower-baths in glacier torrents—intense free-and-easiness in the way of dress—glorious uncertainty as to the day of the week or month—an untiring vigour drawn from the clear fresh atmosphere, which makes the mere sense of *living* an enjoyment—and above all, a chalet. By a chalet we do not mean one of those green-balconied classical-looking structures, which one sees so often in miniature and so seldom in reality. Superior cottages, indeed, there are, with painted fronts and crenelled galleries, surmounted by the effigy of an Austrian soldier, at which the mountain men pound all Sunday with their heavy prong-stocked rifles; cottages such as those at Les Plans or Grion, above Bex, where three good meals per diem and a tolerable bed, at a daily charge of 2s. 9d., await the adventurous traveller. But between these and their humble brethren lies a gulf as wide as that between the two shipwrecked mariners, of whom "one had a shirt without a button, the other a button without a shirt." To make a chalet, gentle reader, take a second-hand lumber-closet of twelve feet by eight, ventilate it by the discharge of a blunderbuss through the panels, paper it with soot, and carpet with clay; place on one side a pile of pails and cheese-moulds, on the other a huge iron pot over a log fire, and at the farther end a box full of canvas, fancifully styled a bed; diffuse a thick black smoke throughout; people the den with two or three wild-looking men in shirt-sleeves and boots, "full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;" and the product will be the thing required.

The mountain men (guides especially) are intelligent, but somewhat stolid and taciturn, having more of the German phlegm than of the French vivacity; consequently their occa-

sional bursts of emotion are very striking. One such I witnessed on the part of the most impassible man I have ever met—a Vaudois guide—on hearing the details of the Matterhorn catastrophe. Never did I see an expression of such absolute *horror* before; the knitted brow, the starting eye, the half-open mouth and hanging lip, the hand half-raised in deprecation, the deep "Mon Dieu!" at the conclusion, formed a perfect picture. Yet five minutes afterwards he was talking and laughing as if nothing had happened. On another occasion I witnessed a still more startling display on the part of a quiet respectable man, with whom I marched from Chamounix to Martigny. Just in the loneliest part of the road our conversation happened to turn upon the French Revolution (the knowledge of history possessed by many of the common people is something marvellous), and I commenced to dilate upon the September massacres. In a moment a kind of fiery flush burst out over his face—the veins of his forehead started, his lips quivered, and his eyes glared, giving his whole countenance a look perfectly demoniacal; while from between his set teeth he hissed out, "Ah! if I had only lived in those days!" Such a face one fancies in the Place de la Concorde, in 1792, or behind the barricades of 1848; but in a moment the fierce look was gone—the quiet stolidity of the Swiss fell over his features, and he struck into an indifferent subject.

In the more secluded valleys old customs prevail to a great extent. The harvest merry-makings are still of the same primitive cast; the country dances (very pretty and graceful, though widely different from the "Pas de Moissoneurs" which embellishes our metropolitan playbills) remain unchanged; the mountain songs are still in good preservation, including the beautiful "Ranz des Vaches," which is really exquisite when well sung. The fare is as simple as the life; black bread, cheese, ham, and milk or mountain wine, compose the bill of fare, while an occasional chamois-steak is justly reckoned a great delicacy.

On the eastern slope of the Dent du Midi stands the village of Salvent, which, though picturesque in itself, is rendered doubly so by the neighbourhood of the Gorge du Triège, a defile even finer than its sister of the Trient, though much less generally known. The natives inform us that a gallery, similar to that in the Trient gorge, is about to be constructed through it, when we shall hope to find it visited as it deserves. Salvent stands on a small green plateau ending in a sheer precipice of 600 feet, at

the base of which roars the Trient; and the contrast produced by that smooth green dell on one side, and that ghastly gulf on the other, is very striking. While admiring it we were accosted by a district guide, who offered to show us the higher gorge; and we wound along the slope till we lost sight of the precipice while, as the roar lessened, a deep silence fell on the air, as to add greater effect to what was to come. As the light faded a wild *forgotten* look, as of a dispeopled world, stole over the grim rocks and dark woods among which we began to wind; till at length, with a single turn of the road, we came as it were into another sphere. Above, black broken crags shot up to that unendurable height which the eye refuses to measure; between them, beneath the arch on which we stood, a broad sheet of foaming water flung itself in successive spasms from rock to rock, down an almost endless descent; and, clinging to the crags on either side, weird goblin-like trees shivered in the wind, as though shuddering at the scene below. The whole air was filled with a deep savage roar, echoed far up the dark gorge as if by the voices of unseen myriads. And more terrible than all was the *universality* of the chaos: not a break of light, not a ray of colour to relieve the gloom; only the livid white of the waterfall below, and above the ghostly grey of the sky.

This grand scene had rather a ludicrous pendant. My friend and I had two out of three disposable beds allotted to us, our guides sharing the remaining one between them. During the night we were aroused by a splash of water and a cry of dismay from Philippe, the elder guide, who, having risen to drink, had upset the entire jug over himself and the floor. Springing hastily into bed, he elicited a terrible outcry from Jean Louis, who strongly resented the intrusion of his dripping relative; and the dispute took some time to settle.

St. Pierre, the last village on the route from Martigny to the St. Bernard, is even more unfortunate than Salvent; for although passed through by countless travellers, it is apparently noticed by none. And yet, whether viewed simply from an artistic point of view, as the little spot of white and red that overlooks, from among its waving woods, the black gorge of the Dranse; or whether considered historically, as the starting-point of Napoleon's famous march in 1800, in memory of which the solitary hotel bears the name "Au Déjeuner de Napoleon I."; or whether estimated merely by its antiquities—a milestone of Constantine II., a bridge of the time of Charlemagne, and a

church bearing date A.D. 1010, with an inscription commemorating the repulse of a Saracen invasion; in every aspect St. Pierre merits at least a passing glance. The whole place has an old-world aspect; corkscrew streets, paved with stones in every attitude of excitement; sloping walls; deplorably tipsy chimneys; and the usual extinguisher church, with the usual parliament of blue blouses in front of it. Late on the evening of our arrival, the church bell began to toll, and my guide informed me that one of the villagers having died at Sion, his body had been brought home for interment. The procession soon appeared; first appeared a man in deep black, bearing a large metal crucifix; next the priest, in pointed cap and white surplice; then the coffin, followed by the entire village population. They set down the coffin before the door of the hotel, formed a double circle (all the women being in the outer ring), and the priest intoned a funeral chant, swelled at intervals by the voices of the entire assemblage. Around him stood several gray-headed patriarchs, with bowed heads and folded hands, and beside them some children, almost too young to understand the scene, gazing with wide wondering eyes at all that passed. The sprinkling of the coffin and signing of the cross upon it by each in turn, which closed the ceremony, had too much bustle about it; but the commencement was certainly impressive.

It is needless to detail our attempt upon the Grand Combin, the magnificent peak immediately above St. Pierre; suffice it to say, we were driven back from the Maison Blanche (a height of some 10,000 or 11,000 feet) by the mist and rain; and our descent formed a series of slips, tumbles, and hap-hazard leaps, reminding me of the short delirious dance performed by the sleepers in the Grands Mulets cabin on Mont Blanc, when any of our party trod upon the loose planks of the floor. Now, one man sat down forcibly in a crevice, with his feet up, like the letter V; anon, another slipped so straight into a hole, that he seemed to have collapsed bodily into the seat of his unmentionables, and remained there. Once I went fairly over the brink of a precipice, and only escaped by catching the spike of my axe between two projecting stones. On reaching the hotel, as I had demolished my only suit (sad illustration of the Stanley motto, "Sans changer"), I was glad to accept a refit from mine host; a transformation which subjected me to some rather rough caresses from the hotel dog, who, recognising his master's clothes, could not realise the fact that it was not his master who was in them.

The clothes themselves were sufficiently peculiar; a coat possessing all the colour, and more than all the odour, of very bad tobacco, scraps of which I discovered in the various pockets; and a pair of trousers seemingly modelled after the Siamese twins, the connection between the two parts being extremely slight.

The difficulty of the Valais *patois* lies not so much in any difference of words as in the peculiar pronunciation; "quinze being pronounced "finche," "bois," "bah," &c. But in the valleys around the Combin a distinct vernacular dialect appears to exist.

Respecting the "monarch of mountains," who, like other monarchs, occasionally receives very unworthy ambassadors (one of the latest deputations consisting, as I hear, of the chambermaids and shoeblacks of Chamounix, "en masse"), nothing can be said that has not been said already; though we can hardly endorse the dictum of the Genevese "gamin," who when a stranger pointed out Mont Blanc, and inquired its name, coolly replied, "That is an old mountain—we never speak of it nowadays!" The ascent may be fairly described in the words of the veteran Simond, "Pas difficile, mais assez fatigante!" Nor will we enlarge upon Chamounix, that marvellous conglomerate of hotels and photograph-shops, of men who are all guides, and women who are all "brand batons," which has sprung up beneath the wonder-working alpenstock of the tourist. All this has already been portrayed by our Alpine "Peter the Hermit," Albert Smith, whose apartments at the Hotel d'Angleterre are still religiously preserved, in gratitude for the lucrative crusade of which he was the great apostle. Nor need we detail our own ascent; our "sensational" escape from an avalanche on the Petit Plateau; our supper at the Grand Mulets, where we made coffee with melted snow in a coal-scuttle—appropriate cookery in Savoy, where (as a Swiss lady recently told me) "My uncle did *voyage*, it is some years since, and there they did offer him his choice of two dishes, *killed beast* and *dead beast*." To the same authority, by the way, I owe one of the best conundrums extant:—"Quelle est la difference entre un locomotif et une gare (station)? Le locomotif se rend de gare en gare, et 'La Gar(e) demeure et ne se rend pas.'"

Respecting the guide system a few words may be said. The Chamounix guides (three hundred in number) are under Government supervision, and controlled by a resident "Chef de Guides;" they serve in stated order, and any one endangering the life of a

aveller by carelessness or otherwise, is liable to be struck off e roll. From the age of twenty to twenty-three they practise porters; they are then formally enrolled, after an examination regards character, physical condition, and acquaintance with rious routes, including that up Mont Blanc. At sixty they e superannuated, and retire. The charge for an ordinary day's rk is 6 francs (5s. English); special charges are made for rticular ascents. That of Mont Blanc, with one guide and a rter, costs 140 francs (£5 12s. 1d.).

A propos of such expeditions, I may remark that nothing disoints one so much at first sight as a glacier. In place of the rgeous ice towers which we looked for, lo! a rough, whiteyown surface, edged with large stones, and very like a sheet of arse paper; it is only on looking down into the crevasses ature's stereoscopes) that one sees in perfection those unhomable depths of rich dark blue, which neither pencil can cture nor pen describe. True it is that these crevasses become times rather unpleasant neighbours; as once on the Oldenhorn, here one of our party caught his foot in a crack while in full reer down the incline, and with the impetus of his descent volved on his own axis for some seconds, like the handle of a rrel-organ. But any labour or risk is amply repaid by such a cier-panorama as may be seen on a moonlight night from the ands Mulets, or the Aiguille du Goûté.

It must be remembered, however, that such spectacles cannot seen hastily, nor at second-hand; and that little is gained by e orthodox tourist who goes abroad "because everybody goes, u know;" buys piles of useless articles, and scrupulously loses em all on the way home; speaks fearful and wonderful French der protest; prefers "good honest beefsteak to any of your reign kickshaws;" tramps round the circle of "sights" with at look of stern resolution worn by an Englishman when ncing a quadrille, or performing any other act of painful duty; d finally returns with a comfortable sense of having done the ght thing, dashed by a simple wonder at "people taking all at trouble for nothing." Yet what can be done with men who ke a compatriot whom I met the other day) boast of having en round Europe with three words of French; which, on quiry, proved to be "Wee," "Nong," "Garsong." Truly—

> "Man *learns* but little here below,
> *And learns* that little wrong!"

THE POWER OF CHRIST'S RESURREC

(SEE CANON LIDDON'S SERMON.)

BY THE REV. F. W. HARRIS, M.A.

How dost thou know, my soul, that not in vain
Thy Lord endured the pain,
That seemed with cruel, vice-like force to press
The cry of sharp distress
From the woe-burdened heart, and death-parched to
When on the Cross He hung?

Methinks I know it by full many a sign
Of power and might divine,
Which showed that One who could have saved was
E'en in that hour of fear,
Yet left Him thus to travail all alone,
And for my sin atone.

I know it by the glorious orb of day
Hiding his face away,
As if from his pure heaven he could not brook
On sight so sad to look;
I know it by the earth that quaked with fear
That parting cry to hear.

The rude hard rocks confess, asunder flying,
It is their Maker dying;
Hearts unbelieving once and hard as stone,
Melting with sorrow, own
In the meek Lamb that on the altar lies,
The one true Sacrifice.

I know it too by many an after-token,
Hell's powers subdued and broken,
When from the grave triumphantly He rose
And captive led our foes;
Then sought the throne prepared for Him on high
From all eternity.

I know it by the glorious light that streams
From Him whose healing beams
Have spread afar through many a region, erst
Of God and man accurst,
Enlightened now, and gladdened by His rays,
And taught to hymn His praise.

And hast thou yet another sign, my soul?
Know'st thou His blest control,
Who died for thee, that thou might'st die to sin,
And rose that thou might'st win
The victory now in many a hard-fought fight,
And then a crown of light?

THE course of events in the French capital, during the
which is closing as we write, has been attended with
beside which the worst features of the recent struggle see
paratively insignificant, while even the civil wars of pa
have been thrown completely in the shade. Here we h
two great parties in a nation struggling for supremacy
cold-blooded band of ruffians taking advantage of the mis
of their country to murder the harmless, to pillage the
buildings, and to commit almost every crime which the
passions can suggest under the specious plea of a de
popular government. Paris is again being deserted; its
monuments have been desecrated with a violence whic
had proceeded from a German hand, would have roused
citizen to punish the aggressor; and yet up to the pres
mob is king, and the well-disposed among the populac
completely paralyzed. It remains to be seen whether M.
and his supporters have sufficient energy to crush the rel
but unless they take some decisive step in the course o
days, the Prussian re-occupation of Paris will be the only
left for restoring peace; and considering the important i
at stake, as far as the Germans are concerned, we can s
be surprised if M. Bismarck takes this step.

The increase of Red Republicanism in England is a fac
cannot be allowed to pass unnoticed. Ill weeds grow

not confined to the artisan class; and we therefore would strongly urge upon our readers to lose no opportunity of setting the truth politically as well as religiously before the working men of England, and of taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the desperate condition of Paris to drive home a lesson which is much needed. Reform Leagues, it is true, have died out; but the seeds still remain, and they will inevitably spring up again unless they are destroyed at the root.

The able speech on the evils of our present chaotic system of local taxation, with which Mr. Goschen introduced his promised scheme of reform just before the Easter recess, gave another proof of the mistake Mr. Gladstone made in removing from the head of the Poor Law Board one who had so evidently mastered all its details. The papers which accompanied his statement contain ample food for reflection for all thoughtful citizens; and the startling fact that thirty millions are annually expended by so-called local authorities, whose election in nine cases out of ten is a mere farce, is well worthy of consideration. In one of the most important of the metropolitan boroughs, for instance, with which we are personally acquainted, where poverty and ignorance are widely spread, the elections are conducted on a system which pratically enables the vestrymen and guardians to return their own candidates; and although this is obviously the result of the apathy of the ratepayers, it is none the less an argument in favour of some sweeping alteration in the present state of affairs. If we are to be governed by those who are virtually their own masters—for the control of the central authorities is merely nominal—it would at least be well to secure men of the highest class and character; as the scenes at present enacted in the suburban vestries are a standing disgrace to a civilized country. Thus the enormous amount of the present outlay, when compared with the very unsatisfactory returns we receive for the expenditure, will, it is to be hoped, be seriously regarded by those who have the opportunities of taking an active part in parish affairs; and although Mr. Goschen's scheme is in some ways open to serious objection, it deserves a hearty reception, as the first indication of a desire on the part of the Government to deal with what is, after all, one of the most important questions which can be brought before the country. At present there is gross waste, and an expensive machinery is at work which in many cases utterly fails to accompliah its objects.

Mr. Lowe's Budget, true to the character of its a strikingly original, but most injudicious in its leading That he had a difficult case to meet is perfectly tru seems to us that instead of destroying a branch of in which many thousands of poor creatures are kept fro tion, it would have been far more in accordance with th principles of the ministry if the deficiency had been larger increase of the Income-tax in the place of t addition already made. Whether the per centage s taxing incomes will be preferable to the old and easily c system of poundage is another question, which is open doubt, while the equally objectionable proposal to re Succession Duties still more heavy is also likely to be u Altogether it would be difficult to point to a Budget w ever evoked a more unanimous chorus of dissent; an *Times* pungently remarks, if there had been any matc in the House of Commons, Mr. Lowe would never have suggest this unjust duty.

Mr. Salt's bill for legalizing the establishment of privat without the consent of the incumbents of the parishes in w are situated, has been read a second time in the House of C the opposition being led by Mr. Beresford Hope, who v its rejection on the third reading. The measure would, came law, virtually give the bishop the power now en an incumbent, of permitting a new church to be erect district, and would thus unquestionably open the do immense amount of dissension. At the same time th state of the law is unsatisfactory, and cases are by n uncommon in which incumbents have used their pow most injurious effect in preventing the full working the Prayer Book system of services in school chapels, course the public are not admitted, and the only person are the masters and the pupils.

The announcement that some of the English clergy w what can only be regarded as schismatical churches in have obtained an "opinion" from Dr. A. J. Stephens, that the appointment of a bishop to preside over them legal, is a matter for deep regret. The expense of c counsel would not have been incurred if there had some intention of taking this most unwarrantable s bare legality of which, by the way, no one has ever d and rumour has even asserted that a colonial bishop has

undertake the office. The cause for this proceeding is not far to seek. As long as the late Bishop of Carlisle lived there was never any difficulty in obtaining the services of a bishop to hold confirmations; but Dr. Goodwin, we rejoice to see, has refused to intrude into the dioceses of his Scotch brethren, and thus the clergy, deprived of episcopal aid, find themselves proclaimed before their congregations as schismatics. As the Primate, and nearly all the members of the Right Reverend bench have refused to sanction the proceedings of these gentlemen, and have declared that the Scotch Episcopal Church is the only body which they will recognise, we trust that some effort will be made in Convocation or elsewhere to prevent the execution of this most reprehensible scheme.

The remonstrance against the judgment in the Purchas case, signed by about 5,000 clergymen, has drawn from the Primate a letter which appears to be a reply by anticipation, inasmuch as the address has not yet been presented to his Grace. After regarding it from every point of view, this document appears to us only to add another element of complexity to the unhappy discussion. It is in effect a rebuke from the Archbishop to the clergy for asking him to suspend the execution of the law, accompanied by a statement that, unless compelled, he does not intend to put it in force; while he concludes with one of the amiable exhortations to mutual concession and good-will which have been used so frequently of late years with but little effect. If the judgment is confirmed, it seems to us that the only logical course will be generally to enforce its provisions, and then for all who are aggrieved to strain every nerve to procure a reconstitution of the Court of Final Appeal; but until the decision of her Majesty is announced, such declarations as those of the Primate must be regarded as premature. At any rate, the policy of his Grace must inevitably lead to confusion, as its very character is full of that hesitation which generates distrust and indecision. A firm hand at the helm is of vital importance amid such storms as those through which the English Church is now passing, and we can only hope that our leaders may receive strength to "quit themselves like men," and to inspire courage both among the clergy and laity.

Lent and Easter have, as usual, furnished a satisfactory evidence of the growth of church life among men of all schools. Frequent services and numerous celebrations of the Holy Communion, with large bodies of communicants, have been among

the most cheering signs in the metropolis, as well as in the country generally, although there have, unhappily, not been wanting instances in which sensational effects have been introduced calculated in a great measure to hinder real progress. That the devotion and zeal of those who are responsible for these eccentricities is any excuse for them we fail to see, inasmuch as the only logical result of the admission of such a principle is to compel us to condone Dissent because of the personal virtues of Dissenters, and this we are not prepared to do.

The Irish Church is in the throes of the most serious struggle through which it has yet had to pass. The party which has adopted Lord Ebury's now almost forgotten mania for revising the Prayer Book has recommended alterations in the ordination service, the omission of the absolution in the visitation of the sick, and other variations scarcely less serious, which would go far to break the bond of communion which now binds the church more closely than ever to ourselves. That the proposition will be successfully resisted we sincerely trust, for the gravity of the situation cannot be over-estimated, and even the *Times* has joined in denouncing the suggested proceedings. More encouraging is the announcement that Mr. Roe, a wealthy citizen of Dublin, has offered, at his sole cost, to restore Christ Church Cathedral, one of the most interesting though neglected buildings in the country, and it is also proposed to erect a Synod Hall in connection with it.

The return of Bishop Claughton, of Colombo, from his distant diocese, and his installation as Canon of St. Paul's, has once more completed the *personnel* of the chapter, which, in the short space of three years, has been entirely changed. The appointment of Dean Mansel and Canon Gregory, in 1868, caused the first break in the old body, and now Mr. Gregory, who was then the junior, has become the senior canon. A more sudden and complete alteration in a cathedral body has, we believe, seldom been known.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Lectures on the History of England. Vol. I. From the earliest times to A.D. 1327. *The History of the Life and Times of Edward the Third.* In Two Volumes. By WILLIAM LONGMAN. Longmans, Green, and Co.

THERE are few tasks more difficult either for the lecturer or the author than to render history attractive to the uneducated or the young. To present dry facts and figures to a mind which is absolutely untrained is at once useless and troublesome to the teacher as well as to the taught, and to provide fictions in which the real heroes of the past figure in unreal romances, as in so-called "historical novels," is still more unsatisfactory. And yet the great mass of English histories are cast in one or other of these forms, and we seldom find a work which we can conscientiously recommend as providing the necessary amount of instruction in a style in which it is likely to be acceptable to those who are unacquainted with the subject, and unable to devote much time to its study. Of Mr. Longman's, however, this can truly be said. The first volume consists of a series of lectures, originally delivered before an association for the improvement of the labouring classes at Chorleywood, in Hertfordshire, where he formerly resided; and the second and third, although more elaborate and far more full of matter for the student, are the result of the interest created in the author's mind by his self-imposed labour in providing for the entertainment of his rural audience. In both cases the publication is a decided gain to the public, and we can cordially recommend our readers to add the three books to their libraries, not only for personal use, but for the entertainment of their poorer neighbours, to whom the whole of the first volume and many portions of the second and third might be read with great advantage. Following the first lecture, which brings us down to the reign of King John, we have a succinct and valuable summary of the early institutions of England, with full details of their origin and objects. The Feudal System, the Tenure of Land, the principles of Parliamentary administration, the leading features of our judicial system, and the functions of the chief law officers are here explained with a clearness which renders the whole subject intelligible to the unlearned, while in not a few cases it supplies information which would be of practical use to many newspaper readers who, we suspect, are often *sorely puzzled by the* titles of our courts and the technical

phraseology necessarily adopted in describing their operations. S valuable indeed does this "summary" appear to us to be that v should be glad to see it reprinted in pamphlet form for circulation the present moment, when it is of vital importance that the workin classes should have a right understanding as to our national instit tions. Having carried his audience with him down to the reign Edward the Second, Mr. Longman tells us in the preface to h "Edward the Third," that although he had changed his residence an discontinued his lectures, "his attention had been directed to this reig which appeared to him so full of interest and importance, so abounc ing in picturesque incidents, and so much neglected by historians to be worthy of further study, with a view to the composition of work specially devoted to it." In sketching this most momento period of English, and indeed of European history, the author h made ample use of the varied materials at his command, so that h work teems with interesting notes on Continental history, and esp cially on the manners and customs of the great nations with which were then brought into contact. Owing to this system of giving p minent notice to matters generally regarded by historians as unwor of attention, in comparison with those greater events with which t were bound up, the book reads more like a graphic picture of real and warfare than a chronicle of the dead past. The authorities quo in the foot-notes will be a sufficient proof of the immense labour wh the author has bestowed upon his work, and we trust that his succ may induce him to carry out his scheme through later reigns. The th volumes are freely illustrated with maps and plates, which add no little to the reader's interest, as they are mainly drawn from conte porary sketches.

The Land of Lorne. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. Chapman and Hal

THIS will probably be one of the most popular books of the seas Its title, the royal monogram and crown on the cover, the dedicati to the Princess Louise, and last, but not least, the author's reputati all combine to give it a claim on the public favour; and although ma of its readers may be surprised at the nature of its contents, not o we venture to say, will be disappointed. "The Land of Lorne," th is not a new poem, but a series of sketches in a prose which not unf quently "verges on the poetical," as old Mr. Weller so happily put the subject being the Hebrides, as seen during some travels of t author, its connection with the marriage of the "Marchioness Lorne" being limited to the Prologue, in which Mr. Buchanan tal the poet's licence and reads her Royal Highness a lecture on t miseries inflicted on the natives by their landlords, and the evils the Duke of Argyle's system of depopulation, on which he comme

with some severity. Leaving the political address out of the question, although we are free to confess that it would be well if princesses were more frequently reminded in similar terms of the realities of life, instead of being met with wholesale flattery on their wedding days, we may fairly commend the tale of Mr. Buchanan's cruise among the Western Isles as one of the most readable books of home travel which we have met with of late years. The author tells the Princess that if he were to choose a motto of his own for his wedding gift it would be this,—"How little do mortals know of the wonders lying at their own threshold!" and his book certainly furnishes a strong confirmation of the truth of this text. His notes on the local customs will astonish those who fancy that they must go abroad in search of the curious, while his graphic descriptions of the beautiful scenery will go far to induce our English tourists to turn their steps northward during the coming season. Heartily do we join in the author's wish that the residence of the Princess in this lovely spot may carry with it the blessings which he so fondly anticipates for its poor and neglected population.

The Playground of Europe. By LESLIE STEPHEN. Longmans, Green, and Co.

THIS is unquestionably a happy title for a new work, and on the theory, which has a tolerably sound basis, that the success of a book is often made or marred by its title, Mr. Stephen may be congratulated. The somewhat enigmatical name, one of the most attractive in the list of new books which the subscriber to Mudie's so eagerly takes up, is however soon explained by the frontispiece, which shows us the inevitable Swiss mountain with the inevitable procession of guides and tourists, and their connecting link of rope, with which we all became familiar under the tutelage of poor Albert Smith at the Egyptian Hall. The "Playground of Europe," from Mr. Stephen's point of view, is Switzerland, with its noble mountain scenery; and here, in company with his fellows of the Alpine Club, he has evidently spent no small number of his annual holidays. The experiences of his travel have already seen the light in the pages of *Fraser* and the *Cornhill Magazine*, but every lover of Alpine scenery, including those whose courage enables them to scale the highest points, as well as the more numerous company who are content to survey the monarchs from below, will welcome the republication of his papers in their present complete form. Mr. Stephen is always a lively writer, and although he tells us in his preface that he has removed the "slang" from his pages, there remains just that *soupçon* of the vernacular which makes his sketches of Alpine life and travel so unexceptionably pleasant.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE completion of Mr. Froude's *magnum opus*, *The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*, deserves prominent mention, for few if any historical works have attracted such general attention among thinking men of late years. The career of the author has been watched with the utmost interest, his opinions have been widely canvassed, and his work has been criticised on all sides, and thus its issue in a cheap form will be generally welcomed. Of the merits of the book we need not speak, for the separate volumes have been so eagerly discussed as they have appeared one after another, silently testifying to the unwearied industry and rare ability of the author, that we need only advise our readers who do not possess them in their original form to lose no time in adding to their shelves the cabinet edition which Messrs. Longman have just brought out. It must not be supposed, however, that it is in any sense a miniature series, for although the books are smaller, the type is large, being almost the same as that in which this magazine is printed, while the price is so moderate—six shillings a volume, we believe—that it is placed within the reach of all.

THOSE who are fond of tracing results back to first causes not unfrequently assert that the revival of Church life amongst us has been more largely owing to the literary works of the so-called Tractarians and their followers than to their immediate and personal exertions either as parish priests or public preachers. To a great extent this is true. No one who is acquainted with the family libraries of the middle and higher classes where Church principles are really felt to be essential can deny that such books as *The Christian Year* have exercised a most powerful influence, just as in the present day the enormous circulation of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* has been the means of popularizing the doctrines and the system of which it is the exponent. But while devotional works have done their part, a still more effective method of leavening the younger members of the Church has been provided by the tales of such writers as Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge, whose novels—"religious," as they are sometimes termed—have long been among the most deservedly popular books of their class for home reading. For this purpose indeed they have never been surpassed, and at the present day, when parents too often place in their children's hands the productions of the morbid sensationalism of the age, in which laxity, if not absolute immorality, is only veiled with the thinnest of literary gauze, the value of these old friends cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Thus the publication of a handsome set of *Miss Sewell's Tales and Stories* by Messrs. Longman affords a fitting opportunity for once more commending them to our readers—if indeed any commendation be needful,—and we would specially advise those

who wish to find a suitable gift for a young Churchwoman, either on a birthday, a confirmation day, or even a wedding day, to look at this *édition de luxe*. The set, in eight volumes bound in limp roan, is packed in a handsome red cloth case, and includes all the well-worn favourites whose titles recall to our mind many hours of pleasant reading:—1, Amy Herbert and Gertrude; 2, Laneton Parsonage; 3, Cleve Hall; 4, The Earl's Daughter and the Experience of Life; 5, Ivors; 6, Catherine Ashton; 7, Ursula; and 8, Margaret Percival.

The name of Mr. Robert Bell is so inseparably associated with the English poets that it is always a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of any work to which it is attached. His "Golden Leaves," for instance, published as a Christmas book some years ago, is one of the most charming volumes of excerpts which can be met with, while in the way of popular editions nothing can excel his *English Poets*, twenty-six volumes of which have been published by Messrs. Charles Griffin and Co. They are absolute marvels of cheapness, even in this day of cheap books, each volume clearly printed, well edited with memoirs, notes, and, where needful, as in the case of Chaucer, a glossary, being issued in cloth for fifteenpence. It is of course impossible for such a publication to pay its expenses without an enormous circulation, and we would therefore specially call the attention of our clerical readers to the series, as being well adapted for lending libraries and working men's clubs. At the same time it must be admitted that in "get-up" they are superior to some more costly editions, and are equally well adapted for private use. The volumes before us include Chaucer (five, with three still to come); Cowper (three); Dryden (three); Thomson (two); Butler (three); Shakspere's poems and sonnets; Surrey and minor poets; Wyatt; Ben Jonson; Early Ballads; Songs from the Dramatists; Robert Greene and Kit Marlowe; Ballads and Songs of the English Peasantry; Waller, and Oldham. These make twenty-six volumes, and the series is being continued in fortnightly issues, the next of which will be Chaucer.

Of Children's Books we have a goodly assortment on our table. Mr. Wells Gardner, who is rapidly coming to the front among our sound Church publishers, sends us a capital little book of *Fairy Tales and Fables in Short Words*, by Mrs. Crompton, in which we find all the nursery favourites compressed into the shortest space with admirable skill. This is emphatically a book for the "little ones," the stories being short and the type large. *My New Suit, and Other Tales*, by H. A. F., from the same house, is well fitted for a Sunday school prize. The illustrations in both volumes are good. Messrs. Burns, Oates, and Co. have published three handsome books, chiefly suited for boys, —*Tales of Celebrated Men*, *Breton Legends*, and *Tales of Humour*. They are mainly Continental in their associations, and although not always strictly accurate in matters of history, are well fitted for pre-

sents. Mr. Mowbray, of Oxford, sends us two volumes of a more ambitious character,—*Æmilius: a Tale of the Decian and Valerian Persecutions;* and *Kooroona: a Tale of South Australia.* The first story, by the chaplain of a school, is, he tells us, the result of an effort to solve the difficult problem as to the best means of making the leisure hours of Sunday happy to boys, the expedient he adopted being to tell them tales embodying some of the striking incidents in Church history. In this admirable design he has succeeded most completely. In its local and historical colouring the book is thoroughly reliable, while the interest of the young reader is not likely to flag, the trials of the early Christians being so graphically described as to impart a life and vigour to the tale which are seldom found in such publications. We hope to meet again with some further specimens of the author's Sunday story-telling. *Kooroona* is a well-written description of the adventures of a high-born English family who went to Australia to retrieve their fortunes.

A reviewer in the *Times*, in a recent article on the Bishop of Winchester's University Sermons, made some capital remarks on the value of the university sermon as a means of keeping up the standard of English preaching. Looked at from this point of view, the words of our university preachers are always worthy of attention; and thus, apart from the interest which the readers of this magazine naturally feel in the works of the Rev. R. H. Baynes, we can with pleasure commend to their notice the sermon which he preached at Oxford on the second Sunday in Lent, just published by Messrs. Houlston and Sons. Taking for his subject "The Church's Work among the People," Mr. Baynes, whose practical experience at Coventry gives him a right to speak with authority, pleaded eloquently for greater earnestness among both clergy and laity in bringing back the masses within the fold of the Church, and recommended the establishment of an early weekly celebration of the Holy Communion in every parish church in the land, followed by separate and hearty services suited to all classes of worshippers. These most practical means of drawing the people to the Church Mr. Baynes tells us he has adopted with gratifying results at Coventry, and we trust that his words, so full of genuine devotion to sound Church principles, will not fail to induce others to follow his example. In its present form the sermon is well fitted for circulation among the higher classes, where Church privileges are either undervalued or neglected.

Our readers scarcely need to be reminded of the merits of the late *William Leighton's* poetical writings, which have been reviewed more than once in our pages; and we therefore need only announce the publication by Messrs. Longman of some of his most beautiful hymns in a little sixpenny pamphlet.

The Churchman's Shilling Magazine & Family Treasury.

GODFREY FANE'S TWO LEGACIES.

BY E. C. HICKEY.

CHAPTER X.

MISGIVINGS.

Miss Beaufort was unable to comment upon the strange intelligence made known to her, for, ere she had time even to ejaculate, strangers had surrounded them, and she saw how impossible it would be for them to continue their conversation unobserved; she was lost in amazement and awe; and, longing and anxious to be alone with Edred that she might tell her of Godfrey's horrifying revelation, she hailed with delight the announcement made at the moment, of "Miss Beaufort's carriage."

She looked through the different groups of people, trying whether she could not see Godfrey Fane amongst them, hoping that she might find time even for a moment's conversation with him; but he had vanished.

Mr. Falkland was close by, making some commonplace observation about the great heat of the night, when Miss Beaufort abruptly inquired —

"Where is Dr. Fane, Mr. Falkland?"

"I do not know. I have not been speaking to him for some

short time; perhaps he is in the hall cloaking some of the ladies."

"Dr. Fane has gone home, 'Miss Beaufort," said one of the guests; "he was not well."

Edred here joined her aunt, and both ladies having bidden adieu to the "goodlie companie," were assisted by Mr. Falkland into their carriage, and went home. Miss Beaufort and her niece were very silent during the drive, scarcely a monosyllable had been exchanged between them from the moment of their leaving Beechcourt until they reached Frere Park.

Upon arriving Edred followed her aunt to her room silently then, sitting down, after a little further silence, she said,—

"Aunt Janet, were you talking to him?"

Miss Beaufort paused a second. She hardly knew how to answer, for she feared to agitate Edred.

"Auntie! were you? please tell me."

"Only very little, dear; you know a dinner party is not a good opportunity for private conversation."

"Where—is—his—wife?" the words were slowly but bravely enunciated.

"She——"

"Auntie! you look terrified. What is the matter? Oh! tell me!"

"*She was drowned!*"

"DROWNED!"

Edred's face blanched with horror as she raised it to her au asking by the gesture for further information.

"I know no more, my darling; Godfrey merely said th much; and he was overcome so terribly that he had to lea Beechcourt."

Edred sat quite still—and cold; at last she murmured,—

"Oh! poor Godfrey!"

"I shall drive to his house to-morrow, and try to see him. must ask him for the particulars, if he will detail them."

"Aunt, he is greatly changed. Oh! Aunt," and here Edred trembled convulsively, "how *could* it have happened?"

"I dare not think, or imagine, Edred. It would be too dreadful to suppose that unkindness on her husband's part, or his not caring for her, could have——"

"Aunt!" said Edred, starting to her feet, "Aunt! you must not insinuate anything against Godfrey! it is wrong—it is wicked—when you know how good he is. You must not!"

Edred's whole frame shook with passion. Her aunt had never seen her under such influence before; but it was instantly quelled, when, in a low, grave voice, Miss Beaufort said—

"Edred!"

The girl threw herself into her aunt's arms.

"Forgive me, Auntie! I was wrong to speak so to you; but I could not bear anything unjust to be said against *him*. I know he would do his duty by every one."

"My darling, I trust he would; but I cannot help being anxious until I know the truth."

"Promise me, Aunt Janet, not to think that it was through any fault of Godfrey's."

Edred's arms were wound tightly round her aunt's neck, as if to press the promise.

"I can hardly think it was, Edred; still, you know, under the circumstances——"

"Now, Auntie, you are doubting him;" and Edred's eyes filled with tears. The sad, reproaching look she gave her aunt pained her, and she said—

"My darling, I cannot bear to grieve you unnecessarily. I merely suggested a dark thought which *would* flit through my brain. I shall try and dislodge it until I know the certainty of the case."

"Auntie, *trust* him; trust him for *my* sake!"

Miss Beaufort kissed the sweet upturned face, so full of the "trust" which is woman's glory—alas that it should ever be misplaced!

Next day, about five o'clock, when the heat of the day had passed off a little, Miss Beaufort's pony chaise stopped in front of Dr. Fane's gate. The lady desired her page to go to the house and inquire if the doctor were at home and disengaged. In a few moments the doctor himself came down the walk, and, shaking hands with Miss Beaufort, asked her, "was any one ill?"

Miss Beaufort laughed.

"Yours is a most professional inquiry, Godfrey; I am happy to inform you that I can reply in the negative; my visit to-day is a friendly one; are you disengaged?"

"Quite so; will you come in?"

He helped her to alight; and, pointing out to the page a shady place where he could lead the pony, as Miss Beaufort refused to have him put up, he followed his visitor to the house, and ushered *her into his sitting-room*.

It was a pretty and tastefully-arranged room for a bachelor's sanctum—the furniture was simple, but disposed to the best advantage; the walls stocked nearly to the ceiling with prints of good and well-known pictures; and on the tables and cabinets were several choice statuettes in terra cotta; a vase of delicate workmanship stood upon a small stand in the window, containing some exquisite hot-house flowers, which would have done credit to any lady in the artistic disposal of colour and appreciation of general effect. The room opened at one end into a conservatory, beyond which lay the doctor's garden.

Godfrey Fane tried hard to set both Miss Beaufort and himself at ease; he essayed various topics of general interest, but each fell to the ground; and Miss Beaufort and he both felt that matters of personal import must be introduced at length.

He led the way.

"My words last night must have startled you."

"They did, Godfrey; and not merely startled, but awed me. May I know further?"

He rose and paced the room without immediately replying. Miss Beaufort spoke again,

"Godfrey, tell me only so far as you like. I do not ask you from idle curiosity, but because of my love for you and interest in all which concerns you; and, knowing the circumstances of your marriage——"

He interrupted her;

"I was not married; Frances left me two days before our marriage was to take place!"

"Godfrey!—how?—why?"

He sat down on a chair near the table, and leaning against it with his arms folded over his forehead, he wept as only men can weep—and those were the first tears shed over his misery—tears which had been shut within the fountain of his heart for more than five years.

Miss Beaufort saw how sorely he needed sympathy—her woman's heart prompted her to extend it; and yet she scarcely knew in what way to give it; for the present she wisely guessed that it was better to let his grief find vent in the channel into which it seemed to have flowed so naturally. After a time he rose and resumed his patrol up and down the room, until the composure he sought for, came to his aid. Then he spoke.

"You have asked me how and why she left me. I shall tell you frankly; but not now. Nor could I speak to you or anyone

of my trouble. I shall write to you and tell you *all*—yes, *all*. The day I left you I was to have told you as much as I myself know of my parentage—this I shall tell you now also—it will explain some circumstances which otherwise you might find it difficult to account for; and when you know my story, you will appreciate the loneliness which seems to have been cast round me since my childhood."

"Tell me, or withhold from me, what and how much you like and think well; and rest assured that your confidence shall be held sacred, and your reticence honoured." Then, in a sad tone, and with eyes moist with kindly tears, Miss Beaufort added,—

"There is a tie which binds me to you, the existence of which you little guess."

He looked earnestly into her face—she smiled mournfully as she continued,

"This is my secret; you shall know it some day."

"You do not refer to your niece?" and here the deep scarlet glow rushed to his face.

"No; it is to another and stranger interest."

Miss Beaufort had fully intended to ask Dr. Fane the truth respecting the report of his attachment to Miss Damer; but when with him she had completely forgotten her resolution, until it was recalled by his mention of Edred, and the subsequent confusion which spread over his countenance; and then she felt convinced that were the report true, he neither would have alluded to her niece as he had done, nor have been so embarrassed by the mention of her name; so she refrained from broaching the subject, feeling it to be one which was far too trivial in import to need explanation.

She therefore left him unconscious of the fact that his name was wont to be coupled with Miss Damer's.

And when Miss Beaufort returned home, and told her niece that she had not asked Godfrey Fane about his reputed affection for Miss Damer, the girl listened quietly, but made no comment; nor had her aunt any idea of the sharp pain which the uncertainty as to the matter occasioned her.

Edred's was a nature whose inner workings were veiled from most of her relatives and friends—few really knew her; of a deep, passionate disposition, she was at the same time so almost painfully *reticent as to her* thoughts and feelings, that by

many she was misunderstood, by others totally unappreciate she would suffer from mental pain to a degree well-nigh u bearable to some girls, and yet there would be no visible tra of the soul-conflict, beyond perhaps the absence of that elastici of heart which marks a joyous spirit; lest any however shou guess that she was suffering, she would even struggle again that negative proof, and would enter into all the minutiæ daily life with an apparent zest for their interests. But no i dividual grief ever drew her aside into a selfish forgetfulness others and her duty towards them; at the time she parted fro Godfrey Fane, though she believed that Life in its highest an holiest joys would be henceforth an empty name to her, as h had been to her all that its best gifts could offer, and sh was henceforth to live as if he were dead to her, yet she neve swerved one inch from the straight path of home-duty to he father or brother—never even allowing herself the slight in dulgence of laying aside the songs which she learnt with Godfre and which could henceforth only sound discordant in her ear because if she had done so, her father who liked those ve songs, and little dreamed how they tortured her who sang the would have been disappointed.

She would listen to Vere reading aloud the passages in boo chosen for her by Godfrey, whose every word was alrea branded upon her memory by the recollection of *his* havi read it; and she never asked the boy to close the books beca she knew *he* liked to study them with her also.

These are slight facts; minor in themselves; but great being proofs of the noble, heroic unselfishness of a girl-spi —and I think that "little things" contribute so largely to inc cate character, that they ought never to be slighted nor thoug of as insignificant.

There is oftentimes more real heroism in the faithful di charge of quiet, unromantic, humdrum (perhaps) home dutie than is accredited by men and women who cannot discern, appreciate it, unless blazoned abroad by Fame, or heralded b human trumpets.

Edred Beaufort was one of these heroines of the household —one who would go and instruct her father's cook in the art making a favourite French dish, and enter into all the particula with an interest which would leave an impression upon th mind of the lookers on, that for the time being, the world con tained for her no greater glory or distinction than the bein

able to compound a comestible which would rejoice the palate of an epicure; while all the time her very heart would ache for the solitude of her own room, and for the luxury of being free to think undisturbedly over the "joys which had been missed."

Her aunt knew her better than anyone else, save Godfrey Fane; and yet even to her, though she was the only being who knew all the story of her parting from him, she had scarcely ever spoken of her love, until that evening upon which her cousin John Græme had proposed to her; Then, and on the occasion when she told her aunt that she believed that had he never married, Godfrey Fane would have returned to her, were almost the only times upon which she spoke unreservedly of the past.

Even after he had left her, in those first keen hours of her desolation, she kept her sorrow shrouded within the keeping of her own heart; holding it as too sacred for any eye save One to penetrate.

And, in the same way, though she longed sorely to know exactly how far there was foundation (if any) for the rumour of Godfrey's attachment for Miss Damer, she gave no inkling of her desire—only inwardly yearned for a knowledge of the truth.

CHAPTER XI.

GODFREY FANE'S NARRATIVE.

I HAVE promised one of the few true friends with whom God has blessed my life, to write the history of that life for her—particularly of those events which have occurred since my parting from her on the 20th December, 1858, and which have brought with them a shadow, weird and hideous, darkening all my earthly joy and hope.

To commence.

Carrying back my recollection as far as I posssibly can, I find that the first thing which is perfectly limned upon the canvas of my memory is the arrival of my parents and myself at Kingstown Harbour, and my being very glad to escape from the din and confusion of the steamer in which we had been (it seemed to me) for an interminable time. Whence we had come

I did not then know. I afterwards learned that we had sailed from Holyhead, where we arrived *en route* from London. My father was an officer. I do not know his regiment; but on the day in question he had brought my mother and me with him to Ireland, where his company was to be quartered for some time.

He procured lodgings for us in the neighbourhood of Rathmines, a suburb of Dublin, to which we went the day after our coming over. The landlady had been the wife of a non-commissioned officer; who, dying, left his widow unprovided for, and she therefore maintained herself by letting apartments in the house she had taken: her name was Herrick.

It was night when we arrived at our future home—at least, what my mother intended should be our home, until such time as my father was to leave Dublin, when she hoped we should again go with him.

Mrs. Herrick was waiting for us; and she had prepared our tea in the sitting-room; the cheery fire—for the season was winter—and the comfortable tea-table came not amiss to me; for I was alike cold and hungry, and hoped for the indulgence of a cup of tea at my supper, a luxury which was ordinarily confined to my Sunday evening's repast and my birthday; but I fancied that as this was an "occasion," I might perhaps be indulged.

My father drew a sofa near the fire for my mother, while he went to look after our luggage with our new acquaintance, Mrs. Herrick.

My mother beckoned me to her side. I climbed up on the sofa, and nestled closely by her, while she kissed me repeatedly, calling me her "precious one," her "little darling;" and I returned each fond caress with warmth, for with all the energy of my child-nature I idolized my mother.

In person she was slight and girlish. I have by me a little oil painting of her, which pictures her as very young and very beautiful; it was taken shortly after our coming to Dublin; her hair was of soft golden brown, sun-tipped, some would call it; the eyes were grey-hazel, with a wistful tenderness of expression; while the delicate straight nose, with its sensitive nostril, and the chiselled mouth, argued that she was of gentle blood. Of my father I have scarcely any recollection; I merely conjure up the figure of a tall thin young man, with fair hair, and a profusion of whiskers and moustache: he was seldom with us. On this night of our arrival I sat, or rather lay beside my mother for some time, until my father returned to the room,





"Pray, God, make papa less crosser."—*See page* 329.

when he commenced making toast for my mother, of which she promised me a share.

"Yes," rejoined my father, "if he is very good and does not tease."

His words hurt me. I do not think my father ever either cared for or understood me. I looked in my mother's face and asked, "Am I naughty, mother? I am not teasing, am I?"

She only kissed me, and then turning to my father said,—

"He is good, Harry, and will not annoy you."

Tea passed off; and I was beginning to sleep, when I was roused by my father, who took me in his arms, and was lifting me off the sofa (where I had perched myself after my supper), when I woke up sufficiently to inquire, "Will you not come to my room with me, mother?"

"Your mother is very tired, Godfrey; you must come with me," said my father.

I began to look discontented—not so much because my mother could not come, as that thereby I was obliged to go with my father. I suppose I looked wistfully at the sofa and its occupant, for my mother said,—

"Kiss me, my treasure, and go with papa. I am so tired, else I should go with you.

"Don't be selfish, boy; go and say good night, and come at once."

"I am not selfish, papa. I do not want mother, I only do not like going with you."

"Honest, at all events," muttered my father.

My mother looked grieved—I saw this, and as I bade her good night I whispered,—

"I will not be naughty with father."

I slid my hand into my father's as I followed him through the door; but he did not heed the caress—for as such I had intended it. Repulsed, and wounded by the repulse, I observed a moody silence until I was ready to go into my bed; then turning to my father, I said, "Am I to say my prayer with you, papa?"

He nodded. I knelt down, and as accustomed to do with my mother, I repeated aloud my simple evening orison. How distinctly I can still recall the words!—

"Pray, God, bless papa, mother, grandpapa, and uncle Mat. God bless me, and make me a good boy, and forgive all my naughtiness, for Jesus Christ's sake."

I was on the point of saying "Amen," when I altered my mind, *and added, "Pray, God,* make papa less crosser. Amen."

When I rose from my knees, my father laid his hand on my shoulder, and asked me, (while he laughed, and the thought flashed across me that my last petition had been heard,—)

"What put it in your head to say that, Godfrey?"

"Because you are very cross, and I do not like it."

He laughed again; and having given me one of those playful pinches bestowed sometimes upon children, he left me.

Next morning I was told by my mother that father had gone to his barracks, whereupon I exclaimed, "I am so glad, mother. Now I can have you all to myself."

"Godfrey darling, I wish you loved your father: it pains me that you do not."

I should here state that, although the earlier incidents of my life were a blank in my memory, one fact was indelibly imprinted upon it; and it was that between me and my father there was little love. I distinctly recall the feeling of relief it gave me to hear that he had gone. My reason for being glad at his departure was that when he was with us I was unable, as I myself expressed it, to have my mother all to myself. Looking back at this distance of time upon this trait in my character, I believe that it did not spring from mere selfishness—I believe I had a subtle instinctive perception that my father's visits gave no sense of the restful confidence which a husband's presence should ever impart to his wife. Dimly and faint come to my remembrance the echoes as it were, of words, tones, and even sighs, the realities of which have faded for ever from my memory, but which impressed me at the time with the idea I have spoken of.

I gazed into my mother's sweet face, bent over me with a yearning expression, and I asked, "Why do you wish I loved him, mother? He will not let me stay with you when he is with you, and I am sometimes so angry."

My mother had a weary, fretted look that morning, I thought; and, dreading lest, in however remote a degree, I had helped to cause it, I quickly said, "Mother, I will love him, I will indeed, if you wish me to."

The loving mother-arms were wound round me, and smoothing back my hair, she said, "I do wish it, my darling."

Days passed on; how, I cannot particularize. I suppose there could have been no varied incident, or doubtless I should have some little remembrance of it. They sped on monotonously, as far as I remember. The next which I can distinctly recall was one Sunday.

acquaintance with Mrs. Herrick had ripened into a close
aip, cemented upon her side by divers indulgences in the
of buttered buns and other comestibles which delight the
e taste; and upon mine by my singing for her the nursery
and hymns which my mother had taught me.
Sunday of which I speak had been a continuously wet
o me it was an unbounded disappointment, as my mother
omised to take me to Christ Church Cathedral, and I had
nging to hear what Mrs. Herrick and my mother called
ithem."
it was a downpour of rain. I grumbled and groaned not
. At length my mother said to me, "Godfrey, you seem
ne me for your disappointment; do you not think I should
you if I could? You are grieving me by your com-
."
antly my ill-humour vanished; the bare mention of my
t being a grief to her—was a talisman which drew me
o my better nature. I told her I should not grumble
and begged for a Bible story to pass away the time.
ipon my mother related a simple home story, the beautiful
city of which, has doubtless fascinated many other childish
as well as mine;—of a little boy who was given as a precious
o his parents, and who one day, when taken by his father
the reapers at work upon the golden grain, was stricken
heat, and carried from the harvest-field to the safe and
keeping of his mother. When I heard of his resting in
ms, I interrupted to inquire whether this little lad loved
other as I loved mine, and upon being satisfied on the
listened with renewed interest to the sequel of the story.
followed this; then I read to myself, and so the day
n. When evening closed in, my mother said,—
odfrey dearest, I have a headache; will you be very quiet
t talk for a little while, and I shall have a sleep upon the

ily promised, and still as a mouse I sat upon a low stool until
that my mother was fast asleep; then very gently I left
om, and went to Mrs. Herrick's parlour, where she was
aining some friends. I was made a small hero of, to my
e satisfaction, and was snugly ensconced beside an old
man who, between each bit of sally lunn, took copious
of snuff, thereby gratifying two senses at the same

After tea, this individual was asked for a song. Wl was concluded, Mrs. Herrick begged me to sing one of so I commenced with "'Tis the voice of the sluggard," and through it with infinite gusto; and then was given to me from the tumbler of my gentleman friend (for the said be immediately succeeded tea). It was much too strong f juvenile pate, for I presently grew very uproarious, and h at myself and volunteered another song, prefacing it wi shall sing you a song, Mr. Old Gentleman, but it is Sunday one at all; however, I dare say you will not that." Therewith I began,—

"When I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
One day as I looked from the door with a steady face,
Who but Pat Murphy the piper came by!
Said Paddy, 'Can you play
The music that I play?'
'Och, hone, I don't know,
For I never did try.'
So he told me that he had a charm
To make the pipes prettily speak,
And he squeezed the bags under his arm,
And presently set up a squeak.
With my pil-lil-lil-lil-lil-loo,
Och, hone! how he handled the drone!
And my hub-bub-bub-bub-bub-boo,
It would have melted the heart of a stone!"

I had finished my first verse, and was enjoying the sho laughter with which my performance was greeted, whe door was opened, and my horrified gaze rested upo father!

"Godfrey, I want you!" I remember only so far, trying to reach him I reeled and fell, and when I rec consciousness I was lying on the sofa in our sitting-roon my parents were having their tea.

I stirred, and felt my head throb violently, with such that I gave a slight scream, which brought my mother t side.

She looked very sad as she asked me, should I like supper?

Before I could reply my father drew her away from m desired her to go out of the room for a while.

She laid her hand upon his arm and spoke some wor which I caught these,—

"Don't whip him, Harry; don't, for my sake!"

I started up, heedless of the pain in my temples, heedless of all but the dire fear of a flogging; for a second I had forgotten for what I merited the chastisement, and then the scene in Mrs. Herrick's room flitted before me, and I remembered my singing; the only thing I thought wrong was that my song was not a Sunday one. My first impulse was to rush to my mother for protection, but when I tried to move I found myself so weak, partly from the effect of what had been given me, and partly from my terror at the impending castigation, that I remained motionless at the side of the sofa, and waited with a sickening heart for whatever was to follow. Still I could judge by my mother's gestures that she was imploring my father to be lenient. He answered her finally, and my ears caught the words, uttered by him in an angry tone, "Leave the boy to me, I say; I shall not punish him more severely than he deserves."

A tender, pitiful, loving glance was cast upon me by my young mother, as she slowly and reluctantly turned to leave the room. The door closed behind her, and then in good sooth I trembled. I screamed, "Oh, mother, mother, don't leave me!" but my father came over to me, and when within arm's length he caught me, and laying me across his knee, he beat me until I writhed again by reason of the pain. No word escaped my lips. I was proudly determined that I should not scream, as I guessed that my mother's ears were listening near the room, and that were she to hear my cries she would shrink from the sound; so I held my mouth tight shut, though each blow as it fell caused the throbbing of my temples to increase to such an extent that I have never forgotten the agony. At length one came with such vehemence that a half-stifled "Oh, papa!" escaped my lips, and I fainted on his knee. I was very ill for several days, and at this crisis I made the acquaintance of one whose kindness to me dates from this era, and has been systematically extended to me ever since—one who, with the generosity common to physicians, and with that large-heartedness which, thank God, is one of the doctor's special attributes, never permitted pressure upon valuable time, nor unwarranted calls upon his professional advice, to induce him to turn a deaf ear or to refuse his assistance to any, however humble, who sought his sympathy or his aid. This friend was Dr. Froude Mrs. Herrick had suggested his name to my mother, when she found that I did not rally from the lethargic state into which I

had collapsed after my flogging. My brain was affected by the fright which the severe punishment had occasioned, added to the extreme bodily debility.

When sufficiently recovered to notice what was passing round me, and to be able to collect my thoughts, I inquired from my mother the reason for my having been beaten; but she urged me not to talk, so my curiosity had to remain ungratified so far. The first time, however, I should see my father, I inwardly determined to force an answer from him, for I felt that the chastisement had been heavy, nor could I decide upon a palpable reason for its severity.

When I saw him enter my sick room I trembled with weakness and nervous fear; but this vanished as my father sat down beside me, saying, in a kind voice,—

"Well, my boy, you look better this morning; you must hurry and get well."

(He had, of course, often seen me during my illness, but I had not known him, having been unconscious for days.)

"Please tell me, papa, for why you whipped me."

I think my father was startled at the question, and, withal, embarrassed for a moment; however, he answered,—

"When you are quite well I shall have a talk with you about my reasons."

"But I should prefer knowing now."

"Well, I was angry that my son should sing such a vulgar song, and still more angry at your being tipsy."

I stared in astonishment as I inquired the meaning of the term "tipsy."

"You had taken some whiskey punch from Mrs. Herrick's guest, and it made you what is called tipsy, and being tipsy is a great sin."

I told him that I liked the punch; that it made me feel so good-humoured; that I remembered wishing at the time that my father would always take some when he came to see us, as perhaps it would make him good-humoured also, adding, "I remember, too, that it was so good and *lemony*."

I was next asked where I had learnt the song, and replied that I had caught it up from the housemaid. My father forbade my ever singing it again.

I believe, in looking back upon the circumstances of my illness, that my father regretted the severity of his punishment as being disproportionate to the offence. I certainly was more

sinned against than sinning, so far as being tipsy was concerned, for I had never known what the word meant, and I surely never imagined that the nice *lemony* punch would be injurious to me either morally or physically. My mother had not yet spoken to me upon the subject; but one day, after I had quite recovered, and was walking with her in the country beyond Rathmines, we met a young man who was reeling to and fro, with eyes glaring and bloodshot, disordered hair, and arms flung here and there with reckless levity, while snatches of incoherent language, at times varied by loud shoutings, came from his lips. When he had passed us a little way I inquired, "Is that man mad, mother?"

"No, my son, he is tipsy."

"Tipsy, mother! Oh, was I like *that!*"

I distinctly recollect the sensations of horror which passed over me at the idea of my having resembled the wretched creature who was before my eyes.

"My son, you would be like that poor young man if you were to grow up a drunkard."

"Mother, I shall never be tipsy again." I spoke with vehemence. My mother gazed at me fondly as she rejoined,—

"I pray God to keep you to your words, my darling."

I believe God registered my mother's prayer. I have been tempted, sorely tempted, in my youth, and in this my manhood, to overstep the Rubicon of temperance; in many instances I blindly relied upon the strength of my own power of resistance against the tempter, backed by my promise, given as a child of eight years old to my mother. But I believe that strength foreign to my own (for is not human strength very weakness?), though I recognised it not at the time, was vouchsafed to me in virtue of my sainted mother's prayer, and that I was kept from the path of the destroyer. For me, like St. Peter of old, a treasury of faith was laid up against the hour of temptation, and though, for many years after my mother's death, I did not personally apply for the riches of strength provided for me, yet they were vouchsafed unsought by me; they were granted in answer to my mother's petition. I have never yielded in a single instance to the vice of intoxication, and I attribute it, as I have said, to the Divine ratification of my promise to my mother, on that day long gone by, in Ireland.

The next incident in my childhood's annals which made an impression upon me was my being sent to school. Hitherto my

mother had been my sole instructor. The school to which was sent was kept by a clergyman in Baggot Street. I believ I was an unusually bright boy; learning was to me but littl trouble, and I had likewise the faculty of retentiveness combine with this facility. I had always had an intense thirst for know ledge, and at this school it was in a fair way of being moderatel gratified. Still my first great longing was unsatisfied. I yearne and panted after a deep knowledge of music, but that too wa granted in a measure, for my father hired a pianoforte for m mother about this time, and henceforth I was to be her pupi No longer was my musical enjoyment to be confined to th limits of church hours on Sunday, when I eagerly drank i the notes of the organ, and hung upon the strains which fe from the lips of the exquisitely trained vicars choral in th Cathedrals. For to one of these I had obtained a promise from m mother to take me each Sunday. How I used to envy thos little white-robed choristers, who knew so much of what panted after! envied them, while I dreamed not that at a tim not distant I should be enrolled within their ranks.

I was not satisfied with the mere drawing-room knowledg of music which my mother possessed. No; I wanted to know th why and the wherefore of each knotty point which suggested itse to my brain, and into the mysteries of the theory of music m mother could not initiate me. I believe *she* rather feared tha I should depend entirely upon my ear, for I found it an eas matter to play from memory anything I heard, and that I shoul give over the mere mechanical part of the study, for she litt knew my restless craving after a perfect knowledge.

My father about this time was ordered to Gibraltar, and a we were not allowed to accompany the regiment, we were oblige to remain in Ireland. I did not grieve over his departure—b my mother! She pined, and drooped, and faded—any sunligh his coming had ever brought her now died away from her hea her *child's* was not the companionship she yearned for. T longing wearying for the perfection of married life which nev came to her, the separation from the man for whom she had fo saken parents, brethren, kinsfolk, and friends, all this would ha broken down a nature stronger that hers, which was too fragi for such a weight of sorrow.

Days and weeks glided over: it was now July; we had bee more than a year in Dublin; the days were hot—the sun glarin down on the white blistering pavement—nothing to relieve th

eyes but the oasis of green in the squares. My holidays were approaching. I was glad for more reasons than one, but chiefly because I should have days of uninterrupted intercourse with my mother.

The first morning of vacation, as I was lying on a mound in the small garden behind our house, my mother came to me with a letter in her hand, and said,—

"Godfrey darling, I want you to take this note for me to Dr. Froude."

I started up. "Mother! you are not ill!" (This was some months after my father had left us.)

"I hope not very, my dearest; but I wish to have a little chat with Dr. Froude."

I snatched the letter from her hand, and with what seemed to me but one bound, I cleared the length of the garden, and soon found myself in the street.

Upon reaching Dr. Froude's my heart sunk to zero at hearing from the footman that his master was out. He told me that if I would wait perhaps the doctor would soon return. So I went in to wait his coming. I cannot remember what other feelings floated in my brain during the time I was waiting, but the uppermost was sickening suspense and longing for the doctor.

After an hour or so I heard the wheels of his carriage stop before the door; a few seconds only elapsed ere I had made known to him my errand, and very few more ere he and I were on our way to my home.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

By CHARLES J. ROBINSON, M.A.,

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"The Works of Alexander Pope," which occupy a large space on the shelves of every good library, find but few readers now-a-days. The poet's style does not suit our modern taste; we prefer the compression of a thought to its expansion, and rather delight in terseness than in copious and too transparent diction. Rightly or wrongly, in spite of his wit, his vigour, and his versatility, in spite of the admiration (but not the imitation) of Byron, the posthumous honours which have been paid to Pope form a signal contrast to those he enjoyed in life. The poet laureate of polished life ceases to please a generation which has been taught to distinguish between art and the artificial, and we are now in danger of giving too low a place to one who may at least claim to have done for poetry what Cicero did for oratory.

It is just what we should expect from his writings that Pope should have been a man of refinement and polish. His remark that "Mr. Dryden was not a genteel man" is at once *naïve* and suggestive. Pope certainly was a "genteel man;" he courted the society of the fashionable and the great, and partly through the force of goodness, and partly by social skill, converted his patrons into faithful and affectionate friends.

When the late hours and busy turmoil of a London life had wearied his sensitive frame, he would refresh himself by visits to the country houses of his acquaintances, and he has thus bequeathed to Hom Lacy and Pengethley, two neighbouring seats in the county of Hereford, a little of that sanctity which for more than half a century clung around the villa at Twickenham.

It was in his visits to one or both of the above places that Pope became acquainted with John Kyrle, whom he has helped to immortalize under the name of "the Man of Ross."[1] Kyrle

[1] Pope did not originate the title. It had been given him by a country friend and was rendered current by its appropriateness. That atrabilious antiquary Tom Hearne, says that the poet derived much of his information about Kyrle from Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, and almost suggests that the praises were undeserved

was by no means a remarkable man, but there was that in him which, to one wearied with the false glitter and selfishness which prevailed at court, conveyed a genuine pleasure. Content with limited means and a limited sphere of action, he was carrying out to its fullest extent the Christian definition of a good neighbour. We do not detract from his merits if we add our belief that in many places there are and have been characters as true, as charitable, and as pious, whose names indeed have perished,—

"Carent quia vate sacro,"

but whose good deeds will never die. We may say also that the Church of England has been peculiarly happy in possessing a race of laymen such as Robert Nelson, Joshua Watson, William Cotton, and John Kyrle, whose influence has been the more beneficial because it was seen to spring only from the purest source.

A short sketch of the life and labours of the "Man of Ross" may serve the double purpose of illustrating the poet's meaning in the lines subjoined, and also of further delineating a character which one would wish to see more often paralleled.

The lines occur in the epistle to Lord Bathurst, who takes part in a dialogue with the poet on the use and abuse of riches.

POPE. "But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse, and sing the 'Man of Ross!'
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?

* * * * * * *

Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
The 'Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The 'Man of Ross' divides his weekly bread;
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate!
Him, portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
The young who labour and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The 'Man of Ross' reliever,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race."

BATHURST. "Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh, say what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

POPE. "Of debts and taxes, wife and children dear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year"[1]

* * * * * * *

BATHURST. "And what! no monument, inscription, stone!
His race, his form, his name almost unknown!

POPE. "Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name."

John Kyrle was born at the White House in Dymock, a large agricultural parish in Gloucestershire, 22nd May, 1637, but the poet is hardly accurate in stating that his name and race were almost unknown. On the contrary, his ancestors had been connected with the adjoining county, Hereford, for many generations, and had intermarried with its principal families. His relatives also were persons of some importance. An uncle of his father had married a sister of Edmund Waller, the poet, and a niece of the patriot Hampden; a cousin had served with distinction as a colonel in Cromwell's army, and another kinsman had been raised to the rank of a baronet by King Charles I., in 1627.

His own father (who died when John Kyrle was only thirteen years old) was by profession a barrister, but he devoted most of his time to the care of his estate and the duties of a justice of the peace. His son, with a view to practising at the Bar, entered at Balliol College, Oxford, as a Gentleman Commoner in 1654, and passed through the ordinary course of study there. His happy adaptation of the Latin saying,—

"Trahit sua quemque voluptas"
(Each man will take the path that pleases most,)

to the starting-point of diverging roads may be accepted as evidence that he did not forget his learning, and his own name is still remembered at Balliol by the massive silver tankard which he presented to his college.

The Bar had no charms for John Kyrle, and his paternal property rendered him independent of its profits. He therefore settled down as a simple squire at Ross, and declining to act as a justice of the peace, employed his legal knowledge in con-

[1] This was literally true. The property devolved at Kyrle's death on a kinsman of whom all that can be said is that he was a careless spendthrift and an inveterate smoker.

posing the strifes of his neighbours and defending the rights of his town.

We may picture to ourselves the sort of man he was and the sort of life he led. Tall and strong, with a face more open than refined, he was generally to be seen clad in a dark brown suit and wielding a spade, amongst his workmen or poorer neighbours. But when the church bells chimed (for daily service was then the rule) all business ceased, and he took his place within the fabric which owed so much to his care. His early dinner, though a frugal meal, fed every day the tenants of the almshouse at his garden gate. Except at Christmas no roast beef ever smoked upon his board, but on Thursday, the market day, there gathered round his table to partake of hot goose (still the farmer's favourite dish) a large circle of relatives and connections. Every Saturday he divided amongst the poor a weekly dole of bread made from the corn which formed the market toll, and on Sunday a piece of boiled beef and some wheaten loaves were distributed by him amongst the most necessitous.

But it was not to the creature comforts of his neighbours when in health that he so much attended as to the wants of the sick poor. He and his kinswoman and housekeeper, Miss Judith Tubb (for Kyrle was a bachelor), prescribed for all simple complaints, and, like many a country parson, dispensed with liberal and what is called kitchen physic—that is, the timely nourishment which often renders medicine unnecessary.

In these and many other ways he proved himself "friend of the friendless, to the sick man health." He helped his kindred, his servants, and many a schoolboy to make or renew a start in life, and there is an anecdote extant which shows that when he trusted people he displayed a confidence which makes men true. When his affairs were being settled by his kinsman and executor a tradesman came to repay some money, no entry of which could be found in the accurate account-book. The debtor explained the omission thus:—"Mr. Kyrle said to me when he lent me the money that he did not think I should be able to repay it in his lifetime, and that it was very likely you might press me for it before I could make it up, 'and so,' said he, 'I won't have any memorandum of it besides what I write and give you. Pay my kinsman when you can, and show him this paper, so that he may not claim the interest.'"

The material benefits which the Man of Ross conferred upon his *town and neighbourhood* were great and numerous, and they

had this peculiarity about them,—they were done by himself and in his lifetime, and therefore represented so much sacrifice of time and care and money. Benevolence loses most of its virtue when it is posthumous. Building and planting were his favourite tastes, and he indulged them so as to benefit others as well as gratify himself.

Ross church stands upon a high sandstone bank overlooking the windings of that English Meander, the river Wye. Much of its beauty is derived from its tall and graceful spire, which was rebuilt in 1721 at the suggestion and under the supervision of Kyrle, who bore most of the expense. In it still swings the great bell which bears the donor's name, and fell upon the day of his funeral. It was cast at Gloucester in 1695, and its sweetness may be in some measure due to the old silver tankard which the "Man of Ross" threw with his own hands into the molten metal.

On the south side of the church, and beneath the elm trees which he loved to plant, Kyrle erected commodious seats wherever the prospect is most extensive; some few of these may still survive, but "the shady rows" which once bordered the causeway between Wilton Bridge and the town have long since been cut down, and Ross is now supplied with water from other sources than the fountain which, fed from the river below, long testified to Kyrle's skill and bounty.

Our worthy could remember something of the great struggle between the King and the Parliament, and perhaps had talked it over often enough both with Mr. Philip Price, the vicar of Ross, and with the vicar of Goodrich—Dean Swift's grandfather, who had suffered largely in the royal cause. At any rate, we know that his opinion upon that question, though it might differ from that held by some of his nearest relatives, was stoutly maintained by himself. "Church and King" was his daily toast. The "heaven-directed spire" remains as evidence of his attachment to the one; and on the market-house at Ross, which was built in the year of his shrievalty, is a quaint device—the letters L and C upon a heart—meaning, we are told, to express the sheriff's loyal feelings towards his sovereign.

Such a life as has here been sketched has everything in it which would promote longevity, and accordingly we find that the Man of Ross attained the patriarchal age of eighty-seven years. He died, simply from the decay of nature, on the 7th of November 1724. People came from all parts to see the last of their friend and benefactor, and testify their respect.

"So passed his soul away;
And when they buried him, the little town
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

The poet's reproach that no monument marks the good man's resting-place is no longer true. Indeed, the very year after his death a simple inscription upon a flagstone commemorated him who lay beneath it. But now a more stately monument—perhaps less fitting because less simple—has been erected to his memory. Attached to the north wall of the chancel is a pyramid of marble, bearing a medallion portrait of Kyrle, and supported (in heraldic sense) by two figures representing Charity and Benevolence. The erection was due to a bequest under the will of his kinswoman, Constantia, Viscountess Dupplin, in the year 1776, but after all it is not thus the name of the Man of Ross is preserved. He lives and will live not merely in the grateful memories of those who have enjoyed his bounty, but rather in the good deeds which his example has provoked.

Half a century ago the poet Coleridge, passing through the town of Ross, spent the night at Kyrle's house, which was then an inn. Musing upon the history of the place and its former occupant, his thoughts found expression in a few lines wherein —to use his own favourite terms—*objective* admiration and *subjective* sadness are equally mingled. He could hardly fail to contrast, with something of regret, his own life of brilliant promise but scanty fulfilment with the simple course of him who had secured alike fame and happiness by using to the utmost the few and common opportunities within his reach.

"But if, like mine, through life's distressful scene
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been;
And if—thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught—
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tost in thought;
Here cheat thy cares, in generous visions melt,
And dream of goodness thou hast never felt."

Is it due to their common poetic spirit that two men so opposed in every other respect as Pope and Coleridge should agree in admiring the practical benevolence of plain John Kyrle? Is it not rather due to the fact that there is in this simple worthy's character that touch of nature which makes all hearts akin? It is just because the Man of Ross was *not* a remarkable man that the story of his life is valuable.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARISH IN THE NORTH.

BY A COUNTRY VICAR.

I SUPPOSE there is some reason for the invincible dislike which the great majority of the clergy entertain for the north of England; but, it may be taken for granted, perhaps, that the feeling is directed more against the manners of the people, than against the character of the climate and the country. The latter, indeed, will bear comparison with any district in these Islands for beauty and variety of scenery: a fact acknowledged by the thousands who have annually visited what is called the "lake district." But if the northerners are rugged, like their rocks, both in manners and speech, they are not without a certain genuineness which goes far to compensate for the difficulty one finds in winning their confidence and friendship. Those who have lived longest amongst them, find, that the surest method of incurring their ill-will, is by attempting to introduce practices contrary to the "traditions received from their forefathers." To the latter they cling with marvellous tenacity; and you will rarely get an old "northerner" to acknowledge improvement, however apparent it may be, if it consist in that which he has pronounced to be "new-fangled." No doubt it is this spirit of contradiction, which the clergyman in search of a curacy, or the candidate for orders, dreads to encounter; and hence the meaning of the announcement which one finds in so many clerical advertisements, "the north objected to!"

It was my fortune, some years ago, to be ordained to the sole charge of a country curacy in Cumberland, to a parish in which the inhabitants seemed to attain to a patriarchal age, and by whom old customs were regarded with a sort of religious veneration. My predecessor belonged to that class known by the name of "peasant clergy." In point of intellect and education, scarcely a remove from the most unlettered of his parishioners: a farmer, rather than a clergyman, in word and deed. I confess that on the very first Sunday of undertaking the duty, I meditated reform; though, knowing the temper of the north, I kept my intention for some time secret; above all,

resolved not to let the word "improve" escape my lips, for ar of provoking jealous opposition. One custom particularly ıpressed me on the morning of my first Sunday. Scarcely one the male portion of the congregation entered the Church, ıtil the bell had ceased its faint tinkling; and, when they did length come in, it was with such a deafening clatter, as to mpel me to pause at the beginning of the prayers. It was the istence of this strange custom, I suppose, in another place, hich once prompted an old lake-country parson to lean over s reading-desk, and enquire quaintly of his noisy parishioners, Pray, are ye on *foot*, or on horseback?"

After I had been some months in my curacy, I attempted, ith the help of a few of the *young* people, to improve the nging. But here I met with most determined opposition from me of the oldest and most respectable of my parishioners. It ould be impossible to describe adequately, in words, the perrmance which these poor simple people fondly believed to be Church music." My clerk, though a very old man, was condered to be the most "tuneable" person in the parish; and to is leadership and judgment the "choir" respectfully deferred. evertheless, of all the nasal utterances which have, at various mes and places, vexed the souls of devout worshippers, his, erhaps, was the most nasal. Having given out a line of Tate ıd Brady, he sounded the commencing note on a long wooden ipe, and then, after a preliminary cough and expectoration, he erformed a sort of *sotte voce* rehearsal of the first bar, and finally ıcceeded in raising the "psawlm." Again, the whole duty of sponding during divine service was left to the same functionary. tried to impress upon my people, in my sermons, and in the ourse of pastoral visitation, the *personal* share assigned to them ı the celebration of public worship; but with many, up to the me of my leaving, exhortation and reproof were alike useless: ney always made answer, that, since they *paid* a clerk, they liked) *hear* him. Subsequently, when I had trained my choir to ad the responses audibly and heartily, the old people denounced he innovation as "nobbut *chin*-music."

And how shall I describe the ignorance and indifference which frequently encountered in the course of visitation of the sick. ften have I been repelled from a sick man's door, because his iends feared lest I should make him *uncomfortable*! And when dmitted to the presence of the sick, I have been over and over gain *entreated to refrain from* giving warning of approaching

death. It was singular, however, with what quaint apprehension and quainter language, some of the old people received the fact of the Gospel History. I remember well how one poor old creature, who had been bed-ridden for many years, used to baffle every attempt to impress her with a sense of personal gratitude for Divine loving-kindness, by her many strange interruptions. On one occasion, I was endeavouring to show her how good and kind the Saviour had been to all about Him, whilst on earth, that He spent His life in doing good; and was kind even to the unthankful and the evil. She would suddenly interrupt me, by exclaiming, "Ah! He must ha been a varra guid gentleman." On another occasion, I was reading to her that portion of the New Testament which tells of our Lord's humble birth: how that He was cradled in a manger, because there was no room for Him in the inn. Alas! She broke in upon me by exclaiming, "Da, it was a wonder t'puir bairn wor'nt smuddered!" Again, not long ago, a neighbouring clergyman was called to visit a notoriously profligate person, to whom death was fast approaching. He spoke to her of the willingness of God to receive the repentant sinner; that, though her life past had been one of repeated provocation, the day of Grace had not yet closed upon her. But the poor thing shook her head doubtfully, and muttered, "Ay, Ay, it's a' varra good; but it is'nt *Him* I'se flayed on, it's t'other *yan*." I could multiply instances of the same character; but, forbear for the sake of the sacredness of the subject. Many of these old people are now dying out; and, it is certainly to be devoutly wished, that such examples of ignorance on religious subjects will become rarer and rarer with every succeeding generation.

Of the many strange notions, however, which still prevail in north-country parishes, one in particular might be considered only ludicrous, if it were not for its profaneness. When a family loses one of its members by death, the rule is, never to appear at Church until the *second* Sunday after the funeral. I have never known this rule deviated from, during my residence in the north; but, on the *second* Sunday, no matter how great the distance to be traversed, the friends of the deceased always appear at the church where their relative has been interred. This formal appearance would seem to be a sort of religious ceremony with them, for they always take care to distinguish themselves from the rest of the congregation. Oddly enough this distinction is observed by the male portion of the mourners

keeping their hats on during the time of Divine Service. I have felt it my duty, now and then, to offer a word of friendly remonstrance; but I have always been given to understand that I am interfering with established custom; and, of course, an attempt to *oblige* compliance, would be considered an act of parsonic tyranny. The "merners," as they are called, stoutly insist on their privilege; and, too often it happens, that they never appear at the church again, until the occurrence of another death gives them an opportunity of again putting their grotesque custom into force.

And now for a word or two concerning the dialect of the 'north-country," which, certainly, is not one of its least peculiarities. To a person fresh from the "south," it is simply unintelligible: only by long residence, and close attention to common idioms, and modes of expression, is it possible to arrive at the meaning of an ordinary conversation. What traveller from the south-country could make sense of the following? "I'se fun a yaller yowling's nest, with four bare gawps in't." And yet this was really a bird-nesting urchin's announcement of the fact, that he had found "a yellow-hammer's nest, with four young ones in it." When interpreted, the sentence itself is, doubtless, true enough to nature. If we pass by the "yowling," which certainly has not much affinity with "hammer," the remaining description agrees strictly with the fact. The word "bare" is then equivalent to "callow," and has the advantage of pointing out the exact condition of the unfledged young ones. Whilst "gawp," as a corruption of "gape," speaks truly of the instinct of the young brood, when they *gape*, or open wide their mouths, whenever the slightest motion of the nest seems to announce the coming of the parent birds. There are endless other forms of quaint expression. If you buy a leg of mutton, your butcher will probably tell you that so and so "got the marrow," or fellow to it. A bite from a horse or dog is called "a hoogly hanch." If a person is delirious in sickness, he is said to "maffle." A ladder is a "stee;" a gander a "stegg;" and a shaft is a "stang." I suppose it is natural for all of us to think that right to which we have been accustomed from our infancy. At all events, there is no lack of assurance about a north-country man, as he corrects you for supposed mistakes in pronunciation. Thus, I was one day enquiring after a person, whom I knew to be ill of excessive drinking. I remarked that I had heard he was suffering from delirium tremens. The old

man, to whom I was speaking, looked hopelessly puzzled for moment; but, suddenly a light appeared to break in upon hin and he briskly replied, "O! yer mean deleria terminus!"

Innumerable are the ways, indeed, in which the idiomati usages of the north strike on the unpractised ear. Not th least strange is the mode of expressing ownership in anythin Not half a mile from my house a stray kitten was found in th fields by a lad. He carried it to the nearest dwelling, an inquired,—"Do you belong to this cat?" In the same way a estate is not said to belong to the owner, but the owner is spoke of as belonging to the estate.

But the customs of my parish are as quaint as are its forms o speech. I can bear witness to this, that when north-countr people know and respect you, they are both cordial in greetin and hospitable in entertainment. But alas! to the chanc visitor, if they offer refreshment it is generally in the form o *spirit*. Sometimes home-made wine is substituted, but s strongly "kept" with spirit, as to be only alcohol in a slightly diluted form. One poor old lady, I verily believe, has had an inexhaustible bottle, and an imperceptibly diminishing cake kept for my especial entertainment. At any rate, I seem to recogniz both whenever I make my periodical visits to her house: for i the largeness of her bounty she will never suffer me to leav without partaking of these ancient refreshments. I revere th good old soul, but I do confess that I dread the bottle and th cake. If the chief fathers of the flock only knew some of th *material* hindrances to pastoral visitation, what sympathy migh we not expect in charges and brotherly exhortations!

But never shall I forget my first debût at a friendly gatheri of farmers' wives. I am afraid I committed grave blunders the course of that memorable evening. Social custom, I so found, has its laws as fixed and unalterable as those of t Medes and Persians. Of course the best parlour and the be tea-things were used for the occasion. The latter, by the wa are an institution amongst country folks. The poorest cottage has her choice and reserved set of "chany," which do duty only at rare intervals. The poor labourer's wife is as proud of her "set" as an antiquary might be of a piece of ancient pottery. I know it struck me as peculiar that on the occasion referred to all the cups were replenished as though at a given signal: and until they were restored to their respective owners, the meal seemed to be entirely suspended. Evidently it was a serious

breach of manners to continue the repast until you were again in possession of your bohea. Not until I had conformed to established customs was I again invited to "reach forad, and mak free." Again there is a silent signal, by which the hostess determines whether or not you have concluded your meal. Each guest is expected to put his spoon into his cup, by way of announcing that he does not wish it to be replenished. When *all* have complied with this rule, it is generally understood that the meal is at an end.

After ten years' experience of the north, I am obliged to confess that church-going is not a northern characteristic. In fact, the north may be considered the stronghold of dissent. Even those who profess attachment to the Church of England seem to be more at home in the Meeting House. A worthy old soul in my parish is in the habit of attending the church service in the morning and afternoon, but in the evening she regularly goes to the Meeting House. The people revere her, because, they say, she is "sae terrible godly." No doubt one great attraction of the Meeting House consists in the greater freedom of speech permitted to the general congregation. Any person here is allowed to "mak prayer" if he or she so chooses, whilst those who lack the gift are at least expected to sigh forth the fact that they are impressed. Moreover, the duty of preaching is not confined to the regular ministers. I have several preaching farmers amongst my parishioners: and the butcher of the district is not more famous for his stock-in-trade than he is for his "'spounding." I have been told by his friends that he was a very "outward" man once: that is, he was once much addicted to drinking, and that they are obliged to encourage his preaching propensities lest he should relapse into his old habit. I have mentioned the word "outward," which is strictly a north-country expression, but there is another more forcible still, used to denote the same thing. When a man indulges in a drinking bout, they say he goes "on batter." I have been curious enough to trace the origin of the expression. I find that "batter" is a north-country building term. A wall is said to have batter, when each stone composing it is slightly inclined, so as to throw off the rain. Hence, when a man is occasionally out of the perpendicular he is described as being "on batter."

I grieve to say it, but truth obliges me to own that the sin of drinking is considered here a venial one. No doubt the peasant clergy of a former day are partly responsible for this lax way of

thinking. Too often they have been "Hail, fellow! well met," in many a drunken carouse. I have heard their deliquencies in this respect related by "old standards," *i.e.*, old residents, with something very like regret. My old clerk affectionately looks back even now on the incumbency of one notorious offender. He acknowledges that "t' minister was varra far wrang, but he wad'nt hev minded yance or twice a moonth."

Such are a few passages of life in a parish in the "north." Some of them are grotesque enough, no doubt, but they are true to reality as any one can testify, who, for a few years, has gone in and out amongst north-country dalesmen. But the old "standard" is fast dying out: and I for one devoutly hope that some not far distant generation will arise, to roll away from one of the fairest districts in England, the reproach of brutality and ignorance which "people from the south" have, with too much reason, cast upon us. That our increasing means of education, likewise, will, by-and-by, produce a people, not deficient in intelligence as compared with other parts of England, nor wanting in the common courtesies of life.

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.

BY THE REV. ALFRED T. LEE, LL.D.

II.—First Steps towards Reconstruction.

UDDEN changes are proverbially perilous, and in the year 1869 ıe Church of Ireland had more than one sudden change to ndergo. In that year the Church was virtually separated rom the State. The union between them, which had existed, ıotwithstanding the many vicissitudes it had undergone, ɔr more than seven centuries, then came to an end. This ould seem to be enough for a Church to go through in single year. But in addition to this, a new and perhaps a ɔre dangerous peril, if her future welfare be considered, aited the Church of Ireland. Her Synods, Provincial, tional, Diocesan which for a century and a half had reluctantly ne an enforced silence, were suddenly set absolutely free— ', not only to debate, but also to legislate. And in this er power lay the chief danger. Eager and exciting debate r end after all in little harm, but hasty legislation may do njury which is irreparable. And the danger to which the ırch of Ireland was thus suddenly exposed, was not of its . seeking. For years previous to the final assault on the h Church, her Bishops had implored Government after ernment to give her Synods liberty to meet and discuss own affairs. But no English Government could be found ve her even this poor privilege—the Irish Church must be d, lest the voice of her Synods should arrest her downfall. in did the Irish Bishops again and again address the , "humbly trusting that their long and patient forbearance s past will not now be regarded as prejudicing the claims Irish Provinces of the United Church to obtain equal es with those which have been granted to the English es."[1] And what was the reply to this dignified and remonstrance of the whole Irish Bench against the nd unheard of treatment to which under the circum- hey were subjected? The patent answer which the

[1] *Address of the Irish archbishops and bishops to Her Majesty, in 1861.*

Home Secretary is instructed to give when refusing any inconvenient application made to him, "Her Majesty's Government do not feel it to be their duty to advise the Queen to permit the Irish Convocation to assemble."[1] And so the Irish Synods remained perforce silent during the whole time when the battle was fought which ended in the destruction of the Irish Church Establishment. But when that destruction was decreed, and the Irish Synods were powerless to aid in the preservation of "that essential and fundamental part" of the Treaty of Union, without which the Union itself could never have been carried, then "Her Majesty's Government" felt no longer any difficulty in granting the fullest liberty to the Synods of the Church of Ireland. This dangerous liberty might indeed prove perilous to the possessors of it, but it could no longer prove injurious to "Her Majesty's Government," and so the 19th section of the Irish Church Act (32 and 33 Victoria, c. 42) enacted "that from and after the passing of this Act, there shall be repealed and determined any Act of Parliament, law, or custom, whereby the archbishops, bishops, clergy, or laity of the said Church are prohibited from holding assemblies, synods, or conventions, or electing representatives thereto, for the purpose of making rules for the well being and ordering of the said Church: and nothing in any act, law, or custom, shall prevent the bishops, the clergy and laity of the said Church, by such representatives, lay and clerical, and to be elected as they the said bishops, clergy and laity shall appoint, from meeting in General Synod or Convention, and in such Synod or Convention framing constitutions and regulations for the general management and good government of the said Church, and property and affairs thereof, and the future representation of the members thereof in Diocesan Synods, General Conventions, or otherwise."

Thus suddenly was the ship of the Irish Church launched on a stormy sea with every sail set. Bishops wholly unaccustomed to preside over synodical assemblies of the Church; Clergy who had never met their brethren in the open freedom of debate; Laity, who in the main had seldom (with a few rare exceptions) given even a single thought to questions of a theological character;—these were the elements which a common necessity and a common danger were to unite forthwith, and form into wise and decorous Synods, to undertake at once the arduous and most difficult

[1] Again and again the Irish bishops renewed their application, and again and again they were refused.

task of reconstructing that which the Irish Church Act had destroyed, and not only so, but also to devise a scheme for providing a fund to replace those endowments of which that Act had most unrighteously deprived the Church.

Such was the task which in July, 1869, lay before the Church of Ireland. Let us now proceed to consider how she has so far accomplished it.

The National Synod of the Irish Church, though long dormant, was not extinct. Her metropolitans had never forfeited their inherent right to summons their Provincial Synods. For a long season the restraining power of the Crown had prevented these synods from being summoned; but now that restraint of the Crown was removed, and the mandate of the Archbishops alone was required to requicken them into life and vigour. This power of a metropolitan to convene his Provincial Synod had been the usage of the Church Universal since the Synod of Nice, and it had been the unquestioned right of the Irish primates long previous to the Reformation. In Dr. A. J. Stephen's, Q.C., valuable opinion on "The Provincial Synod of Armagh," a long list of such councils held in Ireland from the twelfth to the sixteenth century is given. This same National Synod it was which received and authorized in Ireland the English Liturgy, and in a regular and orderly manner carried out the work of the Reformation there. This is worthy of especial mention, since it is a subject of peculiar interest to all who regard with attentive care the present position of the Church of Ireland in that country. The National Synod of the Church of Ireland, which in the reign of Queen Elizabeth solemnly accepted the Reformation which in spiritual affairs then took place, and the National Synod of the Church of Ireland, which in the reign of Queen Victoria was called upon to take the first step in the new path which that Church was henceforth to tread, is one and the same body. In the sixteenth century "that ancient Synod of the clergy which had the power of settling all matters concerning religion,"[1] reformed the Irish Church. In the seventeenth century that same National Synod, under the Presidency of Archbishop Ussher, accepted the English Articles of 1562, and virtually renounced the Irish Articles of 1615; and in the nineteenth century that same National Synod met in the grandly restored fabric of St. Patrick's Cathedral, under the presidency of the present venerated Primate, Archbishop

[1] See Dr. *Elrington's* "*Life of* Archbishop Ussher," p. 40.

Beresford, and as the first action of its renewed life solemnly decreed "that this Synod deems it its duty to place upon record a declaration that it is now called upon not to originate a constitution for a new Communion, but to repair a sudden breach in one of the most ancient Churches in Christendom. And they further desire to state that under the existing circumstances of the Church of Ireland, the co-operation of the faithful laity has become more than ever desirable."

In addition to this important declaration, the National Synod also made provision for the future assembling of a General Convention of the Bishops, Clergy and Laity of the Church of Ireland, recommending that the clerical and lay representatives from the various dioceses should be elected by the Diocesan Synods. Other necessary business having been transacted, the Synod was prorogued by the Primate.

The Bishops and Clergy of the Irish Church having thus met, and discharged the duties which the changed position of their Church had laid upon them, it remained for the laity of the Church to consider how they best could co-operate with the clergy in the great work of reconstruction which lay before them. The laity had already taken preliminary steps for the assembling of a Lay Conference, to consider the mode and extent of lay representation in the General Convention under the Church Act. A representative meeting of the laity of the Church of Ireland was held in Molesworth Hall, Dublin, on the 31st of August, 1869, under the presidency of the Earl of Meath, at which it was resolved that a requisition should be presented to the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, requesting them to summon a Lay Conference, consisting of representatives from all the Dioceses, to meet in Dublin during the month of October.

The Archbishops having acceded to this request, it became necessary to provide means for selecting lay representatives in the various Dioceses throughout Ireland. The mode adopted is worthy of especial notice, as in these days when the laity are more and more finding their way into Diocesan Synods in England, it is well to note both the advantages and defects of the system which has been carried out into actual practice in Ireland. The chief object aimed at, was that all Churchmen in Ireland should as far as possible be represented in the conference. To effect this the following plan was adopted:—Meetings of Church *parishioners* were summoned in every parish, who elected

parochial delegates to represent them in the Diocesan Synod, every parish electing two Lay Representatives for each of the officiating clergy. These parochial delegates having assembled in their various Dioceses in Synod, proceeded to elect representatives to the Central Lay Conference in Dublin, each Diocese sending up a certain proportion of representatives according to a scale previously agreed upon, and thus a real representation of the whole laity of the Church of Ireland was obtained.

This Lay Conference met in Dublin on October 12th, 1869. On the first day of its session it was presided over by His Grace the Lord Primate, on the two following days by the Duke of Abercorn. We cannot but regret that the first resolution which was adopted was one which was in direct contravention to a resolution passed by the National Synod in September, and which certainly should never have been passed in an assembly of laity from which the clergy were excluded, without an opportunity being afterwards given to the clergy at large to express their opinion respecting it. It was to the effect that in the General Convention about to assemble to consider the future destinies of the Church of Ireland, the number of lay representatives should be double that of the clerical. The National Synod of bishops and clergy had recommended that there should be an equality of representatives in the General Convention. The lay conference resolved that two laymen should be sent up for every clerical representative. To this demand the archbishops without consulting the clergy, agreed, unwilling at such a critical time to risk the danger of the controversy that would have doubtless arisen had they refused their consent. The clergy, feeling that resistance was useless, acquiesced, and the two to one principle, as it is called, in this manner became the rule of the elective bodies of the Irish Church. The laity are two to one, compared with the clergy, in the General Synod in all Diocesan Synods, and in the Church Representative Body. In most of the Diocesan Councils also the laity far exceed the clergy in number. We were convinced from the first that this was a fatal mistake; till it is rectified the Synods of the Irish Church will never be regarded with universal satisfaction by the whole body of Irish churchmen—clergy and laity alike. The Irish Church is the first and only Church in the whole of Christendom which has adopted such a system, and we have no fear that any other Church will ever be induced in this respect to follow her example. *The evil effects* of such a system are manifest. In

the first place it has made the General Synod of such an unwieldy size, that it is almost impossible to transact business in it within any reasonable period. The Bishops are 12, the clerical representatives 206, and the lay delegates 416, making the whole Synod consist of 634 members. Now if the system of equality of representation had been adopted, the Synod would have consisted of the Bishops, and 412 members, and the talking power being thus reduced by one third, business we may be sure would have been transacted with much greater facility, and the laity of the Irish Church would have been equally well represented. For it is a mistake to suppose that the two to one principle secures a regular attendance of large numbers of the laity. It does, indeed, give to their order a vast majority in the Synod when any particularly interesting question is under discussion, and an energetic whip has been applied to the squires, who are busy with their bucolic arrangements in the country, and who are willing to run up to Dublin to prove their sound Protestantism by voting with the majority on any specially Protestant question. But if an equality of representation had been granted, each individual lay representative would have considered it his duty to remain when it was possible for him to do so during the whole session, whereas now the lay representative considers that he need not be over regular in his attendance, as there are plenty of laymen without him.

But this is not the only evil. Many questions of no slight importance are determined in both the General and Diocesan Synods by a vote of the whole House taken by a show of hands. It is evident that in an assembly where the laity are two to one of the clergy, the show of hands may often be in favour of a question to which the majority of the clergy are opposed, and thus in reality a fundamental principle of the constitution of the Church of Ireland is subverted, which directs that nothing shall be carried in the Synod to which a majority of each order has not agreed. It is true that the clergy can call for a vote by orders when they please; but it is impossible to resort to this check, even if it were effectual, on every occasion, and the result has often been that the clergy rather than call for a division by orders continually, have allowed the majority of the laity to have their own way. Besides it is altogether a mistake to suppose that the vote by orders is a safeguard to the clergy against the double numbers of the laity. The laity themselves constantly use it to reject a measure to which the

majority of the clergy are agreed. In the first session of the General Convention there were sixteen divisions taken by orders; but of these the laity demanded eleven, and the clergy only five. It thus appears that the so-called protection given to the clergy to guard them against the overwhelming numbers of the laity, was again and again used by the laity to prevent the passing of measures to which a majority of the clergy had agreed. To give an illustration of this. On the 29th of March, 1870, the General Convention was considering the statute which was to regulate the election of the future Bishops of the church. The fifth clause of the proposed scheme was under discussion; Vice-Chancellor Chatterton moved the rejection of the second and third sentences of the clause. A large majority of the clergy were in favour of the Vice-Chancellor's proposition, but the laity called for a vote by orders, and although fifty-nine clergy voted with the Vice-Chancellor, and only twenty-five against him, the majority of the laity were adverse, and the motion was lost. But so many of the laity voted with the clergy on this occasion, that had there been no voting by orders, the majority of the whole Synod would have been in favour of the Vice-Chancellor's motion, and it would have been carried. This affords an evident proof that the vote by orders is of no special value to tbe clergy. It is a negative power, which may be used by a majority either of clergy or laity, to reject any proposition which may be distasteful to them. But to speak of it as many do, as an equivalent to the clergy for their paucity of numbers in the Synod, is a delusion which needs only to be examined into to disappear. If the truth must be told it is this. The laity of the Irish church were at first afraid of an equality of numbers with the clergy. Naturally enough they did not know as much of the Church matters to be discussed as the clergy, and they determined to make up for an inferiority of knowledge by a superiority of number. They have done so; whether wisely or not for their own reputation time will determine. We ourselves have little doubt that if an equality of representation had been adopted from the first, the reputation of the laity of the Irish Church for ability and self-command in debate would not have been less than it is at present, and we even venture to think it might have been greater.

The laity having thus determined to have a double representation in proportion to that allowed to the clergy, it remained to assign *the number of* representatives which should be sent up

by every Diocese. This was arranged by adopting a scale of representatives, based partly on population and partly on the number of clergy in each Diocese, so that the total number of lay representatives amounted to 446, of which the greatest number, 72, was returned by the metropolitical Diocese of Armagh, Down and Connor coming next with 71, whilst Tuam, Killaloe, and Limerick, were the lowest on the scale, sending up only 19 representatives each.

The constitution of the General Convention having been thus determined upon, it became necessary to provide means for arranging in due order and proportion the vast amount of business that must of necessity come before it. The re-organization of a Church, suddenly disestablished without notice was no easy matter. The whole outward machinery of the church, under which its members have been accustomed to live century after century, was about to come to an end. The future mode of appointing Bishops and Clergy; the manner in which the details of parochial organization should be carried out; the various functions to be assigned to the General and Diocesan Synods, to the Diocesan Councils and the select vestries; the constitution of the ecclesiastical tribunals, and of the final Court of Appeal; these and a host of minor matters required immediate attention. Whilst in addition to all this a scheme had to be drawn up for the constitution of the Representative Church Body, which were to manage the funds that might be obtained for sustentation: and the draft of the Charter to be granted by the Crown had also to be prepared. We cannot but think that the manner in which under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, this tremendous task was undertaken and successfully accomplished by Irish Churchmen, will in years to come be looked upon as a signal proof of wisdom, ability, and sound judgment on the part of those to whom this delicate and arduous work was entrusted. The *modus operandi* adopted was the following. An organization committee, consisting of the Bishops of the church, and two clerical and two lay delegates, elected by the Synod of each united diocese, was formed. With the Bishops this committee numbered 60 in all. They had the power of inviting such other learned persons as they might think it expedient to call to their aid, and their duty was to prepare a Draft Constitution for the future government of the Church of Ireland, such Draft to be laid before the General Convention for its consideration immediately upon its assembling *for despatch* of business. That Committee and its assessors com-

hended not a few distinguished men. In addition to the o Primates, Archbishops Beresford and Trench, each in his n way most admirably fitted for the work that lay before em, there were the Bishops of Ossory, Meath, Derry, Killaloe, d Limerick, Dr. Salmon,—the Regius Professor of Divinity in e University of Dublin,—Vice-Chancellor Chatterton, Archacon Stopford, the Deans of Cashel and Clonfert, Dr. Reichel, e Rev. John Gwynne, and the present Lord Plunket. Amongst ose who were invited to be present, and take part in the deerations of the committee, were Sir Joseph Napier, the Exrd Chancellor, Chief Justice Whiteside, Sir Frederick Shaw, gether with Judges Ball, Longfield, and Warren. This Comttee sat continuously from January the 5th to January 28th, 70, and the result of their labours was the publication of a st valuable and well-considered Draft Constitution, which med the basis of the subsequent proceedings of the Convention, l upon which most of the statutes passed, were founded.

The General Convention of the Church of Ireland, upon the ults of whose deliberations so much of the future of the Irish urch depended, assembled for its opening service in St. rick's Cathedral, Dublin, on the 15th of February, 1870. All Bishops were present, with the exception of the Bishop of shel, whose extreme age prevented his attendance, and the ly Communion was administered by the Archbishop of blin, assisted by the Primate and the Bishops of Meath, laloe, and Derry. On the assembling of the Convention mediately afterwards for the despatch of business, the Primate ivered the opening address, which was in every respect worthy the occasion. Few who were permitted to be present at that morable scene will ever have it effaced from their memory. the chair of that assembly, ever to be memorable in the future als of the Church of Ireland, sat the revered Primate Beres-d, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, whilst by his side was the chbishop of Dublin, scholar, poet, and able theologian in one. und the Primates were clustered their suffragans, together h some of the most illustrious laymen of Ireland, many of m distinguished alike in the senate and at the bar. In the l beneath were assembled the chosen clergy and laity of the h Church, selected by their brethren as worthy to represent m in the settlement of matters in which their Church's most d interests were concerned. Once more for good or evil, after *lapse of many centuries*, the Church of Ireland was free to

govern herself, and regulate her own concerns without any restraint or interference from any external authority whatsoever. Pleasant and desirable as such a position may seem to be in theory, it is not always so when put into practice. Freedom has its dangers as well as its advantages, and in some cases it may be the former outweigh the latter. It may produce results of the highest practical value, or it may degenerate into licence. So far the debates in the Irish Church Synod have in general been distinguished by the moderation and ability of those who have taken part in them, but there have been exceptions to this, which we trust the public attention that has been called to them will prevent in the future. Vehemence is not argument, and excess of speech is no sign of peculiar wisdom. There are some persons who seem to think that the oftener they speak the more will their influence increase. Experience has already shown that the exact opposite to this is in reality the case. No persons have made more speeches in the Irish Synod than the leaders of what is called the Extreme Left, and the result is that in a division their numbers have been more than once reduced to twelve. They still speak on. The Synod has to sit and listen, for the freedom of debate is practically unlimited; but the Synod not unfrequently takes its revenge by a summary rejection of those measures which their advocates have at such wearisome length brought before it. These defects are indeed as nothing compared with the great work which the Synod has accomplished; still they deserve notice, for they point out a danger common more or less to all free deliberative assemblies, but against which it is needful ever to be on guard. Yet we must never forget that the difficulties which the Church of Ireland has been called to surmount were not difficulties of her own seeking, neither were they difficulties of any common order. They came to her from without, not from within. They came to her, not for any neglect of duty which she had been guilty of to her own members, but because her enemies were powerful and had determined that she should thus suffer. She has lost more than perhaps at present she is able to realize, but with the loss there has been also some gain. In the solemn and memorable words of the Primate in his opening address to the Convention, —"We are deprived of the support and recognition of the State with which we have been so long connected, we have received a rude shock, but not a vital injury. Our Church still retains all that is essential to its existence as a living branch of the Church

We still abide in the Apostles' doctrine and fellow-
remain planted on the firm basis of Scriptural truth;
retain our form of Divine worship, and the threefold
Order which the Church of Ireland has possessed for
n fourteen centuries. In doctrine and discipline we are
ed. We have therefore not to create but to restore; not
up a new Church, but to supply such supports as the
ve taken away from the old."

will it be for the Irish Church, if her Synods in their
liberations respecting doctrine and discipline bear con-
n mind this wise and prudent advice. "Her best wisdom
s to come is, not to create, but to restore." The Irish
Act has made a breach in her organization and resources,
will require all her active energies for many years
ly to replace. But there is too great a tendency to
his most necessary work, in order to attempt to modify
ting formularies of the Church. Here is the danger.
nt the Church of Ireland is in full communion with the
of England, and with all the churches of the Anglican
ion throughout the world; but if any fundamental
s made in any part of the Prayer Book, it is impossible
e how long that unity of communion will continue.

the Church of Ireland has hitherto performed the task
before it, wherein it has succeeded, and in what it has
mains for us to consider at a future time. Suffice it at
o say that as far as legislation has as yet gone, the Irish
stands in all respects on the old foundations. She has
in the most solemn and distinct manner in the funda-
lauses of her new constitution, that "she continues to
he faith of Christ as possessed by the primitive Church,"
she will continue to minister "the doctrine, and sacra-
nd the discipline of Christ" as the Lord hath com-
and will maintain inviolate the three Orders in the
linistry.

led on such principles we need have but little fear for
trinal future of the Irish Church. She has wise and
ologians amongst her Bishops and Clergy, and faithful
nen amongst her laity, who still love to walk in "the
," and are not amongst those "who are given to change."
he now is to battle single-handed in Ireland, with a foe
s, united, and unscrupulous, which surrounds her on all
d *would crush out, if* it had the power, every spark of

life within her, she deserves, and she has, our warmest sympathies and our most earnest prayers. But she requires more at our hands. She needs material aid as well as sympathy. There are remote districts in Ireland from which the death of the present clergyman will remove the ministrations of the Church altogether, unless means are speedily found to replace him when that sad time shall indeed come. Disestablishment we believe to be a national sin, but in such cases as these it becomes a national curse. To what a terrible anxiety must Churchmen in such parishes be now exposed, and the fewer their number the greater their fear. Any day their pastor may be taken from them, their Church closed, and they themselves deprived of all spiritual ministrations whatsoever. In such parishes, unless help comes from without, the poor deserted Churchmen must either sacrifice their property and emigrate, or they must remain to become Roman Catholics, if they would keep alive any religion within them at all. To such an alternative has disestablishment reduced many of our brethren in Ireland. Doubtless the Church there will do all she can to aid them. Self-sacrifice and self-devotion will not be wanting, but the task imposed upon them is beyond their power to accomplish successfully, and unless help can come from without, the end of this century will see large districts in Ireland deprived of the ministrations of the Church, and left as sheep without a shepherd. We trust it may not be so, but unless a vigorous and practical effort is made to prevent this calamity, it must be so. Disestablishment followed by disendowment ends too often in spiritual starvation.

THE POOR CLERGY RELIEF CORPORATION.

We pride ourselves as a nation on the readiness with which we sympathize with the suffering and afflicted, and the abundance with which we respond to appeals made to our purse. Nine-tenths of the public charities in the metropolis, and nearly all the hospitals in the United Kingdom, are supported by voluntary aid; and thousands of pounds are annually subscribed by Christian men and women, some giving handsomely and all generously towards charitable purposes. This national characteristic was much exemplified during the late Franco-Prussian war, when England's sons and daughters were conspicuous in their acts of public benevolence. Those who could afford it gave freely and liberally, and those who could not spare a shilling gave all that they had, either in clothes or in time and labour, to comfort the sick and alleviate the sufferings of the wounded.

It is not a virtue that is peculiar to the upper ten thousand; it is not merely confined to the nobility and gentry who have more than they want for their luxuries, and a good deal to spare. It distinguishes every section of the community, from the good Queen down to the dirtiest costermonger in the streets. Calm, impartial lookers-on complain that this feeling of charity is carried even to a culpable extreme by some good people who never stop to inquire as to the worthiness of the objects whom they relieve, and who are thus supposed indirectly to encourage imposture and sanction hypocrisy and falsehood. An unexpected windfall, or some satisfactory solution of an apparently insurmountable difficulty, impels the happy individual to make a thank-offering. He relieves his heart by rushing to the assistance of the first object that he chances to meet with. He has given his charity—he has paid his vows—he has lent to the Lord,—and now he goes his way rejoicing. And yet notwithstanding such noble impulses, and this commendable zeal to maintain their national institutions, will it be credited that the wealthy and charitable sons of England have permitted the national *institution par excellence*, for want of support, to fall

into the most cruel difficulties it is possible to imagine
however, but too true that a very large proportion of mi
the gospel, the clergy of the National Church, numberi
thousands, are at this present moment reduced to want
vation, their families finding it difficult to provide th
with decent clothing, their widows and orphans left p
and often lying helpless and unattended in sickness.

To many of our readers this will no doubt be startli
but unfortunately the facts are undeniable. It is calcul
there are from twenty-five to thirty thousand clergyme
country, a very large proportion of whom are not ea
much as the salary of a domestic servant in a ge
family. A bishop, in a sermon preached in the beginni
year in behalf of these good men,[1] says, "There are
in my diocese in which it is most wonderful how th
have the charge of the ministry of Christ there are ab
at all. What can a man do whose whole income is
than £70 a year?—and there are some cases in which i
less." Now it is imperative that the clergyman should
of superior education, that he should be regarded as a c
man, that he should make what is called a respectable
ance, that he should be decently dressed, that he shou
any rate bear the aspect of a beggar,—and on his wret
tance all this is very hard indeed to attain, especial
we add the fact that the claims that come upon h
fessionally as a clergyman are absolutely out of all p
to the claims which fall upon other men, owing to his
intercourse with the poor and the suffering.

This is not the place to inquire how such a condition
has arisen, nor are we prepared to advise the Legislatu
the best means by which to alter effectually this truly d
state of things. Suffice it to say that if all the endow
the Church of England could be equalized, none of its
would receive above £200 a year! What we have, ho
do with is the present,—to try and free as much as pos
clergy of the country from worldly anxiety, in order t
may give undivided attention to their spiritual duties
was with such an object that about fourteen years ago
Clergy Relief Corporation was formed.

The Committee meet the second and fourth Tuesday

[1] Bishop of Exeter's sermon at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on be
Poor Clergy Relief Society.

month, at the offices in 36, Southampton Street, Strand, to consider the cases brought before them, and to make grants in money and clothing to the clergy of England, Wales, Ireland, and the colonies; their widows and orphans in sickness or other temporary distress. Since the establishment of the Corporation, some 3,000 cases of clerical distress have been aided with grants, ranging from £5 to £25, besides numerous parcels of clothing, blankets, shoes, &c. Here is a wide field for the exercise of charity by those who are able and willing to give in a good cause. It is a thoroughly Christian cause thus to relieve the temporal wants of the ministers of the gospel of Christ. It is a thoroughly national cause to support and cherish the pastors of the National Church of England.

To prove the real necessity there is for liberal aid, we will quote a few lines from a sermon recently preached for the Society at St. Michael's, Cornhill. The preacher said:—"From the applications of the clergy themselves he would only select one, indicating that the work of the society was threefold—the relief of the clergy, their widows, and their orphans. Though, in the case he was about to give, the name was not mentioned, he recognised that of one who had more than once stood in that pulpit to minister the word of life. A London clergyman, thirty-five years of age, has been ten years in holy orders. He has five children, and was formerly a curate in the West End of London. A referee wrote to say 'nothing could exceed his devotion, activity, and energy. He was respected and beloved by all who knew him, and when he left it was a source of regret to all. Hearing of his loss of health, a few friends sought to restore him to his old field of labour which he loved so well,—not to work there, for he was too ill for that, but in the hope that rest and quiet might do much to restore his health. He had only returned about six months when an attack of paralysis seized him, and he is now helpless and dependent' (that was at the date of the report). 'The society gave £20 to his immediate necessity, and his wife, who has become a widow, the committee have relieved once or twice.' Taking a case from amongst the widows, he gave the following:—'After two or three years of suffering, a certain clergyman died in January last at the age of fifty-two. His life was insured for a small sum, but the great expenses of his illness and interment will not be more than met, if, indeed, they will be, by his insurance money. By his death a family consisting of a widow and six children will be left

absolutely without means.' One case from the orphans, and he had done:—'The orphan family of a clergyman, aged respectively fifteen, thirteen, ten, six, and five, are left entirely destitute. Their mother died in her confinement, and the loss of his wife brought upon the father softening of the brain, which resulted in death at the age of forty-four.' He had nothing to add to any of these cases. They spoke for themselves. He would simply ask those present to remember that God was the Father of the fatherless, and the Friend of the poor. To remind us of this St. James calls Him by the name Father in the text, and it would be acting a brotherly part to extend a helping hand to those who were in distress. In God's sight all were brethren, as our common Father asked of us the question—"Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

We trust we have said enough to awaken the sympathies of the charitable, and the emotions of the patriotic; and we cannot better conclude our notice of the society's work than by quoting the text which the Bishop of Exeter selected for the sermon he preached for the cause,—"Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel"—(1 Cor. ix. 13, 14).

THE CROWN OF PATIENCE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

'If thou wilt not suffer, thou refusest to be crowned; but if thou desirest to be crowned, fight manfully, and endure patiently."—THOMAS 'A KEMPIS.

I KNELT before my Saviour's shrine
In spring-tide's early days;
I worshipped there, the very air
Was tremulous with praise!
The song of birds was in the land,
The wind was cool and sweet;
I carried lilies in mine hand,
And laid them at His feet.
Then in that morning light He smiled,
As thus He spake to me,
"Lo! as the lily among thorns
Must my Beloved be."

I knelt before my Saviour's shrine
In summer's balmy hours;
The winds were hushed, the earth was flushed
With lavish bloom of flowers:
I heard the murmur of the dove
In forest arches dim;
And as a token of my love
A rose I brought to Him.
Then in that golden light He smiled,
As thus He spake to me,—
"Lo! I alone am Sharon's Rose,
That blossomed once for thee."

I knelt before my Saviour's shrine
When songs of joy were borne
From fruitful lands where busy hands
Were binding up the corn:

The wild flowers drooped upon the plain
  Beneath the languid heat;
I brought an ear of golden grain,
  And laid it at His feet.
Then in that mellow light He smiled
  As thus He spake to me,—
"I only am the Bread of Life,
  And I will nourish thee."

I knelt before my Saviour's shrine
  When all my hopes were dead;
On field and height a shroud of white
  The silent snows had spread:
No flower was left to live forlorn
  And brave the bitter blast:
I wove a coronal of thorn,
  And brought my Lord at last.
Then in that dreary light He smiled
  As thus He spake to me,—
"This is the crown, the cruel crown,
  That once I wore for thee.

"Go, bind the chaplet round thy brows,
  And wear it for My sake,
With faith and prayer, thy slender share
  Of sorrow meekly take!
Mine hand shall aid thee in thy need,
  My love shall hold thee up;
But as thou art Mine own indeed,
  Thy lips shall taste My cup:
Bear on awhile—My tender care
  Shall guard thee day and night,
And give thee for thy crown of thorns
  A diadem of light!"

GERMAN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

ABOUT the middle of the fifth century, at the time of the overthrow of the Roman empire, the affectation for Greek forms which the Romans had displayed, and which they had grafted on to their architecture, was abandoned, and a return was made to the principle of the round arch as a consistent system of construction by Western and Central as well as Eastern Europe.

The system displayed by Rome in the erection of basilicas, baths, &c., formed a nucleus from which the Eastern empire developed the Byzantine style, and from which the Teutonic races of Central Europe developed a new school of architecture, called Romanesque, on account of its derivation from the genuine principle of the architecture of Rome, viz., the pier and the round arch.

In Germany, as Christianity spread during the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, very many important edifices were erected in this style. Numerous remains of these are to be met with intact, especially in the southern states, and in the countries bordering on the banks of the Rhine.

These churches retained the form of the Roman basilica, excepting that the eastern portion of the building was nearly always intersected by a transept, thus making the ground-plan assume the form of a Latin cross. The nave or main body of the church had an aisle on each side, from which it was separated by rows of massive cylindrical pillars connected by semicircular arches, over which were occasionally placed rows of clerestory windows looking out on the lean-to roofs of the aisles below. The capitals of the massive piers or pillars, which were always covered by a square or octagonal abacus, were often very elaborately carved, and in many instances of later work are unsurpassed in beauty by any of the more decorated capitals of the Gothic styles.

The choir, or chancel, always ended towards the east in an apse, or semicircular recess, in which was placed the holy table, or altar, and in many instances, as at Trier (*Treves*), the western part of the building also ended with an apse. This latter feature

is exclusively German, and is not to be met with in any French or English Romanesque churches.

Both nave, aisles, and choir were frequently covered with groined vaulting in stone, but much more often by a wooden framed roof. The cathedrals of Worms (commenced 966), Speyer (*Spires*), and Mainz (*Mayence*), are amongst the oldest and most interesting specimens in existence of early Romanesque architecture in Germany.

The form of the Latin cross, though more common than any other, was not the only form used for the ground-plans of Romanesque churches, as many remain which were erected of a circular and even octagonal form. In those days, when Christianity was slowly spreading amongst the Teutonic races, the sacrament of baptism was administered in separate buildings, called baptisteries, which often stood quite apart from the churches to which they belonged. Those at Bonna (*Bonn*) and Regensburg (*Ratisbon*) were of a circular shape, and a little chapel at Coburn on the Moselle is hexagonal. A similar practice prevailed in Italy, as displayed by the octagonal baptistery at Ravenna.

In Romanesque architecture the main characteristic is that all openings, such as doors and windows, recesses, vaults, and all spaces between columns, are covered by a semicircular or round arch. The windows thus covered are splayed on the inside, *i. e.*, the opening on the inside of the wall is very much larger than that on the outside. In many churches where there is a triforium as well as a clerestory the openings of the triforium are subdivided by a shaft in the centre, so as to make two divisions, each of which is covered by a small round arch, and the whole inclosed by one large round arch; the spandril, or space between the outside line of the small arches and the large inclosing arch, being filled in solid.

The intersection of the transept and nave was often covered by an octagonal dome, as at Worms, having a pyramidal roof on the outside; and not unfrequently at all four corners of the nave were placed little cylindrical towers, covered with conical-shaped roofs. In addition to these small towers or pinnacles many churches have two great western towers, as at Bonna and Andernach, which rise up square from the ground about half as high again as the ridge of the nave roof, and are divided into several stories, each having round-topped windows divided by central shafts, and included under round inclosing arches. The

towers were then covered by a roof which continued upwards to a point, at first at no greater pitch than a pyramid, as at Worms, Trier, and Mauermünster (*Marmoutier*), often being simply finished off by a gable on two sides, having a corresponding sloping roof on the other two, but more often having a gable on all four sides, as at Paderborn. These towers were afterwards carried to a much greater height, as at Söst (*Soest*), Köln, and Bonna, tapering to points about as high as double the width of their bases.

Great tallness of roof seems always to have been favoured by German architects, and the application of this principle to towers is a remarkable character even of early Romanesque work. As a spire is but an extension of a very steep roof to a tower, we may not be far wrong in describing the development of spires to the architects of Germany. The Romanesque churches at Paderborn, Sinzig, Söst, Laach, Andernach, those at Köln, and the church of St. John at Schwäbisch-Gmund, show the development of the Gothic spire from the acutely pitched tower roof in a marked manner.

The round arch Romanesque style of Germany reached its height of perfection about 1268, during the reign of the Emperor Conradin, but seven churches of rather earlier date may be selected from a great number which still remain as typical of German Romanesque architecture in its most perfect form. These are the churches of the Apostles and St. Martin at Köln, the church at Bonna, that at Hildesheim, the abbey at Laach, the church at Andernach, and the abbey church at Heisterbach.

It will be observed that Germany retained the use of the round arch long after it had become superseded both in England and France by the use of the pointed arch. That desire for effect produced by height which is one of the main characteristics of Gothic architecture could not possibly have been realized by the continued use of the round arch. That arch could never, unless stilted, rise higher from its base to its crown than half of its width, and even when stilted the increased height was so slight that it did not produce the effect desired, and the striving for increased height was thus thwarted. But when it was found that by the use of the pointed arch—that is, an arch produced by the intersection of the segments of two circles struck from centres which are wide apart—a graceful and proportionate arch could be constructed, of twice or thrice the height of a round arch, *without the slightest* necessity for its being any wider,

then that desire for verticality, which is one of the chief features of Gothic architecture, had free play. Buildings were erected in the new style, which, relieved of the system of horizontality, or division into stories, caused by the prevailing influence of horizontal lines, so inseparable from Romanesque architecture, exhibited the true Gothic principle of verticality and relation by means of unity which was produced by the perfect subordination of parts.

The principle of subordination might certainly have been developed in course of time by a continued use of the round arch, but combined with that of verticality introduced by the pointed arch it was sooner and much more fully developed, and led to the substitution of height for massiveness, and the establishment of verticality and unity.

Much has been written of late years with the view of proving that German Gothic architecture was imitated from the Gothic architecture of France; that the admiration felt for many of the early French buildings led to the immediate adoption by the Germans of the new style, and being unskilled in its use, they were compelled to copy closely the models they chose, and to employ French workmen to teach them the peculiarities in construction, and the varied applications of the pointed arch. This is scarcely more than an assertion, for although it may be admitted that German Gothic was not so thoroughly home-grown as the English, it cannot be denied that it was quite as original, and at least as beautiful, as that of France.

The main point in the history of Romanesque architecture is that up to a certain date one style prevailed over the whole of Northern and Central Europe, a style unquestionably derived from Italy. Towards the end of the eleventh century each country began to develop therefrom a style of its own; but Germany was the last to do so, and for a long time retained considerably more of the older characteristics than either France, Aquitaine, or England; the principal feature as regards Germany being the shorter period of transition involving a sudden jump as it were from Romanesque to a sort of complete geometrically Decorated Gothic.

Pointed arched architecture began to be used in Germany about the year 1215; and even then was not thoroughly realized as a new style, but was used in conjunction with the old Romanesque forms, as seen in the churches of St. Gereon and St. Cunibert at Köln, the church at Gelnhausen, the cathedral at Magdeburg, and the church of St. Maria at Trier.

Soon after the first introduction of the pointed arch, and owing to its use, less of the heaviness of the Romanesque character appeared, and more of Gothic lightness and aspiration was manifested, as witnessed by the churches at Marburg and Altenburg, 1253 to 1283, each of which has also very good tracery in its windows.

German Gothic architecture presents many peculiarities not to be found in the Gothic of England and France, and is, notwithstanding its later appearance, as perfectly indigenous to the country in which it was developed, as French Gothic was to France or English to England. One of these peculiarities is the practice of having the nave and aisles of the same height, and though separately vaulted, often covered by one roof. The earliest example of this thoroughly German practice is the church of St. Elizabeth at Marburg.

Another peculiarity is that of open-worked spires. These spires, of which numerous examples exist, are built of stone, and are constructed like mullions and transoms of windows, filled with traceried stonework, and occasionally covered with arches, crocketed canopies, and pinnacles, from which spring flying buttresses to support similar ranges of traceried openings above; the whole forming light and airy structures, hardly to be defended on constructive principles, inasmuch as a spire is a development of a roof, and these openwork spires answer no purpose which a roof is supposed to answer, whatever may be their title to admiration on the score of their beauty.

German Gothic architecture may be classified into three stages, each differing in principle as much as the Gothic styles of England.

The first may be called "Early Pointed," and presents features nearly akin to the Early English of this country, if we remember that in Germany the acutely pointed lancet arch of England was never used.

As examples of this style may be mentioned the church of St. Maria at Trier, 1227, the choir of St. Afra at Meissen, 1235, the nave of St. Elizabeth at Marburg, 1253, the church of the Minorites at Köln, 1260, parts of the abbey at Altenberg, and the churches at Regensburg (*Ratisbon*), 1275, Halberstadt, 1235, Oppenheim, Wimpfen-im-Thal, Meissen, Strasburg, Freiburg-im-Breisgau, and many others too numerous to mention here. The period of its duration may be fixed from 1215 to about 1300. The great minster of St. Peter at Köln, although commenced

in 1248, must be regarded as practically belonging to the succeeding style.

The second German Gothic style may be named "Geometrical Decorated," and is identical in principle with our own Geometrical Decorated style, inasmuch as in the tracery of windows, screens, and other ornamental work in which tracery could be employed, forms and combinations purely geometrical and complete in themselves are alone used; the whole perfectly in harmony, and thoroughly and emphatically asserting and maintaining the true Gothic principle of unity by means of a subordination of parts.

Examples of this style—remarkable for its richness of detail—may be found in the nave at Meissen, 1312, the tower and choir of St. Elizabeth at Kassa (*Kaschau*), 1324, a church at Friedeberg, 1328, the five-aisled choir at Prag (*Prague*), 1343, the church of St. Mary at Nürnberg (*Nuremberg*), 1354, part of the cathedral at Freiburg, and the choir at Köln; but practically the whole of the cathedral at Köln may be considered as belonging this style. The period of its duration may be fixed from 1300 to 1450.

The third German Gothic style, the Flowing Decorated, is identical in principle with the Flamboyant style of France, and the Flowing Curvilinear of England. Forsaking the pure geometrical forms displayed in the preceding style, the tracery is continued upwards from the mullions to the head of the window, or from the centre of a circular window to its circumference in *flowing* lines of a complicated and often intricate character. As in England and France, so in Germany, the abandonment of the true Gothic principle of unity produced by a subordination of parts, and the adoption of the principle of unity by means of the fusion or blending together of parts, resulted ultimately in the decline and downfall of Gothic architecture in Germany.

The duration of this style, which in itself has a character of great beauty, may be fixed from 1400 to the early part of the sixteenth century.

It is scarcely possible, however, to fix a definite date when the Geometrical Decorated style ceased, and when the Flowing Decorated began. No doubt for many years during the fifteenth century the two styles existed contemporaneously; pure Geometrical windows being often found in buildings of a much later date than many Flowing ones, the date of which is well authenticated. A clear recognition of the difference in principle be-

een the two Decorated styles is of greater importance than the ing of an exact date for the duration of either.

Examples of the Flowing Decorated style may be seen in the urch at Freiburg-an-der-Unstrut, the cathedral at München *enich*), the choir at Freiburg-im-Breisgau, and the church of George at Nördlingen.

From about the middle of the sixteenth century until the riod of the Renaissance, the architecture of Germany, like that France and England, remained in a very debased state. Bits Roman ornament, with broken entablatures, cornices, and diments, and all the other monstrosities which are so abuntly found in buildings erected at this time, appear to have en the *beau-idéal* and aim of architects of this period.

The Renaissance then set in, and Italian was adopted in rmany as in England and France, to the total neglect of native .

German Gothic architecture may be said to have arrived at acme of perfection in the great cathedral or minster of St. ter at Köln, which stands pre-eminent amongst the noblest amples of mediæval Pointed Arched architecture possessed by e Fatherland. This cathedral, now almost finished, unites ithin itself all the beauties of German Gothic architecture. ne work of rebuilding it in the Pointed Arched style began out the year 1248, and the choir was finished in 1322; the ave was not finished until 1509, though it still kept in effect the earlier style. The extreme length of the building is 533 et, breadth 280 feet, height of the nave and choir vaulting 155 et, while the apex of the roof is more than 200 feet high.

Designs for finishing the west front are in existence, and öln still hopes to see its noble cathedral completed in accordce with the original designs. Much has been done recently to store and finish, and the works are still in progress, but hough £500,000 has been expended on it since 1842, much nains to be done, especially on the towers and spires, which, ien finished, will be equal in height to the length of the church.

A comparison between English and Continental churches of out this date shows that while the English churches had a ry bold external appearance and graceful picturesqueness of tline, as well as a great length of interior, as at Ely, Winester, and Canterbury, the churches of France and Germany, nich are not nearly so long, are remarkable for their greater ight, the cathedrals of Köln, Amiens, and Beauvais being more

than sixty feet higher than any in England. This great height of interior is most imposing, and with the increased width often given by doubled aisles as at Köln, Prag, Kuttenburg, Xanten, &c., makes up in some measure for the diminished extent of perspective; but it entirely precludes the possibility of having such central towers as those of Lincoln and Canterbury, while the great height of the roof of the nave materially injures the effect of the western towers, even when of the extraordinary height of those contemplated for Köln. Hence, while admitting the grandeur and imposing effect exhibited in the loftiness of the interiors, we cannot deny that the exteriors suffer much from the arrangement.

Compared with its great height and breadth, the cathedral at Köln seems in effect decidedly too short, and if the two great west towers should ever be reared their great height will make the seeming shortness of the building, or its inordinate altitude, when viewed externally, appear more than ever conspicuous.

This great height of roof so much sought after by both French and German architects was never attempted by those of England, who rather desired a greater length of vista, which, with the better proportion obtained for the central and western towers, in great measure atones for the diminished height. Thus old St. Paul's Cathedral, while 590 feet long, was only 102 feet high; and Ely, 565 feet long (the longest Gothic cathedral in Europe), is only 72 feet heigh.

After the great cathedral at Köln may be mentioned as examples of German Gothic architecture those at Freiburg-im-Breisgau, Strasburg, Ulm, Regensburg, the magnificent Church of the Holy Cross at Schwäbisch-Gmund, and the cathedral of St. Stephen at Wien (*Vienna*).

The minster at Freiburg-im-Breisgau is, for its size, without a single exception, the finest and most beautiful, and was, until the recent completion of that at Regensburg, the most perfect cathedral in Germany. Although the fabric is of various dates and styles, the whole is so harmonious and so unexceptionally beautiful, that there is none of that discord in it which is often observed in buildings which have been erected during successive ages.

The earliest portions are the transepts and lower stories of the towers—and to these the date of 1152 has been assigned,—the style being rich but rather late Romanesque. No doubt the whole of the church was once in this style, but the nave was burnt or taken down in 1226, and was rebuilt as it now exists

in 1230 to 1272, the lower portion of the great western tower being of the same date. The upper portion or lantern is a glorious work of the commencement of the fourteenth century, but neither the exact date nor the architect's name is known for certain, and the upper parts of the eastern towers and spires are probably the work of the same builders. The choir, with its aisles and chapels, was commenced in 1471, and finished about 1513.

The exterior view of this cathedral is, perhaps, not excelled for beauty and proportionate arrangement by that of any other in Europe. There are three openwork spires carved in stone. The great western tower and spire rises to the height of 386 feet from the ground, the two eastern ones being about 170 feet each. The western spire of open stonework is without exception the most graceful and beautiful example of this thoroughly German peculiarity. Its outline is far more graceful than that at Strasburg or Wien; while those of St. Gertrude at Lowen (*Louvain*), St. Mary at Würzburg, St. Mary at Esslingen, St. James at Rothenburg, and that at Mariazell, are not in any one way to be compared to it.

The chief reason for the superiority of Freiburg spire, next to its gracefulness and beauty of outline, is that the tracery, &c., which compose the spire, although quite open, is very thick and solid; so that when viewed from the ground, light cannot be seen through it from any part; and consequently all the openings have a dark background, which gives considerable richness to the effect. The rival spire at Strasburg, and also that at Antwerpen (*Antwerp*), are more slightly built; and, consequently, at places light can be seen through the openings, which gives to the spires somewhat of a birdcage-like appearance.

The flying buttresses at Freiburg, reaching to the spaces between the clerestory windows, and supporting the nave vaulting, all differ in design, but are equally beautiful, and all covered with rich carved work, which, together with the windows of the choir, is of a flowing curvilinear pattern.

This noble church is built of a beautiful red stone, to which time has given a charming tint; the roof is covered with purple and green tiles arranged in lozenge-shaped designs.

The cathedral at Strasburg, the pride of Elsass, ranks next amongst the German Gothic churches which have been mentioned as examples. It illustrates all the styles of German architecture, from the earliest Romanesque to the latest Flowing Gothic. It is

believed to have been founded as early as the year 504, during the reign of (Chludwig) Clovis, the great Frankish king; but the earliest parts now remaining are the transepts, choir, and two eastern chapels, all of which were erected about the end of the twelfth century, and are consequently Romanesque. The nave, 250 feet long, 55 feet wide (exclusive of the aisles, which are 33 feet each), and 100 feet high, is a magnificent example of German work of the end of the thirteenth and commencement of the fourteenth centuries. It is perhaps one of the noblest Gothic naves in existence; and has a clerestory over the pier arches on either side, consisting of a row of beautiful four-light traceried windows, filled with stained glass coeval with the windows themselves. This nave, being nearly fifty feet less in height than that at Köln, is by many considered in much better proportion.

The pier arches which carry the triforium and clerestory are magnificently proportioned and richly moulded; and the pillars which support them are clustered or moulded with great beauty. One in the transept, called the angel column, is composed of a cluster of eight shafts, every alternate one being carved into statues of angels and prophets, and is a very fine example of thirteenth century carved work. The aisles are lighted by rich traceried windows with four lights, filled with stained glass, as is almost every window in the cathedral.

The later German Gothic style is represented by two chapels, which open out of either aisle.

The whole of the church is built of much such a stone as that at Freiburg, and has attained from time a beautiful crimson tint, which, combined with the mellow light shed from the many-coloured windows, produces a very warm effect.*

Externally (at least as far as the west front is concerned) this church is not to be compared with Freiburg for gracefulness of proportion. The western façade, rising like a flat square screen to the height of 240 feet, is very much too large for the church, which it entirely hides, and when viewed from the sides, has a crushing effect on the nave, and most decidedly dwarfs even the spire, which rises up on the north side of the façade to the extraordinary height of 466 feet, or about 16 feet higher than the

* It is a matter for congratulation to the architect, as well as to the archæologist, that all the coloured glass was taken out preparatory to the late lamentable siege, and conveyed to a place of safety, and that the cathedral itself escaped with damage trifling in comparison with what might have been expected.

eat pyramid of Cheops, and is the highest structure in Europe, e wooden spire of old St. Paul's in London, which was 527 et high, having alone exceeded it. The spire is entirely of en stone tracery, and is very light and elegant, but cannot be mpared for beauty with that at Freiburg, or with its great rival Wien. It was commenced in 1276, and not completely nished till 1439.

The cathedral at Regensburg (*Ratisbon*) is a much smaller ilding than that at Strasburg, and was commenced about the ar 1275. Although the works continued with more or less ogress for more than 200 years, it was then left unfinished, its mpletion being reserved for the nineteenth century Gothic vivalist. It has the ordinary German arrangement of treble ses, *i. e.*, an apse at the end of each aisle, as well as at the end the choir, and the general details of the whole building are y pleasing.

The cathedral at ULM is a larger building than that last ntioned. It was begun about 1377, and continued on till 94, and is still incomplete. The tower for this church, the ginal design for which is preserved, would, had it ever been ilt, have been a far more magnificent one than that at Stras-rg, besides being fifteen feet higher; and its greater height uld have been additionally appreciated from its standing alone thout the screen, which dwarfs even the Strasburg spire.

The magnificent Church of the Holy Cross, the glory of wäbisch Gmund, was begun in the year 1351, and com-ted about 1410. It consists of nave and two aisles, all of same height, and under one roof, the apsidal choir and les being also of one height, and under one roof. The total gth of this very pretty church is 280 feet; width, 74 t, and height 74 feet. The carving and general detail and ament are singularly beautiful and good, and altogether the rch is a fine specimen of thoroughly good German Gothic rk of the fourteenth century. There is, however, no tower spire; but a huge structure of stone bearing a wooden belfry, fed with coloured tiles, stands on the north side, and presents picturesque if not artistic appearance.

The cathedral of St. Stephen at WIEN (*Vienna*) may be ntioned next as an example of the great Gothic churches of rmany on account of its size and beauty, but it is not so pure example of Gothic art as those already described. The total gth *of the building is* about 340 feet, and width 115 feet,

which is divided into a nave and two aisles, all of equal width and height. There is no triforium or clerestory, but the whole is included under one enormous wooden roof, the external apex of which is nearly 100 feet above the side walls. The pillars in the interior, instead of being moulded, are covered with sculpture, more remarkable for the elaborate carving than for the appropriateness of its situation. There are two very tall double-light windows to each bay of the nave, the tops of which are covered by a projecting gable on the outside. The most conspicuous external feature of this church, next to the immense roof, is the glorious spire, which rises to the height of 450 feet. It is lavishly covered from base to point with the most richly sculptured ornament, which is so abundant that it is almost impossible to determine where the tower ends and where the spire begins. There is no open work in this spire, so that it is perhaps hardly just to compare it with Freiburg—with the exception of which it is perhaps the most beautiful spire in the world.

Many more very beautiful German churches might be thus described as models of German Gothic architecture, each with its several beauties and peculiarities, but space forbids; and it must suffice to name Bamberg, Frankfürt-am-Main, Halberstadt, Magdeburg, Mainz (*Mayence*), Metz, Mühlhausen, München (*Munich*), Naumburg, Nürnberg (*Nuremberg*), Prag, and Xanten.

GENTLEMAN GRAY'S WIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

JAMES EVELYN GIVES HIS OPINION.

you would recommend me to a good London upholsterer,"
ior Denny to his friend James Evelyn; you know my
ıtends to furnish our town house as a wedding present
sta, and I should like it to be ready by the time Sir
omes to London, in case he or Augusta might wish for
rations. Do you know a man of this trade with any
e? Gordon is very well, but he's getting old-fashioned;
me if you can, there's a good fellow."

course I can help you, and I will," was the reply.
with me, I'll introduce you to a *rara avis* among up-
rs; you may leave all the furnishing to him, useful and
ıtal and tasteful into the bargain."

happened that a few days after William Gray had been
ıated by the charming face of Maria Wentworth, he was
ıd by the future husband of her cousin Augusta to
their town house. He was not, however, aware that the
ect, who sometimes accompanied the major in his visits
ıop to see how the matters were progressing, could claim
lationship, till he heard that the marriage would take
ɔm Sir Henry's house in Half-moon Street, at which he
rs. Wentworth resided.

ıe Sunday after making this discovery he was for the
e absent from his seat at the chapel, and laughing at his
y determined to enter it no more.

r or two after he had come to this decision Major Denny
ıes Evelyn met him at the new house, whither he had gone
intend the placing of a beautiful antique cabinet, and to
ınal survey of the premises. The two gentlemen went
ɔm to room with the young upholsterer, and the major
ıd himself more than satisfied with the whole arrange-

As soon as they were in the street Major Denny
ed,—

ɔn my word, James, you have fulfilled your promises,
binet-maker *is indeed* something out of the common;

the taste with which he has furnished that house is something unaccountable."

"Not quite unaccountable if you knew the antecedents of the man," said young Mr. Evelyn; "his father is one of our tenants and there is not a finer farm in the country than Farmer Gray's."

"A farmer's son is he? pray, are all the farmers' sons in your neighbourhood so refined and gentlemanly? for, upon my word, I can call the man's appearance and manners nothing else."

"You are not singular in your opinion, major," said his friend; "he is known in our village by the name of 'Gentleman Gray.'"

"Then if I pay you a visit I shall expect to see a kind of Arcadia, in which the shepherds and shepherdesses play on the pipe, and write verses."

"No," was the laughing reply, "you will find no Chloes or Sylvias among our buxom Devonshire lasses, nor indeed such another as Gray amongst the men. The fact is, we have something quite as exciting, and that is a 'mystery.'"

"I am quite prepared for mysteries in your village," was the reply, "after being introduced to a farmer's son who aspirates his H's and makes classical allusions. Did you hear his allusions references to Homer—made, too, without any ostentation? indeed I observed that he checked himself suddenly, as if conscious of stepping out of his sphere. 'Mystery,' of course there must be a mystery to account for it all."

"Well," said James Evelyn, "our mystery originates in the village schoolmaster who made his appearance amongst us when I was a child, some twenty-five years ago. He came upon us suddenly, no one knew from whence; whether he arrived in a post-chaise, or by the waggon, or dropped from the clouds, was equally uncertain. A small cottage had been taken in the village by a respectable middle-aged woman, and furniture of a good and simple kind arrived from Exeter. A few weeks after a gentleman about fifty years of age was seen to enter the house. Curiosity was soon aroused, especially when the stranger whom the villagers met in his daily walks far out into the country, though plainly dressed, had the manners and appearance of a gentleman in every sense of the word."

"Did the gentry of the neighbourhood notice him?" asked the major.

"Yes; at first my father and others called upon him, but his

housekeeper informed every one that her master never received visitors. Sometimes when they encountered him in his solitary walks he so pointedly avoided conversation that at last every one left him to himself, and so it went on for five or six years. All at once he gave notice to the neighbourhood that he was ready to receive the boys of the village and the farmers' sons to instruct them for any terms the parents had been accustomed to pay. Of course he had soon plenty of scholars, and the discovery that the new schoolmaster was a man of great learning caused quite a sensation. My father one day gained admittance to his library, and he declares that none but a man of high classical attainments could choose or require such books as he saw there. My father wished him to undertake the task of preparing me for Eton, but he declined, saying he preferred the office of village schoolmaster to any other."

"What is the name of your friend?" asked the major; "he must be rather an eccentric man."

"Most undoubtedly he is," was the reply, "and nothing shows it more than his avoiding all good society, and only visiting at one or two farmhouses; Farmer Gray's is one of them. He goes by the name of Spencer, but we all consider it an assumed name."

"And I suppose," said Major Denny, "that this eccentric Dominie Sampson educated William Gray."

"In very truth he has educated him," was the reply, "not only in book knowledge, but in all the tastes and likings of good society. The old man seemed to take a remarkable fancy to the boy, who no doubt has great natural talent, and that refinement and even polish which you noticed in the young man was evidently acquired by constant association with a man of refined tastes, and, I cannot help believing, good birth."

"I should say also," said the major, "that if we could trace back the ancestors of that young tradesman we should find some good blood there too; refinement and polish such as he possesses are inherited, not acquired; besides, look at his face,—it bears the stamp of superior birth in every feature. I think your eccentric schoolmaster made a mistake, however, when he educated the young man above his future position."

"I do not agree with you, major; such men as he will raise trade; why should a tradesman be necessarily a man of little or no education?"

"Ah, I *see you are one of* the levellers. Well, let education

go on, and by and by, when our tradesmen can quote Greek and Latin, and are as polished in manners as our friend the upholsterer, the distinguishing marks of society will be lost."

"I think not," was the reply; "education is not opposed to common sense; at least, not in Gray's case. His father wished him to be a tradesman, and his good sense induced him to give up all other hopes to please his father. Do you not think that such men as William Gray are wanted to raise the mercantile position of England. Why should it be absolutely necessary for a tradesman to be unable to write his name?"

"Can't say," said the major; "but one thing I do know, I shall take care to recommend 'Gentleman Gray's' shop to all my friends."

And so the peculiar title followed the young man to London, and very soon became as generally used as in his own native village.

The Sunday on which William Gray for the first time absented himself from the chapel was remarkable for another circumstance. Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter were also not in their usual places. Sir Henry Arundel had heard rumours of the change in the sentiments of his sister and niece, but he determined to ignore the subject, and to act as if totally unaware of any such change. His carriage stood at the door on the morning after his arrival in town with his daughter Augusta, and, as a matter of course, he spoke and acted as if his sister's intention of accompanying them to church with Maria as usual was a fact respecting which there could be no doubt. To refuse at such a moment was out of the question. Mrs. Wentworth and Maria entered the carriage, and found themselves driving to St. James's Church as if no Shepherd's Market Chapel had ever existed. Mrs. Wentworth quieted her conscience by a determination to explain to her brother at a more suitable opportunity that she had made up her mind to join the Dissenters. She feared, however, that he would not quite understand the arguments she meant to bring forward in favour of their more simple form of worship, and she too well knew his strong opinions on the style of preaching she had learnt to admire to venture upon that subject.

As the carriage drove through Piccadilly she tried again and again to arrange in her mind what she should say to him, and how she should endure his certain reproaches for having influenced her gentle daughter. She glanced at Maria, and felt



conscious that the same dutiful obedience which made her now, without a word, enter the carriage with her mother, had induced her to follow her up the aisle of the little chapel on the evening of the thunderstorm. As for Maria, she scarcely knew whether she was doing right or wrong. A strong tenet amongst Dissenters in those days was often impressed upon their hearers, that they ought not to have "itching ears," and that to leave the house of God where they had first been "converted" was to become backsliders. And so the new converts to Dissent entered Sir Henry's pew in the gallery of St. James's Church feeling almost as if they were committing the unpardonable sin. Yet, in spite of all this, both mother and daughter, as they stood up when the service commenced, experienced a very pleasant sensation of being at home. The fine old church was filled, as it always is during the season, to overflowing. The simple elegance of the dresses, the marks of refinement in those around them, the subdued yet pleasant perfumes, the tones of the fine old organ, and the familiar appearance of the two clergymen in their white surplices,—all formed a contrast not quite favourable to the place in which they had lately worshipped.

Mrs. Wentworth gave herself up at once to the pleasurable feelings of the moment. Maria, equally influenced, shuddered at the thought that she still loved these "forms and ceremonies" which she had lately been taught to avoid as sinful. But when, as the service continued, she knelt with the old prayer-book open before her, and followed the words of our glorious Liturgy, a new light seemed to have fallen upon the pages, and she wondered at the beauty of the prayers of her own Church. She had yet to learn that the religion of the Bible is not confined to sect or party, and that prayer and praise are a dead letter to the unenlightened heart, whether expressed in the words of the old fathers of the Church, or spoken extemporaneously by the humblest member of a Christian society.

Notwithstanding the home feeling with which Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter entered into the service, they were prepared to criticise the sermon with no slight severity. A stranger entered the pulpit, a newly appointed curate of whom they had never heard,—but what was their surprise when from the lips of the preacher burst forth the same gospel which they had supposed was only thoroughly understood by that particular body of Dissenters to which they had lately joined themselves! Mrs. Wentworth glanced now and then at her daughter, but

Maria could scarcely believe the evidence of her senses; she could only sit and listen, and when the sermon was finished she felt she could remember it all. Her attention had been arrested without being fatigued, for the sermon was short by comparison with those she had lately heard, and her delight was only equalled by her surprise.

During the drive home Mrs. Wentworth remarked,—

"What a very promising young preacher! we seldom hear such gospel truths in the Church of England."

"Oh," thought Sir Henry, "this is some of the cant of the conventicle." Then he said aloud, "Well, I fancy he would make a good Methodist parson."

"Oh, but, uncle," said Maria, timidly, "all he said can be proved from the Bible and the Prayer-book."

"Perhaps so," he replied, "I don't pretend to judge; but if he's as good a man as our old rector he may preach like Rowland Hill, so far as I'm concerned,—that is, if the bishop will let him."

Maria was going to reply, but her mother silenced her with a look.

For the next few weeks Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter regularly attended St. James's Church in the morning, and sometimes the afternoon, of each Sunday. Sir Henry preferred a late dinner, which, of course, kept them at home in the evening, and Maria could not go alone to the chapel, where the absence of the ladies caused some little commotion. At first they were supposed to be out of town, but Mr. Gordon knew too surely that during the London season this was not likely. The young minister had once or twice called at Half-moon Street, and had on one occasion been invited to dinner, but Mrs. Wentworth, though she treated him with the greatest respect, had no wish that he should be on too intimate terms with her daughter.

How completely blind are those who are encased in self-appreciation of any sort! The young minister, who could not avoid seeing the superior attractions of Maria Wentworth, conscientiously kept away from the house,—a penniless girl of high birth was not a suitable wife for a poor Dissenting minister. There was, however, real and sincere anxiety about these new converts to sectarianism, and a fear that they "had gone back to the world."

Mr. Gordon, therefore, was deputed to call in Half-moon

Street. He accordingly presented himself there one evening, and found the house full of company. A supercilious footman, who stared at an uninvited visitor making his appearance at such an hour, informed him that Mrs. Wentworth could not be seen.

The good old gentleman turned from the door, much perplexed in his mind. His very living, and that of many others in this neighbourhood, depended upon the fashionable and elegant furniture, and luxuries of other kinds, which these gatherings required. And yet, because Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter joined these assemblies, he and the members of his community were expected to consider them as backsliders from true religion. How the words of the great apostle sounded in his ears!—"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world;" and yet upon this very world he and his family depended for their subsistence. Why do we not more often answer Scripture by Scripture, instead of twisting it to a meaning of our own? Our Saviour prayed for His disciples, "not that they should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept from the evil."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DISCOVERY AT THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

WHILE the good people of Shepherd's Market were mourning over the delinquencies of the new converts, great preparations were making at Half-moon Street for a wedding.

Augusta Arundel, scarcely more precise or dignified at twenty-four than at fourteen, when she had given her aunt and cousins such a warm-hearted welcome, determined that Maria Wentworth should be her chief bridesmaid. Harriet, now in her fifteenth year, was also at home for her holidays.

Perhaps, during the first few months after their attendance at the chapel, Maria had imbibed enough of the puritanical spirit which then still lurked amongst Dissenters, to refuse to be mixed up with all this gaiety. But the first flush of enthusiasm had passed off, and the young curate's sermons at St. James's had opened her eyes to to the fact that Church people were not all heathens, and that real Christianity did not require a studied plainness or ugliness in dress to make its followers more holy. She had always been remarkable for a plain style of costume, and lately it had perhaps been plainer than ever.

"You will not object to wear white muslin, and lace, and blue ribbons, like the rest of the bridesmaids, will you, Maria?" asked her cousin one day.

"Oh no," she replied, "if you wish it, Augusta. I do not think there is any actual harm in dress on certain occasions."

"I am very glad indeed to hear you say so," replied Augusta. "I am sure I have heard such pitiable accounts of your goings on from Eliza and Caroline, that I expected to see you and aunt attired in sackcloth, or something equally lugubrious."

Maria laughed. "Well, you see how a story may be exaggerated. And what else did you hear?"

"Why, that you had given up going to church for ever, and that you always went to a little chapel in a market, and mixed yourselves up with all the bakers and butchers of the congregation."

"You have found the first part of your information wrong," said Maria, "for you know we have been to church with you and uncle ever since you came to London."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I intend to contradict the whole when I see Caroline."

"Not quite the whole," said Maria. "We *do* go to a little chapel in a market, and mamma does sometimes invite the deacon, a respectable upholsterer, and the Dissenting minister to tea; but we don't exactly mix ourselves up with the rest of the congregation; and even if we did, Augusta, you know if they and we are going to heaven we must mix together there."

"Ah, but everything will be so changed then, Maria; not that I think you are wrong,—indeed, I don't wonder at your liking to listen to the sermons at these Dissenting chapels. Papa doesn't know, but I have been with Major Denny and James Evelyn to a large round chapel in London, near a bridge, to hear such a wonderful man; his name is Rowland Hill."

"Oh," interrupted Maria, "I have heard mamma speak of him. Is he a gentleman?"

"Yes, indeed, he is a university man. He was educated for the Church, and ordained by the bishop, but he preached what people called strange doctrine, and on that account the bishop refused to induct him into a living with which he had been presented. He is an old man now, and very eccentric; and, Maria, do you know there are many clergymen in our church who preach the same doctrine that he does?"

"What sort of doctrines do you mean, Augusta?"

"Why, the same that the curate preaches whom you like so much."

"Do they really, Augusta? Why, that is just what the young minister preaches at the little chapel. I can't tell you how glad I was when I first heard our curate; for after all I do prefer the Church service; but I shall always like the Dissenters, because it was in one of their chapels I first learned to think of religion as the chief object in life."

"You put me in mind," said her cousin, "of a sermon I heard once, a few months ago, at Kensington, when I was staying with your sister. I used to dread being religious, because I thought I should have to look grave, and never laugh or dress well, or wear bright colours. Oh, I can't tell you what strange notions I had about it. And then I heard this sermon; it was from the words, 'Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice.' The clergyman who preached was a stranger, and he gave us three reasons why we should rejoice. First, because of the beautiful world in which we lived; and then he spoke of the beauties of nature, and the colouring of the flowers, and sweet spring time: secondly, because of the happiness of home ties,—father and mother, brother and sister, husband and wife, and all the love they bring: and thirdly, and above all, because He had sent us forgiveness of sins through Jesus Christ, and a hope of happiness after death; for, as he said, without this we could never enjoy any of the pleasures of earth, or rejoice at all in anything."

"Oh, Augusta!" said her cousin, who had listened with tears glistening in her eyes, "I did not know you understood these things. I am afraid I was getting self-righteous, and fancying that because I belonged to a chapel where the people were so strict in their religion, we were superior to every one else. Oh, how I should like to hear that good man! and how well you remember the heads of his sermon!"

"They were very easy to remember," replied Augusta; "but I can hear Eliza's voice. She need not know the subject of our conversation; I could not bear mockery about religion."

Maria escaped from the room before her sister appeared, feeling more happy in the prospect of the grand doings at Augusta's marriage than she had ever supposed possible. With such a spirited champion as her cousin Augusta she need not hide from the rest of the family the change in her own sentiments.

The wedding day arrived. Carriage after carriage drove away from the door, containing what appeared to the admiring crowd a number of fairies in muslin, gauze, and lace. The bride, surrounded by her eight bridesmaids, stood at the altar in St. George's Church, and plighted her troth.

Sir Henry Arundel looked rather paler than usual as he gave away his youngest, favourite, and last remaining unmarried daughter; but he had known the major from a boy, and although he was ten years older than Augusta, he felt the difference of age to be an advantage to a girl whose lively, spirited character had always been a source of lament to the other members of his family. How little he guessed of the influence now at work in the young bride's heart, which would steady her without souring her temper or breaking her spirit, results which often follow attempts on the part of a husband to reduce a high-spirited wife to submission.

In one of the side aisles of the church, under the gallery, stood an unseen watcher of the ceremony. He had been for a final survey of the new house, and while passing through Hanover Square, on his way to Oxford Street, on other business, he saw the first carriage drive up to the church door. All at once he remembered it was the day Major Denny had mentioned as the day of the marriage. He approached, and stood near enough to see without being seen; but among the bridesmaids, who alighted in dresses exactly alike, he failed to distinguish Maria Wentworth. He waited till the arrival of the bride, and then entered the church, and placed himself as near as he could to the altar, so as to be safe from observation. He saw the bridal party approach the altar, and then, with a quickened pulse, distinguished the waxwork face of Maria Wentworth, as with trembling hands and deepened blushes she took from her cousin the gloves and the bouquet.

The beautiful service commenced, and as Sir Henry Arundel advanced to give his daughter away, the unseen watcher saw for the first time the tall portly form and noble face of Maria's uncle. Near him stood Mrs. Wentworth, looking queen-like in her dove-coloured satin and rich lace.

Spell-bound he remained till the service concluded, and the bridal party turned to the vestry, then he hastened from the church, passing on his way the carriages and servants, in their rich liveries and white favours, the admiration of the crowd *outside*; and with bowed head and compressed lips continued



his walk to complete the business which had led him that way.

Were these the people from among whom he, a London tradesman, a farmer's son, without even riches to recommend him, expected, or at least hoped, to choose a wife? "Absurd folly!" he exclaimed to himself. "I will think of such people no more." And then, with an effort, he threw off the weight that oppressed him, and before William Gray had reached the house in Oxford Street at which he had made the appointment, "Richard was himself again."

Meanwhile the bridal party assembled at the breakfast. We, however, have very little interest in the speeches, or the toasts, or the beauty of the bride, of which an elaborate description of the dresses appeared next day in the columns of the *Morning Post*. We have to do more particularly with a conversation that took place at the table, between Mr. James Evelyn, the bridegroom's best man, and Eliza Wentworth.

Miss Wentworth had been escorted to the table by Mr. James Evelyn, who sat next to her. She had also contrived that Captain Merton should follow with her sister, so that Maria was seated between the two gentlemen. For a time she listened with great politeness to the captain's efforts at conversation, blushing deeply when obliged to help him as he floundered hopelessly in a string of sentences, none of which he was able to complete. Poor Charles Merton! he was not very wise at any time, although truly good and amiable; and his sudden elevation to a seat by Maria Wentworth almost deprived him of the little wisdom he possessed.

Maria had met him several times lately, and she could not mistake his evident wish to gain her good opinion. Like most sensitive girls of refined feeling, she dreaded above all things having to refuse an offer. Her gentle spirit shrunk from giving pain. She therefore seated herself by his side at the table, with a determination to ward off any remark which might be too plain to be misunderstood.

Eliza, only too glad of the opportunity she had given Charles Merton, set herself to talk to her companion with her usual fluency, and hoped by so doing to prevent him from hearing or noticing what passed between his neighbours.

"Have you seen Augusta's town house?" she asked.

"Oh yes; I have been with the major to inspect progress several times."

"It is furnished with a great deal of taste," said Eliza; "I did not give Augusta the credit for so good a choice."

"I do not think your cousin has had much to do with it," he replied; "the major left the whole arrangement to the upholsterer."

"Did he indeed? Then all I can say is, he must be one in a thousand, for there is decided artistic taste in some of the arrangements."

"I am glad you think so," said Mr. Evelyn; "it was I who recommended Major Denny to employ this man."

"Oh, it is not a firm then," she replied; "I suppose, therefore, the master is not above superintending these matters himself; at all events, he has shown great judgment, and, indeed, an appreciation of the beautiful, that is quite extraordinary. Where does this wonderful upholsterer live?"

"Do you know Newton's shop in Down Street?"

"Yes, but you don't mean to tell me that *he* furnished the house for Augusta."

"No, poor man, he has been in his grave for more than a year; his successor, his foreman, who bought the business, is the remarkable personage of whom we are speaking. It so happens that I know all the antecedents of this man; his father is a well-to-do farmer, a tenant of my father's in Devonshire, and highly respected. His boy was educated by an old schoolmaster in the village, who took a great fancy to him, and finding the boy had good abilities, taught him Greek, and Latin, and Algebra, and Euclid, and English literature, and I know not what besides, in the hope that his father would put him to a profession, but he would not hear of it; and as the boy was unfit for farming, they made a tradesman of him."

"Well, I think his father showed his wisdom; it is a great mistake to bring up a child to a position above his parents. I should say even now that his education unfits him for business."

"Not in the least, he is a most clever tradesman, and never forgets the position in which he stands to persons who employ him, although his manners are often far superior to those of his customers."

"You surprise me; I always considered education useless in forming the manners of persons not used to good society."

"And yet our friend is known by the name of 'Gentleman Gray' in the village at home, and I find it has followed him to London. He has another advantage, too, the advantage of good

looks. I was told he had taken some business in London, but I did not know where, till one day I entered his shop by chance. I knew him at once; there was no mistaking the intellectual face, nor a complexion, eyes, and hair that make him resemble a Spaniard."

"Upon my word," said Eliza Wentworth, laughing, "you have excited my curiosity. Is this handsome 'Gentleman Gray' married?"

"I believe not; I am afraid with his refined tastes he will look too high and get a rebuff."

"That is very likely," she replied; "but how do you account for these refined tastes?"

"Well, it is possible he may be descended from some ancestor of good birth, but his present refinement and polish are no doubt owing to constant association with our village schoolmaster, who is out-and-out a thorough gentleman."

"How came your village to be so very highly favoured?" she asked.

"Ah, there is a romance attached to him, which I will tell you some day," he replied, "but not now. See they are about to commence speechifying; let me fill your glass."

A slight pause ensued, during which James Evelyn whispered, but in a voice distinct enough to be heard by Maria,—

"By-the-bye, Miss Wentworth, I have heard that 'Gentleman Gray' has turned Dissenter lately, and attends a little chapel in Shepherd's Market."

Miss Wentworth flushed deeply; the strange conduct of her mother and sister in going to this chapel had often been discussed by friends and acquaintances, many of whom had heard of it.

"Mamma and Maria," she whispered, "have given up going to that chapel, Mr. Evelyn, I am happy to say."

During the latter part of this conversation Maria Wentworth had been attracted by several remarks made in rather a loud tone by Mr. Evelyn, till at last she caught the words "complexion, eyes, and hair like a Spaniard's."

In a few moments she became perfectly oblivious to the frivolous remarks of the captain, every sense being absorbed in the effort of listening. She replied to him once or twice in monosyllables, said "yes" when she should have said "no," and finally offended the captain into silence. The toasts and speeches *might have* been miles off for any attention she paid

to them, until reminded by her companion, who with an air of grave offence, which was lost upon her, refilled her glass, or explained what was going on.

At length she became suddenly aware that her behaviour was rude, and tried to rouse herself and make amends; till, to her great satisfaction, she found the bride departing to dress for her journey, and in glad haste followed to assist her.

"Why, Maria," said Miss Wentworth, as she entered the bedroom, "you look as if you were painted; I never saw you with such a brilliant colour before. What has the captain been saying to you?"

"Nothing, Eliza. How can you talk such nonsense?"

"Well, something must have occurred to make you such an object as that. You look like a milkmaid."

"Now I won't have another word said," cried Augusta, who saw the tears rising in her cousin's eyes; "I only wish I had such cheeks.—Come, Minnie dear, it is your office to dress me, and there is no time to lose."

Maria's nimble fingers quickly assisted in arranging her cousin's toilet; and in a very short time the bride descended the stairs to receive the farewells of her relatives. A carriage and four greys stood at the door; and after tender farewells, none more tender than the loving embrace of her cousin Maria, the bride entered the carriage; her husband followed; and the horses, prancing and curveting as they went, dashed up Half-moon Street, the admired of all beholders.

In a very short time after, the wedding visitors left. No sooner had the last disappeared, than Maria, unnoticed by her mother, escaped to her room and locked herself in. Then she threw herself in a low chair near the open window, that the air might fan her burning face, while she gave herself up to a day-dream, which had all the characteristic features of day-dreams in general. Now and then dark clouds shrouded the beauty of her castle-building. Shadows of various obstacles, too strong to be overcome, fell on the bright landscape, and darkened the distant prospect. Yet hope's steady wings seemed to lift the dreamer above the stern realities of life.

The interval between the February in which William Gray first made his appearance at the Chapel, and the Sunday morning in May when he and the ladies were all absent, served to prove to Maria Wentworth that the young man particularly noticed her. Unintentionally, no doubt, but not the less certainly, did

his earnest look at the close of the service tell her this. At times she would feel angry and offended, then she would check herself with shame for her want of humility; till at last she found herself becoming interested in the young man whose handsome profile had already pleased her artistic taste. Who could he be? Where did he live? What was his profession or trade! And then she shrunk within the line of position. Trade! What had she to do with trade? What would her mother and uncle say? And so she went on thinking about him, till one Sunday, not long before the arrival of Sir Henry Arundel in town. All through the week Maria Wentworth had been unable to dismiss this young man from her thoughts. How steadily he attended the chapel! How good he must be, because he was a Dissenter! How much happier it would be for her to marry a man who was really and truly religious! And supposing he was a tradesman,—how much better than a silly officer, who laughed at religion, and perhaps after all had not half such an income as some of these tradespeople! Eliza told her she had no money, and ought to marry for a home. Well, if she could be sure of a husband who loved religion, then it would be a happy home. And if this stranger, who was so handsome, and looked at her so earnestly, had money enough to make a comfortable home for her, as Eliza said, perhaps her mother would consent because he was religious; and, of course, her uncle could not oppose her mother's wishes.

After such thoughts as these it is not surprising that Maria should, in her innocence, return the glance of William Gray with a timid look of interest which thrilled to his very soul.

He resolved that very week to make himself known to Mrs. Wentworth, and know the worst. The worst came all too soon. Augusta Arundel called at his shop with Major Denny; and William Gray learnt for the first time that the lady for whom he was furnishing a house was the cousin of the woman he wanted to marry.

He, as we know, had given up all hope on that very day; but she had heard enough from the conversation of James Evelyn to raise hopes she had never cherished before in her life. Of course it must be the same: eyes and hair like a Spaniard's, handsome features, and an attendant at Shepherd's Market Chapel! Who else could it be? She had heard his name and his trade. Yes, he was a tradesman, but so educated and so refined as to be called "Gentleman Gray." Was not that romance enough to cast an

interest about him? And even if her uncle Arundel did object to her marrying a tradesman, this "Gentleman Gray" was so educated that he might easily change to a profession. Oh yes, in some way or other, she knew not how, they were sure to become acquainted; and then, if she found he had other good qualities, as well as being handsome and religious, she was certain her mother would not object to him.

And after all this dreaming she suddenly remembered she might be missed. She looked at her watch. An hour had passed since she entered her room. She rose, bathed her face, smoothed her hair, and went down-stairs; reflecting as she did so with satisfaction, that no doubt her uncle would leave by the next Sunday, and then they should attend the little chapel again.

CHAPTER IX.

MARIA WENTWORTH IS CALLED UPON TO DECIDE.

THE morning following her cousin's wedding, Maria Wentworth sat in the breakfast-room at her easel, busily engaged in her favourite employment.

Harriet Wentworth, although a child of fourteen, had very soon discovered the sterling worth of her sister, so different were her habits from those of the frivolous school girls with whom she had been associated in Paris. Her married sister, Mrs. Herbert, treated her as a child, and Eliza she feared and shunned. At first, when taken to the chapel by her mother, she felt inclined to ridicule the place and the congregation, but Maria's gentle influence restrained her. The soft, quiet manners of her sister, compared to the rattling frivolity of Parisian society, were to her as the soothing influence of moonlight after the scorching rays of a southern sun. She now sat at work near the window, looking into the street, and talking pleasantly to her sister.

The quiet dulness of these fashionable localities at the close of the London season did not affect these girls, who were too happy to feel depressed. Indeed, Harriet was chatting away with some of the volubility of the country she had so lately left, and amusing her sister with her descriptions of school scenes in the far-famed city.

"I don't think you or mamma attend too much to religion, Maria," she said, after a pause. "I believe, really, that Protestants

are not half so religious as Roman Catholics—at least outwardly. I've seen the girls at school leave whatever they were doing at the time, on purpose to bow their heads and cross themselves at the sound of a bell."

"The Mahometans do something very similar," said Maria. "We must not judge of religion by outward appearance of devotion: real religion must be in the heart."

"Ah yes, I know," said the young girl; "real religion makes people gentle, and patient, and forgiving, and truthful, and unselfish, like my sister Maria. Don't you think I can see the difference there is in my two unmarried sisters?"

"Hush, Harriet!" said her sister; "if I were to believe all you say, I should soon lose one of the greatest of Christian virtues."

"Oh, then I am sure you have it, if it is a Christian virtue," said her sister. "What is it, Maria? Do tell me."

"I do not think I have enough of it," she replied, smiling. "It was humility I meant."

At this moment the rattle of wheels down the quiet street attracted Harriet's eyes to the window. The sound came nearer; and a cabriolet, then a new and fashionable vehicle, drawn by a splendid black horse, stopped suddenly at the door. A tiny boy in livery jumped down from the back, and sprung to the horse's head; while a young officer, in the uniform of the Guards, leaped out and advanced to the door.

"Oh, Maria," said Harriet, drawing back from the window, "it is Captain Merton in full uniform; what can he want?"

Maria did not speak, she went on with her drawing. And in the quietness that followed, the girls could hear the door open, the inquiry whether Mrs. Wentworth were at home, and then the clanking of spurs as the young officer ascended the stairs to the drawing-room. On entering the room the servant placed a chair and requested him to be seated, while she told her mistress. But he did not appear inclined to comply with her request; for the two young ladies in the room beneath heard his clanking footsteps up and down the drawing-room floor, till they suddenly ceased as Mrs. Wentworth entered, and then all was still. At a glance the lady knew the object of his visit, as he advanced to meet her with rather less than his usual well-bred ease.

"I hope you will excuse my calling upon you in such unusual morning costume, Mrs. Wentworth," said the young man, "but we have *received sudden* orders to start for Windsor to-morrow,

and I have come here direct from parade to—to ask you question," he added, with sudden embarrassment.

"Pray take a seat, Captain Merton," she said, at the same time seating herself quietly. "I shall be most happy to answer any question if it is in my power to do so."

But the young man remained silent; the courage with which he had been bracing himself up during his drive from the Horse Guards seemed to have been exhausted in his first outburst. *In* fact, he had asked for Miss Maria Wentworth, and her mother's appearance disconcerted all his previous arrangements. How could he ask this lady for her daughter's hand, when he had not a single proof that the young lady would accept him after all?

Mrs. Wentworth knew at once what he wanted; she admired his honourable conduct in coming first to her; yet she had seen enough of Maria's manner, and thought she knew her sentiments too well to give him any hope. Besides, she asked herself, Will Maria, after what she has learnt at the chapel, consider this young man comes up to the standard she has lately raised for herself? Do *I* think so? she added, and answered also in the negative. And yet what an opportunity for her portionless daughter! the Honourable Charles Merton, a captain in the Guards, and with private property suited to his position. Could she allow Maria to refuse him? He had many excellent qualities, not perhaps much intellect, but then—

The very few moments which had sufficed for these thoughts were not long enough to enable the young man to speak. So she said at last, "Captain Merton, do not hesitate; I think I can guess what you wish to say."

"Oh, Mrs. Wentworth, can you? then I think there may be some hope."

And then in the most earnest and at times incoherent language he asked to be allowed to pay his addresses to her daughter Maria.

Mrs. Wentworth listened with astonishment at the vehement manner of the generally quiet young man, as he hastily alluded to his position, his prospects, his income, the sum he intended to settle on his wife,—all showing not only his earnest desire to act generously and honourably, but also the advantage to Maria of such an alliance in a worldly point of view. All her religious scruples vanished and were forgotten. And when at length he paused to take breath and wipe the perspiration from his brow, she gently asked,—

"Captain Merton, does Maria know the object of this visit?"

"No, not exactly; no, I believe not. I did not know it myself till this morning. I could not leave London without knowing my fate."

"There shall be no objection on my part," said Mrs. Wentworth. "Your proposal is in every way an honour to my daughter. You know my position, you know also that she is portionless."

He interrupted her. "Mrs. Wentworth, pray do not allude to such a circumstance, the honour will be mine if Miss Maria will accept me."

"You have not made yourself sure of that, then?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "I heard from Sir Henry that you and your daughters were about to visit Upton Park; and I intended to try my fortune when I met you there."

After a pause Mrs. Wentworth said, "Will it not be as well to ascertain Maria's sentiments at once? Shall I send for her?"

"Thank you," he replied.

But the mother could see how very slight were his hopes of success. She rang the bell. "Better have it over at once" she said to herself, "for the young man's sake."

A servant answered the summons.

"Tell Miss Maria I want her in the drawing-room," was the message, which on being repeated in the breakfast-room startled both young ladies.

"Did not mamma send for me as well, Sarah?" asked Harriet.

"No, Miss, only Miss Maria."

Maria rose with a flushed cheek, saying carelessly, "Oh, I dare say mamma wants me to write some message to send to Upton. Captain Merton talked of going there soon."

And then she walked up to the drawing-room with a strange sentiment for which she could not account. She entered the room with that ease of manner with which well-bred persons can conceal even painful nervousness, and held out her hand to welcome the young soldier as he advanced to meet her. Her self-possession did much to calm his perturbed senses; but it was not likely to last, for as he placed a chair for her near her mother, Mrs. Wentworth rose, saying,—

"I shall see you again before you go, Captain Merton;" and then they were alone.

How thankful Maria felt that she had brought some work. *She sat over it, and plunged* at once into some trivial circum-

stances connected with the wedding of the previous day. At once she remembered her rudeness at the breakfast.

"Oh, Captain Merton," she said, "I have to apologize for being so rude to you yesterday, but really—and her thoughts flew quickly; could he have heard the conversation that interested her? no, impossible; so she continued—"I was so interested with something I heard my sister and Mr. Evelyn talking of, that I hardly know what I said; pray forgive me."

She had been speaking very rapidly, and without a pause, while the young man sat opposite to her, seeming quite oblivious to the subjects on which she talked. But when she looked up at him and said, "Pray forgive me," he rose, and suddenly drew his chair close to hers, took one of her hands in both his own, and poured out his heart to her with an eloquence that made her almost doubt whether it really could be Captain Merton after all.

It is often a matter of surprise when those whom we have been accustomed to look upon as timid, shy, and undemonstrative, suddenly burst upon us like a volcano. Yet these seemingly quiet people are often the subjects of deep emotions, which are only called forth by the sudden effect of strong external circumstances. Maria, as we know, had always dreaded having to refuse an offer of marriage, and now here was this young officer, who of all her worldly acquaintance she most liked, pouring out his heart to her, notwithstanding all her efforts on the previous day to discourage his attentions.

"Oh, Captain Merton," she exclaimed at last when she could find a pause in his words, "oh, I am so sorry to give you pain, but you force me to do so. So good and kind you are to say what you have, and I can only say 'No' to it all."

He released her hand and drew back.

"Is it really so? Miss Wentworth," he said, "can you give me no hope?"

Maria burst into tears. "Oh, Captain Merton," she sobbed, "What have I said or done to make you think it possible? I would not for the world have subjected you to this."

"Am I then so very obnoxious to you!" he said, sadly.

"Oh no, no," she exclaimed, "I esteem and respect you very much, Captain Merton, and you have done me a great honour; but let me ask you to forget this interview, it has made me more unhappy than I can express."

"Then I must give up all hope," he said, rising.

"Yes, oh! yes," she replied, looking up at him through her

s, "It is best to do so at once, indeed it is. Good-bye, tain Merton," she added, rising and holding out her hand, us part friends."

e took the offered hand, pressed it in both his, and without ord turned and left the room.

rs. Wentworth heard the hasty footstep descend the stairs, d the street door close, and from within the breakfast-room the sad face of the young officer as he quickly entered his and drove off.

Poor fellow," she said to herself, "it is all over. And now what I do with Maria? She is a girl who will require protection ugh life; she needs a master mind to guide her, and should hing happen to me, I tremble for her. I fear this chapel-g has made her too particular on religious subjects. She never choose a husband among our gay acquaintance, and I certain there can be no one to suit her at the chapel." Then Wentworth sighed, and went to look for her daughter.

s the front drawing-room door closed upon Captain Merton, ia passed quickly through the folding-doors into the back , and rushing up-stairs, entered her bedroom, locked the door, threw herself on her knees by the bedside. The interview caused her great pain, not only from having to refuse Captain ton—for every word he uttered proved the truth and ty of his love for her,—but because it had opened her eyes ie feelings of her own heart. She knew that a promise to y Captain Merton would at once put an end to all hope in her quarter—and yet it was folly to think of such a thing iat. The idea that the young tradesman in Down Street ld ever be on terms of equality at her mother's house was ly absurd; and neither could she help remembering the l words, the truthful expressions, and the honourable pro-ls of the young officer. She knew he was considered hand-, amiable, and honourable, and he had told her enough to r that she would have a happy and luxurious home, and she n to doubt, after all, whether she had done right to refuse

The fact is, gentle reader, Maria Wentworth was still t-whole; she had been taught to look upon marriage as a ns for a girl to secure comfort and position in the world, and could not quite feel that she had done rightly in giving up his for the sake of a mere fancy for a stranger with a romantic ry and a handsome face.

or Maria, she was becoming bewildered by her own thoughts,

when her mother tried the handle of the door, and then knocked. Maria hastened to unlock it, and Mrs. Wentworth entered, and seated herself with an air of indecision. She had come to her daughter's room, scarcely knowing whether to be angry or pleased with her. One glance at that face, now really pale, settled the matter.

"What have you said to Captain Merton, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Maria, kneeling by her mother's side, and burying her face in the folds of her dress—"oh! I am very sorry. Why did you send for me?"

"Could you not love him, Maria?"

"No, oh no, mamma! Besides, you know he does not care much for religion."

"You might have led him to think more of these things, Maria," said her mother.

"No, mamma; I am not strong enough in myself for that. If I loved my husband he would be much more likely to lead me his way than I should be to lead him in mine."

There was a pause, during which Mrs. Wentworth pondered on the truthfulness of her daughter's remark. Then she said gently—

"Is there any one else, Maria?"

"No, mamma, oh no, indeed," she replied, with truth, for at that moment she seemed to give up for ever the foolish fancies of the last few hours. "And, mamma," she continued, looking up at her mother, "I have no wish to be married; I should like to live with you always; you know I have often told you so, and it is best to make up my mind to it, mamma, now, because I could not marry a man who does not really and truly love religion. I don't mean that he must be a Dissenter, but a real Christian,—a Church Christian, like those good men we have read of in the past. I am not likely to meet one of that sort among the gay visitors at my uncle's and cousins' houses; or perhaps if I did he might not care to make me his choice. So, please, mamma, don't let us talk about it any more. I am very happy as I am."

"Well, my dear," said her mother, smiling as she rose, "I will not interfere with your wishes in a matter of so much importance to you as marriage. Captain Merton is going to Windsor to-morrow, so you need not fear any importunity from him; and if we go to Upton Park in October I will take care you are not troubled with any more suitors. Now brighten up, my child,"

added Mrs. Wentworth; "and God grant that if you do ever become a wife your husband may be one who fears God."

Maria, still in tears, kissed her mother as she left the room; and then, after bathing her eyes and smoothing her hair, she went down to lunch without a cloud on her brow. Harriet, however, noticed that her sister's usually bright colour had so faded as to make her look almost pale. Young as she was, she guessed it all, but not by word or look did she allow her suspicions to be seen. Maria's character was far more youthful than her sister's, considering their respective ages. A Parisian school had matured one, while home education and seclusion had retarded the mental growth of the other. Maria Wentworth was a girl whose mind would expand under the influence of a real attachment; till then her intrinsic qualities would remain hidden and unknown.

Harriet, with clever tact, chatted merrily all lunch-time, till she had seen Maria smile, and she knew her sister's childlike character would confide in her all that had passed at a suitable opportunity. Mrs. Wentworth watched her daughters; partly amused and partly anxious, as she observed the spirited remarks of the younger, and the timid replies of the elder.

"She shall never be forced to marry a man she cannot love and respect," thought the loving mother. "Ah! if I had said in my young days I would never marry a man who did not make the Bible his guide and religion his safeguard, how much trouble and sorrow might have been prevented both for myself and my children!"

The week passed, during which Mrs. Wentworth began to reflect, with some qualms of conscience, on the manner in which she had neglected the little community at Shepherd's Market. Sunday morning came, and then the congregation, with varied feelings, saw Mrs. Wentworth enter, accompanied by her two daughters. There was one of their number who flushed at seeing them; but by the time they were seated he had become so deadly white that it was well for Maria's self-possession that she could choose her favourite seat with her back to the congregation. He recovered himself after a while, and then resolutely determined to avoid even a glance at people so far above him in position as he now knew them to be.

William Gray had renewed his sitting at the little chapel, because he would not allow it to be supposed he went there only to look at Maria Wentworth. Some such a hint had been

thrown out by James Gordon when he had unintentionally absented himself on the very same Sunday morning when Mrs. Wentworth went to church with her daughter. He wisely did not attempt to justify what he had done, but treated the remark with indifference. He knew too well that a contrary motive had actuated him on that occasion.

At the close of the service Mrs. Wentworth made the *amende honorable* by stopping to shake hands with Mr. Nelson, the young minister, and Mr. Gordon, and by explaining the cause for her absence.

While they stood talking in the porch, Maria became conscious that a pleasing, gentlemanly voice was conversing in a low tone with some one behind her, and that both speaker and listener were waiting for her and her mother to move before they could pass out. Presently Mrs. Wentworth also became aware that she obstructed the passage, so she moved on one side with her usual dignity. Maria, thus separated from her mother, drew back. As the two young men passed them William Gray lifted his hat with an ease which James Gordon vainly attempted to imitate. Mrs. Wentworth unconsciously returned the salute.

"Who is that young—man?" she asked, after a pause, in which she had nearly said "gentleman."

"William Gray," was Mr. Gordon's reply, "a young tradesman in the same business as myself in Down Street, Piccadilly."

"Oh, indeed," said the lady, in rather a constrained tone; "I think I have seen him at the chapel. He sits near us, does he not, and is very regular in his attendance?"

"Yes, madam, it is the same whom you have noticed. He is a very superior young man for his position, and has received a liberal education. But I am detaining you ladies,—I beg your pardon."

"No, you are not detaining me, Mr. Gordon," said Mrs. Wentworth, who had moved uneasily because she wished to change the subject; "and I had almost forgotten," she added,—"will you and Mr. Nelson come and drink tea with us on Wednesday? we shall be most happy to see you both," she continued, as she shook hands with the minister.

"I will try to avail myself of the pleasure," the young minister said, "but I almost fear my engagements will prevent me."

"At all events you will come, Mr. Gordon," she remarked; and so they parted, with a promise from the good deacon that he would not fail to be there at the usual hour.

ENGLISH HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS OF THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. IV.—THOMAS KEN, D.D., BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

IN the goodly roll of post-Reformation hymn-writers there is no name which stands out more nobly among its fellows than that of Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, whose life was passed during a period of constant action both in Church and State and who, amid the perpetual unrest of those about him, was always pointed out by friend and foe alike as the most perfect model of a Christian prelate. Gentle and conciliatory in the midst of strife, yet ready to suffer all things rather than give up one jot or one tittle of what he held to be the teaching of his Church, this lion-hearted bishop was in truth a near approach to the ideal drawn by St. Paul in his epistle to Timothy, for not only was he blameless as regarded his administration within, but be also had "a good report of them which are without." Whether we look at him in his early days as a parish priest, in his happy home among the Winchester boys, or in the more trying position of a royal chaplain, an office which to a conscientious man carried with it the necessity of speaking anything but soft words to those in high places, we find that the same high standard of life was maintained; and when in later years the work of the episcopal office fell to his lot, the beauty of his character became still more evident, and the frequent occasions of trial only served to intensify his love for the divine Master which kept him steadfast to the end. At such a moment as the present, then, the contemplation of Ken's career would seem to be peculiarly apposite, even apart from his claims to our attention as one of the most notable of the hymn-writers whose works are under consideration in these papers.

We are now in the thick of a struggle emphatically calling for the exercise of those very qualities which served so brightly to adorn the bishop's life. Men are asking themselves on all sides what is their duty in regard to various questions of church

discipline; and although the case differs in important particulars from that under which Ken was called upon to take decisive action, yet his unflinching adherence to what commended itself to his mind as the catholic doctrine of the Church of England, conveys a lesson which cannot be too seriously regarded. He knew by personal experience what was involved in the resignation of office, and with it of all hopes of temporal advancement, which is so lightly talked of by some among our clergy; and it would be well if, before proclaiming their readiness to make martyrs of themselves, these earnest but hasty individuals would take a lesson from his actions at this most critical period. As long as conciliation was likely to avail, he lost no means of striving to bring matters to a peaceful issue; but in striking contrast to the well-known prelate in a previous reign, when this was no longer possible, Ken elected to serve his God even at the risk of displeasing his king, and thus for conscience' sake he suffered. Such was the man who is known wherever the songs of prayer and praise of the English Church are heard, through his morning and evening hymns, which in days gone by were bound up with the Prayer Book—a proof of their popularity, though not necessarily of their merit,—and which have since become the best-loved numbers in the hymnal of every Christian body.

Born at the pretty little village of Berkhampstead in Hertfordshire, in July, 1637, he was at the early age of four years left to the care of his half-sister Anne,—his mother, a daughter of the poet Chalkhill, having died in 1641. His father, Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, an attorney in the Court of Common Pleas, was a member of an old Somersetshire family, and when he died ten years later, the orphan boy was left entirely in the charge of his sister, who had become the wife of Izaak Walton, the biographer of some of the worthies of the English Church. A year before his father's death, on the 26th of September, 1651, young Ken was elected a scholar on the foundation of William of Wykeham at Winchester, under whose statutes he gained that love for the English Church which distinguished him in after life. To adopt his own words, "So much care is ta[illegible] Ken to make the youths good Christians as well as good scholars, [illegible] they go so frequently to prayers every day in the chapel and [illegible] the school, singing hymns and psalms to God so frequently [illegible] their chamber, and in the chapel, and in the hall, that they are [illegible] a manner brought up in a perpetuity of prayer."

Public school life in those days was even better calculated han it is at present to promote manliness of character, but its iscipline was somewhat too severe, hard straw beds, and rising t six o'clock even in the winter forming not the least important art of the ordeal through which the boys had to pass. Here ; was that Ken formed a lasting friendship for Francis Turner, fterwards Bishop of Ely, who was his fellow-student at New ollege, Oxford. The young undergraduates found the university ı a state of turmoil, owing to the irruption of the lawless ominees of Cromwell, who were appointed to the highest posts uring the Commonwealth; the Protector himself being the hancellor, and Dr. John Owen the vice-chancellor. Sharing his ›oms with his friend Turner, Ken was doubtless, as Mr. nderdon suggests in his valuable biography, one of the little and who kept up the orders and rubric of the Church of England ı the house of Thomas Willis near Merton College, when the se of the Prayer Book was prohibited, while among other notes f his university career it is worthy of record that one of his hief delights was music. He is said, like another Christian oet, quaint old George Herbert, to have been a skilful player n the lute, and he also was found among the choralists; for nthony à Wood, who was the chief manager of the concerts, ells us that "Thomas Ken of New College, a junior, would be ometimes among them, and sing his part." Ere Ken had taken is degree Charles II. was restored to the throne, and thus under appier auspices he graduated as Bachelor of Arts on the 3rd of May, 1661. He was probably admitted to holy orders in the ollowing year, when he would have been about twenty-five ears of age, but the precise date as well as the name of his irst living are still matters of debate. It is, however, ascertained eyond doubt that he was instituted to the rectory of Little aston, near Dunmow in Essex, in 1663, when fellow of New ollege, his patron being Lord Maynard, whose wife was one of e daily attendants at the morning and evening service, a ractice which Ken by example, and by exhortation to the clergy ten he became a bishop, lost no opportunity of defending. ing to the influence of Izaak Walton, who after his wife's th was a constant resident with Morley, the Bishop of Winester, Ken was soon called to that city, where in 1666 he was ted to the highly esteemed post of fellow of the college.

n 1667 he accepted the living of Brighstone, in the Isle of ght, *where "Bishop* Ken's yew hedge" is said still to be

shown with affection in the rectory garden; and in 1669 he was by the appointment of the bishop installed as a prebendary in Winchester Cathedral, accepting at the same time the living of Woodhay, and resigning Brighstone. Three years later, on the 8th of November, 1672, he resigned the living of East Woodhay, where his friend George Hooper succeeded him, and he now returned to Winchester to devote himself exclusively to his duties as bishop's chaplain, prebendary of the cathedral, and fellow of the college. Even then, however, he was so anxious to engage in pastoral work that he sought a fresh field for labour, and took gratuitous charge of the church of St. John Soke, where he was greatly beloved by the poor inhabitants.

Shortly after his settlement at Winchester, Ken published, probably in the year 1674, his "Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester School," or, as it was termed in subsequent editions, "for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College, and all other Devout Christians." It was for these boys also, in whose welfare he took so lively an interest, that he wrote the morning and evening and midnight hymns, with which his name has ever since been so inseparably connected. They were not included in the earlier issues of the Manual, being supplied in a separate leaflet form to the boys, and are first found in the seventh edition, published in 1700, the title of which was "A Manual of Prayers, &c.; to which is added Three Hymns for Morning, Evening, and Midnight, not in the former editions by the same Author." An altered version of these famous hymns was published a few years later in a work entitled "A Conference between the Soul and Body concerning the Present and Future State;" and in order to prevent any misconception the publisher of the Winchester Manual, Mr. Charles Brome, appended a note to the next edition of that work, stating that in it alone were to be found the hymns as originally written by the bishop. This unhappily was not the only case in which these famous verses were mutilated, for in the numberless forms in which they have been printed it has been the exception to find them in the author's own words, thus furnishing another instance of that shameless tinkering of which the hymn-writer seems to be singled out as a special victim. The authentic version of the hymns as they left the bishop's hands with his final revision is given in a little pamphlet published by Mr. Sedgwick in 1864, with a valuable introductory letter from Sir Roundell Palmer, whose critical power no less than his in-

ed clearness of statement are brought to bear upon the 'hat difficult question as to the latest text. No one who lly examines the subject will be inclined to dispute his t; and even Mr. Anderdon, who, in his life of Bishop Ken, the text of 1697, has, we believe, given his adhesion to Sir lell's opinion on the subject. As the text is thus verified d any doubt, we give the hymns in full, believing that they ot only be welcome to those who are in the habit of using lection of four or five verses commonly sung in our ies, but to all who are interested in hymnology.

A MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun,
Thy daily Stage of Duty run,
Shake off dull Sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy Morning Sacrifice.

Thy precious Time mispent, redeem,
Each present Day thy last Esteem,
Improve thy Talent with due Care,
For the Great Day thy self prepare.

In Conversation be sincere,
Keep Conscience as the Noon-tide clear.
Think how All-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy Secret Thoughts surveys.

By influence of the Light Divine,
Let thy own Light to others Shine,
Reflect all Heaven's propitious Rays,
In ardent Love, and cheerful Praise.

'Wake, and lift up thy self my Heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all Night long unwearied sing,
High Praise to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye Heavenly Choir,
May your Devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my Age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all Day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's Will,
O may I never more do Ill.

Had I your Wings to Heaven I'd fly,
But God shall that Defect supply,
And my Soul wing'd with warm Desire,
Shall all Day long to Heaven aspire.

All Praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept,
Grant, Lord, when I from Death shall wake,
I may of endless Light partake.

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Ev'n Heaven itself I would disdain,
Were't not Thou there to be enjoy'd,
And I in Hymns to be employ'd.

Heav'n is, dear Lord, where e'er Thou art,
O never then from me depart:
For to my Soul, 'tis Hell to be,
But for one Moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my Vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my Sins as Morning Dew,
Guard my first Springs of Thought and Will,
And with Thy self my Spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest, this Day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my Powers with all their Might,
In Thy sole Glory may Unite.

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

AN EVENING HYMN.

All Praise to Thee, my God, this Night,
For all the Blessings of the Light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath thy own Almighty Wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The Ill that I this Day have done;
That with the World, my self, and Thee,
I, e'er I sleep, at Peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed;
To die, that this vile Body may
Rise glorious at the awful Day.

O! may my Soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet Sleep mine Eye-lids close;
Sleep, that may me more Vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the Night I sleepless lie,
My Soul with Heavenly Thoughts supply;
Let no ill Dreams disturb my Rest,
No Powers of Darkness me molest.

Dull Sleep of Sense me to deprive,
I am but half my Time alive,
Thy faithful Lovers, Lord, are griev'd,
To lie so long of Thee bereav'd.

Yet tho' Sleep o'er my Frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in Chains;
And now and then let loose my Heart,
Till it an Hallelujah dart.

The faster Sleep the Senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our Minds,
O may my Soul from Matter free,
Thy Loveliness unclouded see!

O when shall I in endless Day,
For ever chase dark Sleep away,
And Hymns with the Supernal Choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire!

O may my Guardian while I sleep,
Close to my Bed his Vigils keep,
His Love angelical instil,
Stop all the Avenues of Ill.

May he Cœlestial Joy rehearse,
And Thought to Thought with me converse,
Or in my stead, all the Night long,
Sing to my God a grateful Song.

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye Heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

My God, now I from Sleep awake,
The sole Possession of me take,
From Midnight Terrors me secure;
And guard my Heart from Thoughts impure.

Bless'd Angels! while we silent lie,
You Hallelujahs sing on high,
You joyful hymn the ever Bless'd,
Before the Throne and never rest.

I with your Choir Celestial join,
In offering up a Hymn divine,
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the Night and World farewell;

My Soul, when I shake off this Dust,
Lord, in Thy Arms I will intrust.
O make me Thy peculiar Care,
Some Mansion for my Soul prepare.

Give me a place at Thy Saints' Feet,
Or some fall'n Angel's vacant Seat;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter Day.

O may I always ready stand,
With my Lamp burning in my Hand;
May I in sight of Heav'n rejoice,
When e'er I hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

All praise to Thee in Light array'd,
Who Light thy dwelling-place hast made.
A boundless Ocean of bright Beams,
From Thy All-glorious God-head streams.

The Sun in its Meridian height,
Is very Darkness in Thy sight!
My Soul, O lighten and inflame,
With Thought and Love of Thy Great Name.

Bless'd Jesu, Thou on Heaven intent,
Whole Nights hast in Devotion spent,
But I, frail Creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.

My soul, how can'st thou weary grow,
Of antedating Bliss below;
In sacred Hymns, and Heavenly Love,
Which will Eternal be above.

Shine on me, Lord, new Life impart,
Fresh Ardours kindle in my Heart;
One Ray of Thy all-quick'ning Light,
Dispels the Sloth and Clouds of Night.

Lord, lest the Tempter me surprize,
Watch over Thine own Sacrifice:
All loose, all idle Thoughts cast out,
And make my very Dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him all Creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye Heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

A Greek translation of the hymns was published at Oxford in 1831 by the Rev. R. Greswell; and an elegant Latin rendering from the pen of Dr. Charles Wordsworth, the Bishop of St. Andrew's, who has just been elected to Ken's old position as fellow of Winchester, was published in 1848. They have also been sung in many other languages, and in his life of Ken, Dr. Markland gives an interesting note quoted from a volume by the Rev. T. Whytehead, chaplain to the Bishop of New Zealand, proving that they were welcomed by the natives at the antipodes. In a letter to a friend, written five days before his death, the missionary says, "As I recovered from my asthma and lethargy I took up the translation of the Evening Hymn (four verses for service) into Maori rhyming verse, the first of the kind, of

the same metre and rhythm as the English. It is sung in church and school by the natives, and several of them came and sung it under my window. They call it the new hymn of the sick minister. People seem pleased with it; and it is a comfort to think one has introduced Bishop Ken's beautiful hymn into the Maori's evening worship, and left them this legacy when I could do no more for them. One thousand more copies were struck off to-day for the southern congregations."

Numberless are the testimonies to the perfect fitness of these hymns for private use, for which it must be remembered they were originally designed. Robert Nelson, the learned and devout author of the "Fasts and Festivals," was among those who obeyed the author's injunctions to the Winchester boys to "be sure to sing the Morning and Evening Hymn in their chamber, devoutly remembering that the Psalmist, upon happy experience, assures you that it is a good thing to tell of the loving-kindness of the Lord early in the morning, and of His truth in the night season." The tune to which the Evening Hymn was generally sung—and probably the others also, for they are all of the same metre—was Tallis's Canon, from Ravenscroft's Psalter. The music, like the words, suffered much from the accretions of succeeding years, until its original dignity and beauty were utterly lost. Happily, it has been restored to its original form in many recent tune-books, and is consequently correctly used in our churches. Ken sang his hymns with the accompaniment of his own lute, but whether to Tallis's tune or to music of his own composition is uncertain.

Although his contributions to hymnody were small in number, their value can scarcely be over-estimated, and all will be inclined to agree with Montgomery that "he has laid the Church of Christ under a lasting obligation by his three hymns, and that had he endowed three hospitals he might have been less a benefactor to posterity." Of the really magnificent doxology which closes the Morning and Evening Hymns, and has been perhaps more frequently sung in religious assemblies than any other verse in the English language, the poet adds,—"It is a masterpiece at once of amplification and compression: amplification on the burthen, Praise God repeated in each line; compression by exhibiting God as the object of praise in every view in which we can imagine praise due to Him;—praise for all His blessings, yea for '*all* blessings,' none coming from any other source; praise, by every creature, specifically invoked, 'here below' and in

heaven 'above;' praise to Him in each of the characters wherein he has revealed Himself in His word,—'Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'"

Alexander Knox thus assesses his place among the hymn-writers of his time:—"A comparison of the hymns of Doddridge, Watts, Ken, and Wesley, would show that Doddridge rises above Watts from having caught the spirit of Ken; and Wesley is deep and interior from having added to the Chrysostomian piety of Ken the experimental part of St. Augustine. Watts is a pure Calvinist; Ken a pure Chrysostomian. Doddridge is induced to blend both, and the effect is valuable and interesting. Wesley advances this union."

Leaving these most valued mementos of the bishop, which have formed as rich a legacy as was ever given by Christian prelate to the Church of these later days, we must conclude our sketch by a brief notice of the closing years of his life. After the publication of the Manual for the Winchester boys to which allusion has been made, Ken started on a tour to Italy in the latter months of 1675, and as this period was one of the seasons appointed for the papal Jubilee, he saw the ancient capital in all its splendour, returning shortly after to the quiet retirement of Winchester. This he only enjoyed for a brief space, for in 1679 he was called away to the court at the Hague to act as chaplain and almoner to the Princess Mary, an appointment which brought him at once into intimate relation with the court and all its trials. Owing in a great measure to his faithful conduct and his opposition to intrigue, he was ere long permitted to return to England, where he arrived in the latter part of 1680, and was appointed by the King as one of his own chaplains about October. Three years later, in the summer of 1683, he was ordered to proceed to Tangier with the naval forces as chaplain of the fleet, the invitation from Lord Dartmouth being couched in the most flattering terms. The expedition was one of danger and difficulty, and we can well imagine the grateful heart with which Ken must have welcomed the day when in April, 1684, the fleet returned to Spithead, and he was able to proceed at once to his friends in Winchester, although he found that death had been busy in his absence and the well-loved Izaak Walton had departed, leaving his brother many kindly words, and a ring inscribed, "A friend's farewell.—J. W., obiit 15th Dec., 1683."

Within a year he lost another valued friend in good Bishop Morley, who died at Farnham Castle in 1685. This event was

no sooner communicated to Charles than he resolved to raise Ken to the episcopal bench, and by translating Dr. Mews from Bath and Wells to Winchester, he was enabled to accomplish his object. Ken was consecrated at Lambeth Palace on the feast of St. Paul, 1685. As an interesting fact, well worthy of note at the present moment, when every effort is being made to complete Wren's design, it may be stated that instead of expending a large sum upon a banquet in honour of his consecration, after the custom of the day, Ken contributed £100 to the fund for rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral, an entry of the item appearing in the list of contributors. One of his first duties after his consecration was to attend the death-bed of his royal master, whose decease was but the commencement of the troubles which afterwards fell upon the bishop. Of his remonstrances with James, whose adherence to the Roman faith was well known; of his unflinching testimony in the pulpit against the prevailing errors of the day; and finally, of his opposition, in common with Sancroft and other bishops, to the Declaration of Liberty of Conscience, resulting in their committal to the Tower, we have not space to speak; indeed, those unhappy events which ended in the flight of the King and the coronation of William and Mary are too well known to need recapitulation here.

The bishop's refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the new-made monarch—an act which he regarded as incompatible with the declaration of fealty which he had recently made to James, led ultimately to his deprivation in common with his fellow-nonjurors; and when on the 30th of August, 1691, Kidder was consecrated to his bishopric, he retired at once to the mansion of Longleat, about six miles from Frome, Selwood, where Viscount Weymouth offered him a home. Here the prelate closed his career, amid the quiet repose which he loved so well; and when, on the accession of Queen Anne, he was invited to return to his bishopric he declined. An arrangement was made by which he received an income of £200 a year, a sum amply sufficient to provide for his moderate wants, and to enable him to show his charity to the poor and afflicted. Thus he was, comparatively speaking, relieved from all worldly care for the remainder of his days; and with Lord Weymouth, who like himself stood faithful to the late King, he passed twenty years of peaceful enjoyment, "on this side heaven having nothing to desire," as he declared in the dedication of his poems to the benevolent nobleman. As a slight memorial of his gratitude, Ken bequeathed his

books to his patron at his death. At the same time his later years were vexed by many troubles. The other non-jurors resented his resignation of the bishopric, on the death of Kidder, in favour of his friend Hooper, although it is evident that Ken's sole desire was to act for the good of the Church and of his diocese, and to heal as far as possible the schism which had been created. In addition to these troubles he suffered much bodily pain, and although in the details of his intercourse with the Jacobites there is more of harshness and severity than we should have expected to find, it is easily accounted for by his illness. His main solace in his declining years was in the exercise of his pen; and at this period he wrote his "Preparatives for Death," "Anodynes of Pain," "Hymns for all the Festivals of the Year," and "Songs on Jesus." His Hymns for the Festivals more especially, forming the earlier "Christian Year," which the Church's later laureate, the revered John Keble, doubtless took as his model, are full of beauties, rugged at times, and here and there disfigured by "quaint conceits" of form and expression, which clash with modern taste and modern canons, but still sterling in their quality, and breathing throughout the loving spirit of their author. A happier description of his poems has perhaps never been given than in the words of John Byrom, the author of the well-known Christmas hymn, "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn," who wrote as follows:—

> "His phrase might have more artificial cast,
> But, in the main, his pieces as they stand
> Could scarce be altered by a second hand:
> Patchwork improvements in the modern style,
> Bestowed upon some venerable pile,
> Do but deface it. Poems to revise
> That Ken has writ—another Ken must rise."

To those of our readers who are unacquainted with the "Christian Year," we can cordially recommend its perusal, as the best possible illustration of the bishop's life and spirit. Its issue by Mr. Pickering, the publisher of the first edition of "The Life of Ken by a Layman" (Mr. Anderdon) has placed it within general reach, and both works are alike valuable. Truly did Keble say that "his poems breathe such an angelic spirit, interspersed with such pure and bright touches of poetry, that a reader who loves his three hymns will scarcely find it in his heart to criticise them;" and although his prose eclipses his verse, both should receive a place of honour in a Churchman's library.

Ken died on the 19th of March, 1711, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and was buried at Frome, Selwood; his instructions being that he should be interred "in the churchyard of the nearest parish within his diocese, under the east window of the chancel, just at sunrising, without any manner of pomp or ceremony besides that of the Order for Burial in the Liturgy of the Church of England." On his gravestone he wished the following epitaph to be written:—

"THE INSCRIPTION ORDERED BY BP. KEN FOR HIS TOMB.

"*May the here interred Thomas, late Bishop of Bath and Wells, and uncanonically, Deprived for not transferring his Allegiance, have a perfect consummation of Blisse, both in body and Soul, at The Great Day, of which God keep me allwaies mindfull.*"

Thus passed away to his rest one whose life well justified the epithets "Seraphicus" and "Spiritualis," which are linked with his name in the writings of our most eminent divines, a prelate whose example stands out like a beacon to the church of our own and all future ages, especially in all times of trial, speaking in trumpet tones the words of the apostle, "Quit you like men, be strong." These were the terms in which he declared his faith at the last:—

"As for my religion, I die in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Faith, professed by the whole Church, before the disunion of east and west; more particularly I die in the communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all papal and puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the cross."

[NOTE.—In the article on Toplady in the May number, page 293, the second line of the last verse of the hymn "Rock of Ages" should stand—

"When my eyestrings *break* in death."]

ON A GASLIGHT.

BY THE REV. H. TODD, M.A.

I.

BEAUTIFUL, steadfast lamp,
That, mute through daylight's hours,
Yet dost serenely shine
When night begirds thy shrine,
Nor heed'st the damp,
Nor the wind's tyrant powers;
Keeping unquenched thy light
If that, more bright
Where thy glad rays do fall,
Though for brief interval,
The gloom-wrapt road may be.
Humble thy task; yet glad,
Fair lamp, it seems to me.
The good, the bad,
Alike are blessed of thee,
Unthanked, yet still unsad
Thy beams shine free.

II.

Thus would I hope to light,
Ah! not the whole wide world,
Nor with my feeble ray
To emulate the day;



But when pain's night
With her dusk wings unfurled
Veils the sad earth in gloom,
I would illume
Some little uncheered space,
Lighting a darksome place;
So win the praise most sweet,
That is nor thought nor said,
Given by poor wayworn feet,
That cease to dread
That from the path they'll roam,
So more securely tread
On to their home.

buildings, will hereafter rank as the most important ev
of the month as far as European history is concerned. St
ling indeed have been the telegrams which have reached
day after day, stimulating the public interest in the let
of the correspondents within the walls of the twice
leaguered city, but no fact in the record of this reign of te
is more remarkable than that men so utterly in the mino
should have kept the reins in their hands for so many we
Each day brought with it the anticipation that the struggle n
end before the sun set; but still the gates remained closed,
the Versailles army was held in check, and still the help
suffered, and the worse than reprobate horde pursued its co
of destruction, of robbery, and of murder. Its last proposi
was to hand over the emptied and desecrated churches
teachers of the creed, or rather of that negation of religion wh
from its increasing influence among all classes of French soci
has led slowly but surely to the present crisis; but ere this
holy scheme could be carried into execution the end came.
Sunday afternoon, the 21st of May, the fifty-first day of
contest, the Versailles troops entered Paris at two diffe
points, and with this the last act of the tremendous drama
commenced. Time alone can show whether the sad lesson w
which the history of the past two months is charged will
taken to heart by the Parisians, or whether, with their prover

witnessed the unwonted and, for the sake of the honour of ular Government, we trust the never to be repeated spectacle Chancellor of the Exchequer compelled three times to with- v the budget, and even at the last only carrying his measure use there was a prospect of a political deadlock if it were suffered to pass. Compelled to give way in the matter the match duty, Mr. Lowe soon followed suit by with- wing his scheme *in toto*, including its provisions for altering succession duties, and the mode of collecting the income ; and then when the sixpenny impost was accepted by unwilling public, the budget had again to be taken back correction because the chief *financier* of the nation had otten to insert that unimportant little item, the tea duty, ur national accounts. After this it is of course compara- y easy for Mr. Lowe to ridicule the idea of going out of e on such questions, and to flatter his impressionable ence with the idea that the Cabinet only exists to carry out vill of the House, whatever that may be; but such begging question is derogatory to his dignity as a minister of the n, especially when the true secret of the case—the inability Mr. Disraeli at the present moment to secure a working rity—must be patent to every one. At the same time, ugh the Government has thus retained office, it has done so rious cost, having to throw over Mr. Bruce's Licensing Bill Mr. Goschen's schemes for the reform of Poor Law adminis- on, and to submit to such minor defeats as that brought t when a large majority of friends and foes determined in Premier's teeth to maintain the rights of the people to enjoy ing Forest as one of the breathing-places for the over- ded East End of London. The other great Government sure for the Abolition of Purchase in the Army, the cost of h forms the chief excuse for the addition to the income tax, ragging its length slowly through the House of Commons, meeting with various checks, but no successful opposition n either side. The bill to provide for the restoration of law order in Westmeath has passed both Houses, and the most ortant of the Lords' amendments on the University Tests have been rejected by the Commons.

mong the ecclesiastical debates in Parliament, Mr. Miall's nless iteration of the political Dissenters' arguments in favour niversal disestablishment with which the Liberation Society's its have *familiarized* the country, deserves prominent men-

tion, not because it obtained the slightest degree of success, but because it proved that in a House consisting largely of Nonconformists and nothingarians, the necessity for the continuance of an alliance with the Church merely as a means of keeping the State itself in working order is generally recognised. But it did more than this. It roused Mr. Gladstone to come forward with some warmth in his old character as a Churchman, and caused Sir Roundell Palmer to deliver one of those noble speeches which can only spring from strong personal faith, and which from a layman come with ten times more weight than they would from a bishop. The editor of the *Nonconformist* will doubtless, when the session is over, be the hero of many breakfasts, the orator of many post-prandial gatherings, in the interests of the very miscellaneous alliance which seeks to deprive the poor man of his truest friend, and the parishes of England of the centres of all their blessings; but we trust that wherever he appears he will be reminded of the crushing replies made to his arguments, which are based, if indeed they have any foundation, on wilful perversions of the truth. A most useful antidote to his misstatements would be supplied by the distribution of Sir Roundell's speech as a pamphlet.

Outside St. Stephen's the Purchas case is still the leading subject of debate, and the return of the Primate from his Continental tour will enable his Grace to realize the position of affairs more accurately than he did at the time when he wrote the letter alluded to in our last number. The Bishop of London has meanwhile acted for himself, and in a letter forwarded to his clergy as a circular—in some cases, it is said, by the halfpenny post—his lordship has, as we anticipated, declared his intention of enforcing the recent decisions, and of at once bringing matters to a crisis. Only a week before the publication of this manifesto one of the London vicars in the most solemn manner took an oath before his congregation that he would rather suffer deprivation and imprisonment than conform; and thus we are threatened with a repetition of the schism which shook the Church to its foundations in the reign of William and Mary. The position assumed by the bishop is therefore well worthy of serious attention. Dr. Jackson defines his duty towards his clergy as that of a magistrate who is to enforce the law when complaints are brought before him, but he disclaims any intention to act, as he puts it, as policeman or informer. This is a view of the episcopal office which we think is open to serious

question; nay, we believe it underlies a good deal of the evil from which we are at present suffering. In effect the bishop says that he is to sit on the bench and wait until the complainant appears, and that then, and not till then, he is to declare the law and carry it into execution against the defendant. But he seems to overlook the fact that in the judicial system from which he has borrowed his illustration, the magistracy and the police force, the informer and the judge, are working together and for the same object; and thus that if there were no policeman there would of necessity be no magistrate. It is, to a great extent, because bishops have acted on this principle that the present troubles have arisen, and that laxity in ritual here and excess there have been allowed to pass unheeded year after year, until, having failed to receive notice from the proper authorities, self-elected prosecutors, with motives of a very varied character, have come forward to force them upon their attention. If ten years ago a system had been at work by which the bishops could have known the style of service at each church in their dioceses, either by personal visitation or by the aid of the archdeacon—the bishop's eye—or of some other official, coming not as a spy, but as a friend, it would have been practically impossible that the present unhappy crisis could ever have arrived. But what has been the actual mode of operation? Bishops have confirmed, as a rule, in the parish churches where but little diversity of ritual has obtained; and when anything has been expected to prove offensive to the diocesan, the visit has been transferred to some other church. Nay, even worse,—we have known cases where a bishop has requested one of his English brethren or a colonial prelate to act for him at a consecration or confirmation, because he did not wish to sanction by his presence a service containing elements of which he disapproved. Thus his eyes have been practically shut to that which was steadily growing up around him, much of which might have been controlled or even prevented by that very fatherly action which Dr. Jackson now at the eleventh hour invites his clergy to accept at his hands. The result is that in the case of the diocese of London the churches present a variety of "uses" which might well puzzle even the most learned ritualist, and which savour but little of the spirit inculcated in the Prayer Book preface, where one use for all the realm is prescribed. To beg Dr. Jackson to abstain from enforcing the law is then in effect to ask *him to continue the system* which we have just condemned,

a proceeding we cannot recommend, but we have yet to learn whether, when his lordship posted his circular to the so-called "high" Churchmen in his diocese, he sent a letter to others of his clergy who offend by not coming up to the plain requirements of the rubrics, desiring them also to conform. In the latter case no Privy Council decision is required, and if the bishop waits until some one presents an incumbent to him for defects, he will it seems to us, manifestly prove that his views of the duties of his high office are very narrow. It can scarcely be supposed that Englishmen will stand by and see such a course carried out, and therefore if the discipline of the quarter-deck is to be introduced, it must be carried all round. The situation, it must be admitted, is one of intense gravity; it is a moment when, as Dr. Jackson says, "the peace and usefulness of the Church, her weal or woe for generations to come, depend under God upon the course taken by the bishops and clergy;" and it is precisely for this reason that there must be no quibbling on either side. A clear understanding must be arrived at; and if a judgment resulting from the action of party spirit is to be obeyed, those who obtained it must show that their hands are clean, and that they too are void of offence.

In the Irish Church the advocates of hasty revision have been controlled by the wiser members of the Synod, and the proposals to alter the Book of Common Prayer have been referred to a committee, so that the danger of any immediate action in this untoward direction is removed. In Scotland the election of Dr. Cotterill, an experienced colonial prelate, to the coadjutor-bishopric of Edinburgh is generally welcomed, but his loss in the colonies, where he has remained in harness at his post for many years, will be greatly felt.

The increased observance of Ascension day, owing in a great measure to the efforts of the society formed to promote this excellent object, is a matter for great thankfulness. Notwithstanding the sneers of the lower class of writers in the daily papers, who distorted, to serve their own purposes, the well known words, *laborare est orare*, the day was more generally kept as a holiday in the City, and the sound of the numerous peals of bells in the old churches was a welcome proof of returning life.

The opening of the International Exhibition on May-day attracted, as might have been expected, a considerable crowd to South Kensington, but it can scarcely be said to have been

te success. Very few of the visitors saw the cere-
wing to its being held in the Conservatory instead of
t Hall; and those who took part in the tedious pro-
ound that their lot was anything but an enviable one.
sun shone, and the reporters were satisfied, while the
of a C.B. on Colonel Scott, and the provision of suitable
ent for several gentlemen bearing the patronymic of
e been doubtless very satisfactory results as far as the
e officials are concerned. Whether, however, the
nd especially the provincial visitors who are being
r itinerant lecturers to come up to the Exhibition, will
pleased when they have made the journey is doubtful;
nfess that in our opinion the result of the undertaking
estionable. It is true that the example of royalty
ng way with the average Englishman; but he likes
o satisfy his commercial conscience when he takes a
nd it is fairly open to discussion whether at South
n he will feel that he has obtained the value of
y.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Life and Travels of George Whitefield, M.A. By JAMES PATERSON GLEDSTONE. Longmans, Green, and Co.

THE history of Methodism, which possesses so much interest for Churchman and Nonconformist alike—for the former as a record of energy and vitality for ever lost through the short-sighted policy of the ecclesiastical rulers of the day, and for the latter as relating to the first period in the progress of what he regards as religious freedom,—receives a fresh and valuable contribution in Mr. Gledstone's book. The life of the great preacher whose burning words roused all classes of the population from the peer to the peasant, and not unfrequently served to kindle anything but Christian feelings among the clergy of his day, is here given to us with a detail of personal incident and an evident endeavour to set the man before us as he was, which add greatly to the reader's enjoyment; and as he passes from page to page he feels irresistibly drawn on by a desire to see what is to be the next act of this extraordinary individual. Coming fresh from Oxford, where he was one of the then diminutive society of Methodists, his first impulse was to commence his work as a preacher, and then week after week, year after year, his powers were unfolded, until it is said that he preached ten times a week for thirty-four years. His was essentially a laborious life. Take, for example, one Christmas day, of which a record is given. He preached his first sermon at four o'clock, his second at six, when he felt a little oppressed with drowsiness,—then he attended a sacramental service, and preached three more sermons later in the day, while it is added that he had spent the night before mainly in prayer, singing, and thanksgiving with other brethren. In the earlier years of ministerial work some of his finest sermons were preached after these sacramental services "very early in the morning," and his descriptions of them prove how fully he realized the blessing of frequent communion. His first sermon in London was preached at the church attached to the Tower, but in after days, when his popularity increased, he was to be found addressing the multitudes in Moorfields, where, as our author says, it was not only a novel sight to the preacher—that mass of London rabble—as his eye ranged over it, but it was a more novel sight to the people—that young clergyman in gown, bands, and cassock, as he lifted himself up before them. Not the least interesting chapters in the volume are those devoted to a

icle of his travels in Georgia, where he was appointed the first ain to the colony, and subsequently in America, where he founded phan home, to which a new house was added only last year; but e details of this portion of his life we must refer our readers to ook itself. Of his relations to the Established Church it may be that the facts which Mr. Gledstone has collected with so much try and research prove very conclusively that Whitefield never led to leave the communion in which he was baptized and ards ordained, and although in the later years of his life he d two chapels, and thus created a definite schism, it was more the fault of the bishops and clergy than from any desire is own part, that he thus separated himself from them. burning words forced themselves out, and as the Church then, w, lacked an order of preachers in which he might have been a inent leader, he became a wanderer from the fold; and the tricities of his student life, which would have been toned down utual intercourse and counsel, appeared in the man with a gth which made him many enemies. His attraction as a preacher evidently irresistible, although his published sermons scarcely up to the standard one would have expected. But of the fact can be no question; and an amusing illustration of the general ty to hear him is given by Mr. Gledstone, who suggests that ld red-curtained pews still to be seen, like private boxes, in ls (and in churches too) are the successors of the "strange corner, l 'Nicodemus's corner,' into which Lady Betty Cooke, daughter- r of the Archbishop of Canterbury, used to smuggle bishops a she had persuaded to go and hear Whitefield, but who did not to be seen in such a place as an unconsecrated chapel. The ined seats just inside the door were both convenient and secret." ng lingered thus over the book, a word must be said in conclusion the way in which the author has done his work, and it is a of praise. The style is fresh, the facts are well grouped, and is an unmistakable effort throughout to give a fair and un- diced view of Whitefield's character,—not hiding his faults, and nagnifying his virtues. It is in every way a welcome addition r biographical works.

tle Sunshine: a Picture from Life. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Sampson Low and Co.

writers know better than the author of "John Halifax" how aw from the life, and the publishers have therefore exercised a discretion in entrusting to her the onerous task of writing, ng, or translating a series of books specially designed for girls eight to eighteen, of which "Little Sunshine" forms the first

volume. Coming from the editor's pen, this chronicle of a child's holiday with her parents north of the Tweed will meet with a cordial welcome in every English home; and although its pages bear not unfrequent tokens of the intense difficulty of writing simply for the young, the book as a whole is most successful. Of the want of such a series there can be no question; for while boys are well provided with a literature of their own, there are but few really satisfactory books for their sisters. "Little Sunshine" is evidently intended for the youngest of the circle for whom the editor is to cater; and it is therefore fair to suppose that "Our Cousin from India," by Miss Craik, which is to form the second volume, will be of a more advanced standard.

Fragments of Science for Unscientific People. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. Longmans, Green, and Co.

ALTHOUGH the learned author of these "detached essays, lectures, and reviews," now published in a complete form, describes them as being intended for "unscientific people," it must be admitted that the statement is better calculated to form a taking title for the book than accurately to express the character of its contents. Those who, compared with the eminent lecturer, are "unscientific" people, will find much gratification in reading these essays; but a man must be to a certain extent a careful observer, if not a student of nature and of science, in order fairly to appreciate the masterly writing here placed before him. The series includes the professor's criticism of Mr. Mozley's famous Bampton Lectures for 1865 (on "Miracles"), his article on Faraday, his celebrated lecture on "Dust and Disease," which created such a sensation when it was first delivered before the members of the Royal Institution, with about a dozen other papers, forming a most valuable addition to the series of popular scientific works issued by Messrs. Longman.

Granny's Chapters (Son criptural Subjects). By LADY MARY ROSS. Three Volumes. R. J. Bush.

A BOOK which comes to us with the *imprimatur* of the Dean of Norwich will, we believe, need but little introduction at our hands in order to secure for it a hearty reception among the majority of our readers, although in this case Dr. Goulburn's estimate is fully borne out by an attentive examination of the three volumes. The aim of the authoress was to give the Bible history in a consecutive form, and with full detail, in such language that it could be easily understood by the young, at the same time taking care to make the story sufficiently attractive to keep up their interest. And most completely has she succeeded. There are those who refuse to put anything but the

literal text of the Authorized Version into their children's hands, and by such, of course, any attempt like this will be regarded with distrust; but wherever a parent wishes to create a wholesome love of and reverence for God's word, we can strongly recommend this little work Even "children of a larger growth" will find much in it to interest them, while in the schoolroom it will be invaluable.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

At a time when education is beginning to attract the attention which it deserves as a part of the whole duty of man, not only in regard to himself, but more especially towards his neighbour, it is almost impossible that the study of philology can be neglected, and we therefore welcome the publication of a cheaper edition of Professor Max Müller's valuable *Lectures on the Science of Language*, by Messrs. Longman. The fact that this remarkable book, one of the most important contributions to the subject ever published, has passed through six editions in this country, and has been translated into German, French, Italian, and Russian, besides being issued in America, is a fair proof of the *consensus* of public opinion as to its merits; and although it undoubtedly is what would ordinarily be termed "hard reading," it presents to a thoughtful student a storehouse of information, and ample food for reflection. The present edition forms two portable volumes in crown octavo.

The second part of *The Winton Church Catechist*, by Dr. Monsell (Bell & Daldy), nearly completes the explanation of the various heads in the Apostles' Creed. The questions are well put, and are models which the clergy who follow the good old practice of public catechising will do well to imitate. As we recently noticed a query in a Church paper as to the meaning of the title, it may be well to remind our readers that it is called the Winton Catechist because of the long residence of the author as a parish priest in the diocese, and because it has received the special sanction of the Bishop of Winchester.

Strange Dwellings, by the Rev. J. G. Wood (Longmans), although really an abridgment of his popular work, "Homes without Hands," is practically a new book, and with its handsome cover and well executed illustrations will form a capital school prize or birthday present for any youngster who has a taste for natural history. Mr. Wood, we need scarcely say, writes to a great extent from actual observation, and his books thus possess a special charm, owing to the graphic descriptions which he gives of the manners and customs of his dumb friends. His "Anecdotes of Animals" is a favourite in every family, and this volume is well fitted to form a companion to it; while for short readings in schools or working men's clubs, especially now that *the summer is coming* on and natural history parties should

be forming, it will be specially valuable, and will prove on all occasions a trustworthy guide.

The plan adopted by the author of *Dame Europa's School* has attracted numberless imitators, but *The Row in Dame Albion's Church School*, published for the author by Messrs. Houlston & Sons, is the first attempt we have seen to apply it to Church questions. The numerous discussions on the Purchas case have furnished the author with an opportunity for setting forth a report of a supposed council held at Westminster at Dame Albion's suggestion; and the speeches of the various members representing the chief ecclesiastical leaders of the day, are in some cases close copies of their respective styles. They furnish us with what are described as "High, Low, and Broad ideas of Essentials," and the result of their evident inability to make terms with each other induces the old lady to declare that she must give up keeping school altogether. Happily, however, it is as children say, "all in play," and thus the little *brochure*, although it points to an unsatisfactory and somewhat illogical conclusion, is not only harmless but amusing.

An attempt to provide a cheap commentary on the Bible is being made in the *Biblical Museum* (Elliot Stock), of which several numbers have reached us. The omission of the Scripture text is a serious drawback, and the space thus saved is dearly purchased at the hindrance which it would cause to the practical use of the work; moreover it contains a good deal of superfluous matter, and seems from the tenor of some of the notes to be intended for Nonconformists rather than for Churchmen.

Two capital sermons on *The True Position of the Church of Ireland*, by the Rev. LORD O'NEILL and the Rev. ALFRED T. LEE, LL.D., have been published by Messrs. Rivington. The latter especially is a masterly survey of the present position, and Dr. LEE we are glad to see enters an energetic protest against any alteration of the Prayer Book, of which he says, "By means of it we show to all that the Church of Ireland now maintains the faith of Christ, as apostles taught it, and martyrs died to preserve it; and God grant that grace may be given us, as we have received, so to hand down that 'sacred deposit of the faith' 'pure and undefiled' to our children's children."



GODFREY FANE'S TWO LEGACIES.

BY E. C. HICKEY.

CHAPTER XII.

ORPHANED.

My mother saw the doctor, and had a long talk with him, while I was sent from the room and condemned to wait in suspense. I could scarcely believe that my mother could be ill, I had never known her to be so before: I was not old enough to discern between the different grades of disease, and the divers forms it assumes. Because she had not been confined to her room, I persuaded myself that she could not be very unwell, yet an undefined fear of "something," I could not tell what, or analyze the feeling, filled my heart: was it the dread presentiment of what was looming in my darkening sky—the dire foreboding of life's deeper shadows?

I thought the sitting-room door would never reopen.

At length Dr. Froude came out. I do not think he saw me, or he spoke some words as if to himself as he passed through the hall, and I overheard them:—

"If I had known this some months ago!"

I came timidly forward.

"Dr. Froude, what is the matter with my mother?"

He started slightly, then replied, as he laid his hands upon my shoulder,—

"Godfrey, you must be very steady, and take care of your mother, and study to avoid fretting her in any way."

His words struck with a chill upon my heart; had I been grieving her?—when I would have died rather than cause her unnecessary pain; my eyes filled with tears, and I stood mute.

Dr. Froude guessed that in some way he must have been misunderstood by me.

"No, my boy, I do not say you have been grieving her, only that you must be even more to her than hitherto: she says you are her only comfort now."

My heart gladdened at the last sentence.

"Does she? Oh, I am so happy!"

When I went in to my mother I found her with her head buried in the sofa cushions, and she did not heed my coming in. I went over, I spoke to her; I said,—

"Mother, look up! I have come to comfort you."

She drew me to her—into her arms, and without raising her face, she laid mine against her bosom and sobbed convulsively.

Terrified, I wept too—at what, I knew not exactly. I think it was at seeing my mother weep. But calmness came to us both after a time. Then my mother said,—

"Should you not like to go to the sea-side for your holidays, my boy? Dr. Froude thinks it would be good for us to have some fresh sea breezes."

A vision of delight rose before my eyes. It had long been my ambition to roam at will upon the sea-shore, watching the boats in the bay, and the waves dancing in the sunlight. My mother then told me that Dr. Froude was going with his family to Kingstown, and he had promised to get lodgings for us at Dalkey, a seaside station a little south of the harbour, as being, perhaps, freer air for my mother, because of there being few houses in the immediate neighbourhood.

Three days later saw us established at the sea-side. For the first time in my life I breathed the fresh, pure country air. My mother used to sit by hours on the beach, as close as she could to the water, while I rambled hither and thither, discovering beauties in each shell and fossil I picked up, and running with them to my mother. She was conversant with the mighty

s of nature, and many a deep lesson I have learned from
idrous formation of those apparently useless sea shells or
l, which to me seemed as if made *only* to be admired.
at my mother's knee, examining into the delicate fili-
res of a sea flower, I first was taught to lift up my young
n loving amazement from Creation to Creation's God.
Froude came frequently to see us; I think, nay, I am
at his visits cheered my mother; she lighted up with a
it brightness during his stay, but the heart was too sorely
i to have more permanent joy. Mrs. Froude, too, often
r, and was most kind.
evening, as we had finished our tea, my mother told me
e thought she should be able to walk as far as the Post
latterly she had rarely walked with me save to and fro
n our lodging and the beach), as she felt stronger,
shed to post a letter. I offered to go with it, but she
e preferred posting it herself. Child as I was in years—
was still two months from my ninth birthday—I could
to observe that a restlessness seized my mother from the
t that letter was posted, until the time that an answer
reasonably be expected.
by day, when the return letter became due, was I sent
Post office to inquire for it; and each time that I came
ithout it, I watched the light of hope fade from my mother's
d heard the low moan of disappointment, accompanied
i words as these,—"Another day, and no letter."
ngth the feverish longing for its arrival infused itself into
ng, and in miniature form, but still with anxiety akin to
's, I put the question each day, "Has Mrs. Fane's letter
et?"
day it was thrown into my eager hands. Now, thought
vill be happy.
nder whether, if I could have foretold or foreknown the
fect its contents would have upon my mother, I should
ver given it to her, or whether I should have *destroyed* it,
estroyed her remnant of life and earthly hope? Great
ny heart turns to stone as I detail these things.
ve it.
read a few lines, and the paper dropped from her hands,
almost fainted away.
ve seen sorrow—sorrow in every phase and form; that of
s, *wives, husbands,* fathers, children, friends. I hav

heard groans of anguish; I have witnessed scenes which have wrung my innermost heart, but I have seldom seen grief like to that which folded itself round my mother's being upon receipt of that letter.

I tried to raise the drooping head; I passionately cried "Mother! my own mother! what is it?"

But no answer came. I next called for our landlady, who knew better than I how to endeavour to recall consciousness: it came after a time, and with it came a dull, heavy inertness of mind and body. No word escaped her lips: doubtless she was communing with the One who only could comfort her, in a voiceless prayer; and doubtless she, like another mother, could have said, "For this child I prayed." I sat beside her, holding her cold hand in mine, chafing it to bring back heat; and withal hungering for even one word from those precious lips.

The night wore slowly away: I had no heart to go to bed, and she seemed not to be conscious of the passing hours.

The landlady was kind in her own way; but after a few words of entreaty that I should lie down, and asking whether I wanted anything, she left the room. Night faded into morning; and with the first faint streaks of light in the east, came back a remnant of its life-giving powers to my mother. With eyes still closed, but with a hand which groped until it found my face, and voice full of tenderness, she said,—

"My precious, are you not tired waiting up so long?"

So I knew she had felt that I had never left her in her first dawn of agony.

I denied the being weary, and asked her could she not sleep a little. But she shook her head, and I knew that the gesture signified "No."

Next day she told me that my father was dead.

* * * * * *

For about a week after this my mother remained in the same state, apparently unmindful of all passing round; save that now and then she spoke to me, and to me alone. Dr. Froude came to see her each day, having heard she was ill, but she would not talk to him. She said, "Tell him I will when I am better."

She had asked for the letter. I handed it to her; and she then gave it back, desiring me to burn it without reading it.

At the end of ten days or so, one evening as I had brought her some grapes Mrs. Froude sent to her, my mother took the *hand* with which I gave them in her own, and said,—

"To-morrow will be your birthday, my darling; I *must* be better, in honour of it."

The "to-morrow" came, the 21st of September.

We had not, up to this, spoken further of my father's death. My mother gave me a Bible, which she had brought with her from Dublin for the purpose: it is still my most cherished treasure, chiefly because on its fly-leaf are the words in her dear writing,—

"Matthew Godfrey Fane.
The gift of his loving Mother.
'As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you.'—Isa. lxvi. 13.
September 21, 1842."

I turned over its pages with delight. My mother pointed to my name, and asked me if I knew why she had named me "Matthew Godfrey?"

I said "No."

"Godfrey, if you will sit down beside me, I will tell you a story—the story of my marriage and your birth."

She was out that day—the first occasion upon which she was able to sit in the open air since she had received the letter. We were on a bench together, in the garden belonging to the lodging, which looked out upon Killiney Bay.

So I heard the tale.

My mother was the youngest child of a clergyman in England (she did not mention his name). She said he was very highly connected, but very poor: she had one brother, many years older than herself, called Matthew, for whom she had an idolatrous affection, and a sister, whose name was Janie.

When about seventeen my mother went on a visit to some friends in Scotland, whose name she told me, but it has completely escaped my memory. The family was small, consisting only of the father, mother, and one daughter.

It was grouse-shooting season; and near the place where my mother was staying there was a shooting lodge, at that time occupied by a party of young Englishmen,—among them, he who was afterwards my father.

An acquaintance ensued between the family of my mother's host and these Englishmen—and, unsuspected by them, Captain Fane and my mother loved each other. The day before the shooting party left *the neighbourhood*, they were married according to the

Scotch law; and, upon quitting Scotland, Captain Fane left his *wife* behind him.

My mother returned home. She knew she had done wrong in marrying without the consent of her parents. Captain Fane likewise kept his marriage secret from his friends. As they were desirous of his making a rich connection, he knew they would not recognise an alliance with a penniless girl.

The knowledge of the secret of her marriage, and that it would be a displeasing revelation to her husband's people, as well as a pain to her own family to hear of her imprudence, weighed down my mother's spirits, and she gradually became very delicate. Not knowing the cause, my grandparents were most uneasy at what seemed to them an unaccountable thing. The young wife often yearned and wearied to tell her story to my uncle Matthew, whose affectionate forbearance would, she knew, be exerted on her behalf; but she had promised Captain Fane to be silent until he gave her leave to speak, and she considered that her first duty was to him.

A month after her return from Scotland, a Mr. Keble proposed for my mother; her parents were most anxious for her to marry him. Not dreaming the cause of her peremptory refusal, they wondered not a little at first, but hoped that eventually she might relent.

At last a letter came from her husband, saying that as his regiment was quartered in London, he should make arrangements for her to come to him, and appointed a day for her doing so. She left her girlhood's home and went. Not satisfied with merely a Scotch marriage, they were re-married according to the rites of the Church, in London.

A year afterwards I was born; we lived in London until I was seven years old, when my father was ordered to Ireland. My own recollection serves me from that date for the recital of my story. My mother said that her husband's love for her gradually waned; he would not hear of her having any intercourse with her own people, nor would he acknowledge his marriage to his friends. When he was ordered to Gibraltar the news that she could not accompany him half broke my mother's heart. She felt herself growing so weak and ill after he left her that she sent for Dr. Froude, who held forth no hope for her ultimate recovery; when she knew this she wrote to my father, under cover to a friend (for so he always received her letters), telling him that she was dying—that Dr. Froude said she could not possibly live much longer,and praying him to publicly acknow-

ledge her as his wife and me as his son before she left me. To this appeal came the reply of which I have spoken: it was written by a brother officer, and it told her that the very evening upon which my father received her letter he had been seized with an illness under which he sank in three days; leaving him no time to do as he had intended about his wife and child. This news killed my mother: true, she lingered for some days after she had heard it, but it was not life which coursed in her veins, merely an existence without vitality, if such a thing can be.'

This, then, was the story of my birth and parentage—at least, the skeleton of the history. When she had finished, my mother folded me in her arms and wept long and passionately, while I tried as far as I could to soothe her. After a time she became more calm, and went on to tell me that she hoped to see Dr. Froude next day, and to tell him some particulars she had for the present withheld from me, and that she also meant to write to my uncle Matthew, asking him to forgive her having deceived him and treated him so badly, and imploring him to use his influence with my grandparents on my behalf.

"I have sinned very deeply, Godfrey darling, and have been sorely punished. When you were born I felt that God had forgiven me, and that He had sent you to comfort me in my loneliness, for I was very lonely, as your father was seldom with me. I was so glad you were a boy; I had been wishing for one, that I might give him my brother's name; and then when I felt your baby-arms pressing close to me I was comforted, and thought that perhaps God had forgiven me my disobedience and deceit, and had given you as a sign of peace, so I called you 'Matthew Godfrey.'"

"Why, mother?"

"'Matthew' means a gift, and 'Godfrey' means 'God's peace,' so you were to me as a gift of peace from God. Besides, you were born on St. Matthew's day, which gave an additional appropriateness to your name; and as I gave you to God in holy baptism, I prayed Him to give you grace like His apostle of old, 'to leave all, and follow Him.'"

I was pondering over my strangely translated name, and thinking upon my mother's words, when she spoke again,—

"I am so cold, my darling."

I rose and wrapped a shawl round her, and with it my arms to keep her warm. It was growing late in the evening, and the night chills were coming on. Mother got up after a moment

and went indoors; it was nearly dark in the house, and I asked if I should light a candle, but she had seated herself upon the sofa, and as she did not answer me I thought she was asleep, for her eyes had closed, and she was breathing very softly. I stood beside her with her head lying on my breast, and my brain revolving all whereof we had been speaking.

Uppermost in my mind were the words, "Your father soon loved me less," and I felt indignant at the coward who could have induced her to leave all for him, and afterwards neglect her.

Since the hearing of her story I had made a rapid stride towards maturity of thought, for it woke within me feelings and desires which hitherto had been foreign to my heart, and not in accordance with my years.

I felt as if I had suddenly merged into manhood, and a longing to live and work for and comfort her who lay in my arms burst upon my soul, and extinguished by reason of its strength all the immature feelings of boyhood: but next, the idea forced itself upon me that *she* was dying, going to leave me; yet I put away the thought, and persuaded myself it could not be true. Sorrow for my father's death had never found even a momentary entrance into my heart; my only feelings with regard to him were indignation and contempt.

After a little while my mother raised her head slightly so that she could see my face, and spoke again—her voice was growing very faint:—

"Had your father lived I am afraid you and he would not have been good friends, Godfrey; your passionate nature would have proved the unfailing cause of many unpleasantnesses between you, and I should not have been with you to shield you, my darling, and to make matters smooth between you. It was often a grief to me that you loved each other so little—and, before I heard that you and he were never again to meet on earth, I had meant to ask you, for the sake of the love you bear me, to deal gently with him, and not to let hard thoughts against him harbour in your heart when the time comes, that shortly must come, for you to fully realize how he has wronged both you and me."

"But I can't help them, mother; come they must, and come they will."

I suppose she saw the angry flush, the indignant fire in my eye, for she said,—

"My treasure! promise me not to cherish unforgiving memories of your father! promise for my sake!"

I kissed her lips, and their icy touch against mine, warm with
ith and hope, frightened me, but I made no comment, only
l,—

"For your sake I should do anything, darling mother."

"One thing more, my own boy; struggle against your
sionate nature—be a living example of the peace of Him
ose name you bear."

Again the eyes closed, and we both were silent; but the end
drawing on.

She complained of "being cold."

I felt the gathering coldness chilling my arms.

"Mother, shall I go for Dr. Froude?"

"Don't *go; send.*"

I laid her head against the sofa pillow, and asked the land-
y to send for our friend.

When I returned to the room,—

"Put your arms round me, my darling, they keep me warm."

I did so, and pressed my cheek close to hers.

She spoke again, but I could not catch the words, so I
t closer.

"If I could only live to see Mat, my own dear brother,
t I have loved so dearly, though he may not believe it! O
d Jesus, take care of my son, and bring him to his uncle!"

Then there was silence for a long time,—more than an hour, I
nk, must have elapsed, for daylight had almost completely
ned.

"My precious, is Dr. Froude coming? I want him so
lly!"

I peered through the window into the darkness, and fancied
aw his figure coming towards the house, and told her so; she
ame feverish and wild in her desire to see him; once this
ging burst forth into a perfect frenzy as she exclaimed,—

"I *must* see him! I *must* tell him!"

But she grew calm again. A few seconds more; there was a
p sigh, and I felt the growing weight in my arms; the absence
ife and elasticity in the frame I held. *One* sentence more,—

"Good-bye, my darling!"

* * * * * * *

When Dr. Froude came in he found me—*motherless.*

CHAPTER XIII.

A WAIF AND A STRAY.

I WAS taken by Dr. Froude home to his wife and children, and he made the necessary preparations for the funeral, which took place three days after my mother's death. He asked me about her last moments, and I told him all that I have just related, and of her anxiety to see and speak with him, doubtless of my future. Hitherto she had never mentioned her family affairs to him, so that he was helpless as I myself to take measures for letting my connections know of my orphaned condition, even supposing they would be willing to receive me and credit my story. He felt the many and varied difficulties which would combine to prevent my reception as a child of either house—the total absence of all proof, the utter secrecy with which my parents' marriage had been shrouded, my ignorance of my mother's family name,—all was against me; and the doctor thought it useless to try and discover relations who would most likely only reject me with scorn.

It is needless to say that my grief was intense,—the utter loneliness of my condition forced itself upon me in all its ghastliness of detail. But I had the joy of knowing that, however feebly and inadequately, still I had been a comfort to my mother.

Now came the question, What was to be done with me? Child as I was in years, I knew full well that I had no claim upon Dr. Froude's hospitality, and often when he and his kind wife fancied I was fast asleep, have I lain awake at night trying to chalk out a feasible plan for my support.

The Doctor had gone to Dublin to our lodgings, and had taken charge of all the things belonging to my mother. There were few,—almost all our possessions were at our seaside home. In ready money she had left a twenty-pound note—I suppose part of the last remittance she had received from my father. This and the products of the sale of the piano and one or two other things, formed all my fortune in this world. There were no books, papers, or letters of any description which could give a clue to the names of our family connections or friends.

In the meanwhile time was passing on. I had been with the

oudes a fortnight. Mine was the dull, heavy, tearless grief ıich in its reserve is worse to bear than a more demonstrative :row. I never spoke of my mother but to the doctor, nor to n save when necessary. My only comfort was when Mrs. oude would consent to let me go and sit alone upon the sea-nks, watching the foaming breakers and thinking of my ›ther. But, good, kind woman, she fancied it was injurious to ɜ to be alone, and thought that the cheerful companionship of :r boys was better for me than to be silently brooding over my ›ubles. Her husband better understood and appreciated them; ı knew that to a nature such as mine the best way to overcome was to allow my sorrow to wear itself out, rather than force cheerfulness upon me which was not in unison with my feel-gs. So he took my part, and desired that I should be let alone, go here and there whithersoever I would; and in my heart I ıanked him for his consideration. He had not as yet reverted what I was to be or to do; he has since told me that it was › less a puzzle than a difficulty to know what to propose to me. But the way was made clear to us both.

Among the numerous patients under Dr. Froude's care at that me was the Bishop of ——. One day he mentioned my case › him, and spoke of his own embarrassment as to what he ıould do with me. He said he could hardly, in justice to his wn family, make an addition to his already heavy expenses, yet t the same time he felt it wrong to refuse a home to the orphan /ho had as it were been committed of God to his care. The Bishop inquired into every particular of my story, took down ny name, and told Dr. Froude that a plan had struck him, and hat if he found it feasible he would let him know the results.

Which were briefly these.

By the Bishop's influence I was admitted into the boarding chool of Christ Church Cathedral, and was enrolled as one of ɜs choristers.

* * * * * * *

I have dwelt at length upon the history of my childhood, and ıay perhaps be accused of egotism in the detail. My only xcuse is that *my mother* is intimately connected with it; in it lone she lived with me, and childish reminiscences form my nly memories of her; it has ever been my delight to think of er, and of the lovely character she presents to my mind, for oung as I was when she left me, I was old enough to appreciate ıe rare beauty of her disposition.

However deeply she may have erred, I believe her youth and her intense loving trust in him who tempted her to a clandestine marriage, led her into the committal of faults which she afterwards bitterly repented, and for which she was sorely punished by the complete separation which her husband forced upon her from her own family, and worse, by his failure in affection towards her, an affection which in earlier days had drawn her from the path of duty.

That she was forgiven by the God against whom she had sinned I have no doubt. I believe that she was ready and willing to go to Him but for her love for me, which bound her to earth. But yet again that love led her to trust her child to Him who was worthy of the confidence; and was not His hand over me, in the friends raised up for me in the time of my need?

Of my life at school there is nothing worth relating,—monotony of routine, dulness of incident, quiet, hum-drum, every-day life,—such it was. My one great and only happiness lay in the cultivation of my musical talent. My genius for that branch of my education soon led my instructors to direct particular attention to its development, as it seemed likely I should eventually earn my living by pursuing music as a profession.

When I was sixteen my voice broke. I was fortunate in being appointed deputy organist to the Cathedral when obliged to leave school. The salary I received for this and any musical tuitions I might chance to obtain, were to be my provision as long as I should be unqualified for better and more permanent employment.

I managed to "get on" for two years, though oftentimes it was a hard struggle,—my youth was a barrier to my success as a teacher. Still, as I said, I "got on."

I verily believe that my poverty was but half the pain to me that the thought of my low position in the social scale occasioned. I knew that on my mother's side at least I was of gentle blood, and it cut me to the quick to know that my being so poor and so friendless debarred me from the society of those who were my equals in birth. However, there was no help against it at that time.

When about eighteen my voice returned, and then I was able to earn more, in consequence of my vocal powers. At that time I was constantly with Dr. Froude, and the scarcely defined wish gradually developed into a positive longing to follow his

steps in the medical profession. I believe every one has a "hero," whether ideal or real, and my paragon was and ever will be Dr. Froude. I turned the idea over in my own mind in every form, weighing the *pros* and *cons.* as to the possibility of my being able to attain to the goal of my ambition, and enrol myself as a member of what I regarded as the most enlightened and most noble of the learned professions. But my poverty!—oh, how I loathed it! It was an incubus which seemed to raise an insurmountable barrier to my success, and I hesitated as to consulting Dr. Froude, for I feared that he would propose to advance the necessary money, and I did not wish to encroach upon his generosity.

But help was near at hand.

My kind friend the Bishop had heard of my success as a musician; he sent to me, desiring me, if possible, to go and see him. I went, and he expressed himself much pleased with my musical attainments, &c. He asked me about my prospects, whether I found myself in a position to support myself. I felt a strange wish to unfold my secret longing to him; but I was held back by the reflection that as he had hitherto been so kind to me, it would be but an ungrateful act if I were to let him know of my struggles, and of my desire to change my profession.

He noticed my hesitation, and inquired the cause: he begged that I would be candid—that I would treat him with the confidence his interest in me demanded. So after another debate with my conflicting feelings, I told him of my ambition and my hopes. He then asked whether, if my necessary expenses for a collegiate course were paid for me, I could support myself otherwise from my present work. I replied in the affirmative, and after a little further conversation upon different topics I returned from the palace.

Next day I had a letter from the Bishop. He generously promised to pay all expenses connected with my medical studies, provided I did not neglect my profession to a greater extent than my new pursuits absolutely demanded.

I will not say that my pride and I did not wage a fierce war against being again indebted to him to whom already I owed all I was. I wrote and asked for two days to think over the new prospects held out to me, and to consider the great kindness which prompted the generosity.

I went to Dr. Froude and told him. When I had finished, he said,—

"Have you made up your mind, Godfrey?"

"I should unhesitatingly accept the Bishop's offer, but for the——"

I stopped and coloured. The doctor saw the hot flush, and attributed it to its right cause. He had been sitting on an ottoman under his dining-room window, while I was standing with one arm leaning against the mantelpiece. He rose, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, said,—

"Godfrey, you are too proud to accept the Bishop's offer.

I was half angry that the doctor should have divined the truth; I am certain I should have confessed it to him, and yet I was not pleased at his knowing it. So I answered, half petulantly,—

"Proud! What have I to do with pride?"

His answer did not tend to make matters smooth:—

"Nothing."

"Dr. Froude, I hardly expected that *you* would put me in mind of my anomalous position."

"*I* hardly expected that you should thus wilfully misunderstand an old friend," said the doctor.

"I cannot think I misunderstood you to imply that I of all people have little or nothing to be proud of," I answered. "I am perfectly aware of my position in the social scale, and upon how low a step of its ladder I can boast a standing; yet, as you said, I fancied you would help me to forget my misfortune."

"Godfrey, you are unjust—unjust to yourself and to me."

"How so, Dr. Froude?"

I still assumed the offensive.

"I think that as long as you seem in a mood to wilfully misjudge, I had better treat you as I should a naughty boy, and decline reasoning with you."

"I can't see that *I* am in the wrong."

"That I can well imagine; it does not alter the fact though."

"You think I am?"

"Decidedly."

"Well, then, doctor, I should like to see how so."

"Am I to begin and rehearse your faults in the order in which I conceive they lie?"

I nodded assent.

"To commence, then: I think you are wrong, very wrong, to refuse the Bishop's generous offer——"

"But I owe him enough already!"

He begged me not to interrupt, and continued,—

"Instead of growling and grumbling over being as you imagine under too heavy a debt of obligation to the friend whom God has raised up for you, you should thankfully receive all he does, or has done, or may be willing to do, in a spirit of deep gratitude, not merely to him, but to God. He has put it into the Bishop's heart to help you on, and I cannot see that you would be right in refusing an education and a profession which this man's kindness holds forth to you, because you fancy it lowers your self-esteem to be under an obligation; remember, Godfrey, that it is no less a difficulty to receive graciously than it is to bestow graciously; as to your pride, it is here misplaced. Never be too proud, as the world calls it, to accept liberality when it is held forth in a Christian spirit. I say the world calls the feeling pride, I call it selfishness. I cannot think well or highly of that man or woman who would wrap himself or herself in a thin cloak of selfishness, rather than accept the warmer covering which a richer and kind-hearted friend might offer. We cannot live independently one of another: 'tis the universal law that man is to help man. Now, Godfrey, you are just in that mood of unbending self-will which flatters you that you are but showing a proper spirit of pride in being unwilling to owe your fortunes to any extraneous help. Will you be angry if I say that you are confounding the lawful ambition of being a self-made man with the petty meanness of not being able to brook an assistance which wounds your vanity: tell me, my lad, am I not right?"

I could not hide from myself that the doctor had truly analyzed my feelings. I had been flattering myself that I was but lawfully ambitious of pushing on my own way in the world; and now I clearly saw that the desire in its naked truthfulness was but the unwillingness to be under an obligation. Yet there was one better feeling at work, of whose existence the doctor had not an idea, for I had not mentioned to him my fear of having my motives misunderstood by the Bishop upon my desire being made known to him. And of this I next spoke to Dr. Froude.

"I fear the Bishop will think that I intended to presume upon his kindness when I told him of my wishes. I believe that this is my primary reason for hesitating to accept it anew. I am already under an obligation to him; whatever I am, or whatever success I may ever achieve in my present profession, I owe

virtually to him. I acknowledge the justice of your remarks, doctor, and that my pride is, as you say, but a safety-valve for the carrying off my unwillingness to be more deeply indebted to one whose assistance wounds my vanity,—for it does wound me sorely to think that I have been reared by charity, educated for seven years through the kind interest of a man upon whose bounty I have no claim, and all because of the cowardly neglect of my own father. Doctor, I tell you the reflection galls me; it embitters me. I hate to think of it, and I hate myself for not having bowed and scraped like a charity boy (as I am), who, after a Sunday school feast, when his patrons ask him, 'Have you had quite enough, my little dear?' responds with cringing servility, 'Quite so, an' please your honours.' I wish in my heart I had been contented with what I am, and had not encroached upon a kindness, or what is meant to be such, which again holds forth a tempting bait if I can either bend to the degradation of being a further debtor, or soar to what you consider a pinnacle of 'gracious acceptance!' Do you imagine that I ever forget that I was born to be the equal of the man who has patronized me?—that I am deaf to the remembrance that I have blue blood in my veins?—that I——"

Here I stopped abruptly. I had worked myself into a frenzy of excitement, and at this juncture I flung myself into a chair, and bitterly exclaimed,—

"Or do you think that joined to all this does not come the reflection that I am a nobody in the eyes of the world, and that I am ever and only to stand by myself, without the softer accessories of family tie or connection? Dr. Froude, I am not even this Myself to-day!"

And without waiting for the doctor to answer I rushed from the room, and from the house.

* * * * * *

I went at headlong speed until I reached the house of the verger of Christ Church, to whom I applied for admittance into the Cathedral, that I might try to regain composure and spirit-rest through the medium of the organ. I always had a key for it, and I had permission from the authorities to play there at any time I wished. I obtained a bellows-blower, and locked myself into the Cathedral. Opening the organ, for a few moments I rested my head against the keys, and then commenced the overture to "The Creation." I do not think I deliberately chose it. I rather imagine that the restless, disorganised

rame of my mind suggested it, as being in unison with itself. The description of chaotic darkness, in the wild chords and nasses of musical ideas, denoting the confusion which reigned efore The Beginning, was well suited to my unrestful heart, wildly hrobbing with the tumult of its passions. Then as I went on o the bars which portray the brooding Spirit moving on the ace of the deep, I felt Its calm in the notes which tell of Its move- nents, and gradually the chaos of my mind departed with the nusic which spoke of earth's confusion banished beneath the nfluence of the Spirit of God.

I waited when the last note died away, and next my fingers ell into harmonies which spoke to me of peace; and afterwards played to my mother's spirit. I told her in my music-words f all I yearned for, all I hoped, all I feared; and the deep soul- ongings went forth in that organ's utterance. When I left the Cathedral I had wooed and won the Spirit of Rest, for that time, t all events. I had been in the Church three hours; when I eft it, it was nearly dark; it was autumn, and the short evenings were closing in. I looked at my watch (it had been my nother's), and saw that by the time I could reach Dr. Froude's rom the place where I was, he would have finished his dinner, nd as I was anxious to see him again, I set off for his house. His sons were away from home, and when I was shown in, I ound him alone over his wine. I think he was not surprised t seeing me so soon; at any rate, he did not show any signs of stonishment. I walked up boldly to the table, and holding ut my hand, I said,—

"Doctor, I was rude to you to-day. I have come to ask your pardon."

He poured out some wine, and pushing it towards me, said, with a smile,—

"Drink that; then I shall have a talk with you."

When I had finished it, and seated myself near my friend, he commenced the "talk" thus:—

"I do not believe you meant to be rude to me to-day, Godfrey; I made every allowance for the excited state in which you were. Are you calm now? and will you let me say a few words to you?"

I bowed, so he went on.

"I am sure I need not tell you, Godfrey, that nothing which concerns you is without interest to me. I believe you will give me credit for wishing to counsel and guide you as I should my own *four boys*. Were any one of them situated as you are,

circumstanced as you are, I should unhesitatingly say to him, as I now say to you, Do not refuse the Bishop's offer. And these are my grounds for believing that in so urging I should act rightly. When God bestows greater opportunities, more extensive scope for doing good, larger means, and greater influence on one individual than another, I believe He does so in order that the possessor of these talents may communicate of them unto his less favoured brethren. God in His wisdom has seen fit to remove from you by death the father who had the right, but neglected that right, of providing for your support; and in equal wisdom He has withheld from you the knowledge of those connections upon whom you have a claim. He has, instead of these, raised up for you, and delegated as their representative, a man who has hitherto proved himself a loyal friend. He now wishes to give you a classical education; he will put you through college, while you are young, and in the morning of your intellectual powers. He also wishes to give you a profession, for which you have been, as you thought, vainly yearning. I tell you frankly, that however much I should like to do all this for you, I could not afford it, having had recent drains upon my purse which I never anticipated. Now"—seeing me about to put in a disclaimer—"hear me out. The Bishop is willing and able to do this for you; and, further, I believe it is a real pleasure to him to do so. You hesitate upon two grounds; first, lest he should imagine that you encroached upon his kindness. This he cannot think, for you did not volunteer to tell him of your secret desires, nor did you hint at the possibility of his gratifying them. Next, because you wish to flatter your vanity by refusing further obligations. Godfrey Fane, you would do yourself an injustice, which I believe you would hereafter bitterly repent, were you to allow a false pride to move you into refusing the offer made you. Instead of its being derogatory to your dignity to owe your profession as a medical man to the kindness of a friend, I believe it in no wise to be so. Never stoop to owing a good position in life to extraneous aid, where it is possible for you to attain it by your own efforts. But in this case you are not able to study or qualify yourself for the career you wish to enter upon. And even supposing you could by your unaided efforts become a medical man, it would take you far longer than it will take you now to study for it; and in the end it would be with an inferior education. I wind up by saying, remember the difficulty of accepting a favour graciously."

"Dr. Froude, I am convinced of the truth of your arguments, and I shall thankfully receive my patron's generous offer."

The next day I wrote to the Bishop, and the following October I entered Trinity College.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCERNING FRANCES.

I HAD completed my nineteenth year in the September previously to my entering college. The following December I was offered the post of organist to —— Church, which I accepted. I likewise obtained several additional musical pupils at this time, and some of my new collegiate acquaintances proposed my forming a Choral Society, and it soon repaid me well.

Among the many medical students with whom I was thrown there were but few with whom I cared to associate; one of these, by name Charles Damer, was my chosen friend; he was a noble, open-hearted, liberal-minded fellow. We were originally attracted to each other by our mutual love of music, but I had the advantage of knowledge on my side; he was anxious to learn as much as I could find time to teach him, and as my evenings were my only spare hours, I generally gave him a lesson twice a week, and we gradually became very intimate.

One afternoon, as he and I were walking in the neighbourhood of Dundrum, Charles suddenly asked me whether I would join a few friends who were to pass the next evening at his father's. He said,—

"My mother considers that she has invited some great musical lights to illumine her drawing-room, but I consider them only flickering flames; so I want you to come, that you may cast them into the shade by the dazzling brightness of your music-shine."

I laughed at his words, while I thanked him at the same time for his appreciation of my powers. I had quickly made up my mind to accept the *entrée* he held forth to me to his family circle; I felt that it would be an advantage for me to be met at such a house as Mr. Damer's. He was an Englishman of good position, who had come to Ireland for his son's collegiate education, as he preferred Trinity to the English universities, and wished to have Charles under his own roof during the time of his studying. He moved in the best society Dublin afforded

and I saw at a glance all the advantages I should derive from being introduced as a friend of his son on the night in question. But then again the thought flashed across me, and shaped itself in the following words,—

"Damer, upon what terms do you invite me? Is it that I may make sport for your Philistine guests, and be of use in that way, like Samson of old?"

"Fane, you wrong me; how can you think so meanly of me? I ask you to come as my friend and college companion."

My mind was at ease; the genial frankness of his answer amply soothed the momentary irritation of wounded feeling which the supposition that I might be looked upon as a musical automaton to aid in the amusements of the evening had occasioned.

"I thank you sincerely, Damer. You may perhaps contemn my apparent tetchiness; but as you cannot understand how tenaciously the idea presents itself to my mind that I am looked down upon by those who move in a higher grade of society, while in my own breast I am conscious of being their equal in birth and feeling, you will forgive the momentary misconception under which I laboured towards you."

The evening of Mrs. Damer's party arrived. The Damers were living in Upper Fitzwilliam Street, near Merrion Square, one of the pleasantest parts of the Irish metropolis.

I was met by Charles Damer at the head of the stairs near the drawing-room doors, where he and a knot of ladies and gentlemen were congregated on the landing. I surely had no cause for embarrassment, or any uncomfortable feeling after his cordial greeting, when he bade me follow him to the drawing-room for due presentation to his mother. Mrs. Damer was standing amid a number of her guests, some of the stars of the Dublin drawing-rooms. Charles drew her attention to me thus,—

"Mother, I have induced my friend Mr. Fane to join us this evening; let me introduce him to you."

"Any friend of my son has a claim upon me," was the genial reply, as, with a kind, welcoming smile, Mrs. Damer extended a hand which I gratefully took.

Thus my position was pleasantly defined among the assembled multitude. I will not say that at first I was not what young ladies call "shy," but I wisely determined to think of the people who surrounded me, and as little as I could of myself, which would infallibly conduce to my enjoying the evening.

Of the "musical lights," I must say that for amateurs they acquitted themselves very well. There were no professionals present save myself. On the whole I had a very pleasant evening, and experienced the happiness of enjoying the society of such people as my birth entitled me to mingle with.

But I must hasten on.

When twenty-one I was offered the post of tenor singer in the Cathedral choirs. I resigned my organistship and accepted it, as it was a much better appointment, being worth £80 per annum, and the other only £40.

Shortly after my twenty-first birthday I formed the acquaintance of a Mr. Fleming, an artist who had an appointment in the School of Design in Kildare Street. He was a most gentlemanly man, but unfortunately he laboured under a disadvantage which debars many from being able to make way in the world,—he was very poor. He liked me, and introduced me to his home circle, consisting of his wife and an only child, a daughter, aged sixteen when at first I knew her. I speedily became very intimate with the Flemings, and a few months after my acquaintance commenced I took up my abode with them, as Mrs. Herrick, with whom I had hitherto lived, went to London for a while to some friends, and gave up her establishment *pro tem.* Mr. Fleming, upon my mentioning my being on the look-out for other lodgings, offered me a room in his house, and, as part payment for my board, I was to undertake the musical education of his daughter, who was eventually to be a governess; for her parents were too poor to provide for her after their deaths. Thus I found a new home, and it was a happy one. Frances Fleming and I were the best of good friends; but neither thought more of the other than as brother and sister. I was now a surgeon, having passed my necessary examinations, and through the interest of Dr. Froude I picked up stray fees; and he often took me with him on his rounds, so that when I should take out my diploma as M.B., I should not be quite unknown as a practitioner. Three months after my going to reside with the Flemings, Mrs. Fleming died; she had been in a pulmonary consumption for some time. Her husband, who was devotedly attached to her, never rallied from his grief, and the anxiety he suffered at the thought of leaving his child pressed heavily upon his spirit, and likewise preyed upon his physical health. He and his wife had no relatives on either side, both being orphans; neither *had they any* intimate friends in Europe, having lived

until the last three years in Australia. In person, Frances Fleming was about five feet two or three inches, with a luxuriance of soft fair hair, worn in "serpent folds" round her head. Her eyes were rather too large perhaps, but very pretty in their quiet light. I can't say more, for I do not think that there was more than a general prettiness in her face. In disposition she was very loveable. I once heard a young lady say of another, "So-and-so is a most pettable little thing;" and Frances answered to such a description. She was of that soft, pliant nature which is led and guided by those who have influence over it. Trollope says "there are women who cannot grow alone as standard trees, . . . for whom the support and warmth of some wall, some paling, some post, is absolutely necessary;" and such a one was Frances Fleming. She was too pliant in disposition. If neither her father nor I were at hand to decide any point for her, she found it impossible to form an opinion for herself; I once told her that she needed some great crisis in her life, in which she should be forced to act upon her own judgment, and thereby learn self-reliance; little dreaming of the awful manner in which my careless words were to be fulfilled.

* * * * * *

I had been spending one evening at the Damers, as Mrs. Damer had given a party for her eldest daughter, who had returned from school in Paris. Her name was Margaret, or, as she was commonly called, "Margie."

I thought upon my introduction to Miss Damer that I had never seen such a beautiful girl; every feature was most perfect, and the lovely outline of the truly classical face was rare to look upon. One of the other guests who had, like myself, met her that evening for the first time, remarked to me "that Miss Damer would love to the death, and if not loved in return would never forgive the slight." I looked again at her face, and observing that when in animated conversation there was a dangerous fire in the flashing grey eye, which betokened an immoveable determination of purpose, I was not prepared to dissent from my companion's opinion so far as the latter part of his observation was concerned.

I have often pondered over my first meeting with Miss Damer. It was in a quiet home circle, for when I went in no other guest had arrived; a few words, very commonplace, passed between us, and there was no mystical intercommunion, no strange misgiving, or intuitive perception on my side of the destiny which

i being wound round my path dating from that evening. I no blind believer in fate. Were I a novelist in the style of sensational writers of the present school of fiction, I could ıve a history from the strange threads of my own life, and ıllibly cause my hero "to feel the looming clouds of his fate ;o the darkness of which he was to blindly rush) gathering n the horizon of his introduction" to my heroine. But, as I l, I am no fatalist; nor did I experience any prophetic warn- of the influence which Margie Damer was destined to exer- ı over my life.

Jpon returning home that evening the servant opened the l door for me. When I stood within it I saw she had been ıping. I asked what was the matter. The maid told me that . Fleming had had a "fit," as she called it, and was very ill. id not wait to hear the answer to my question of "Where is ıs Fleming?" but hastened up-stairs to Mr. Fleming's room. ent in softly. Frances was standing by the bed weeping. on seeing me she bounded towards me, and threw herself ı my arms, saying,—

Oh, Godfrey! save him!"

soothed her with the promise that my best skill should be rted, and then desired her to send the servant for Dr. Froude.

Fleming had been lying without motion up to this. I went r to the bed, and saw at a glance that he had had a stroke of alysis. He opened his eyes and tried to speak. I could ely catch the words—

Frances! Where?"

told him she would return in an instant. She did so, and . Fleming feebly raised one hand and took hers. I had had e in the meanwhile to see that remedies were useless. The ıal paralysis might not have killed him, but supervening ın a frame wasted by anxious grief, it was all-powerful. I ıt out to the nearest apothecary's, and got some medicines ich I knew Dr. Froude would try, and by the time I had ırned he had arrived. His opinion coincided with mine. We h saw that a few hours would terminate the span of Mr. ming's life. After a time the doctor went to the sitting-room, l left me watching with Frances. The poor child was shiver- with fear and sorrow. I beckoned her away from the bed, l inquired how this sad event began.

She said her father complained at his teatime of being unwell, l *he went to bed early.* She wanted to send to Mrs. Damer's

for me, but he said "No." She then stayed in his room, as he seemed anxious to have her with him, and about half an hour before my return the attack came to a crisis. She had no one to send for me or the doctor, as the servant became so frightened as to be perfectly useless; so as Frances herself expressed it, "I could but pray to God to send you home early." It was a strange coincidence that I had left Mrs. Damer's a good deal earlier than was my wont, as I was anxious to finish an essay I was writing.

Frances and I were standing at a little distance from the bed when we heard a sound, and we went over. I saw that the final change was very close, and I rang the bell gently, which was the signal agreed upon for Dr. Froude to come up-stairs.

The sick man murmured,—

"Godfrey—*Fran-ces*—take—care of her!"

I answered, "I shall, Mr. Fleming, rest assured."

Dr. Froude was now beside us. Mr. Fleming's dying eyes rested on his child, and then turned again to me. He raised his head slightly, and his voice failed in the effort with which he said,—

"Godfrey Fane, never leave my child—I bequeath her to your care."

I went over very closely to him, and putting my arm round the weeping Frances, I said solemnly, "Mr. Fleming, I accept the trust. While I live I shall never desert her as long as she needs a friend."

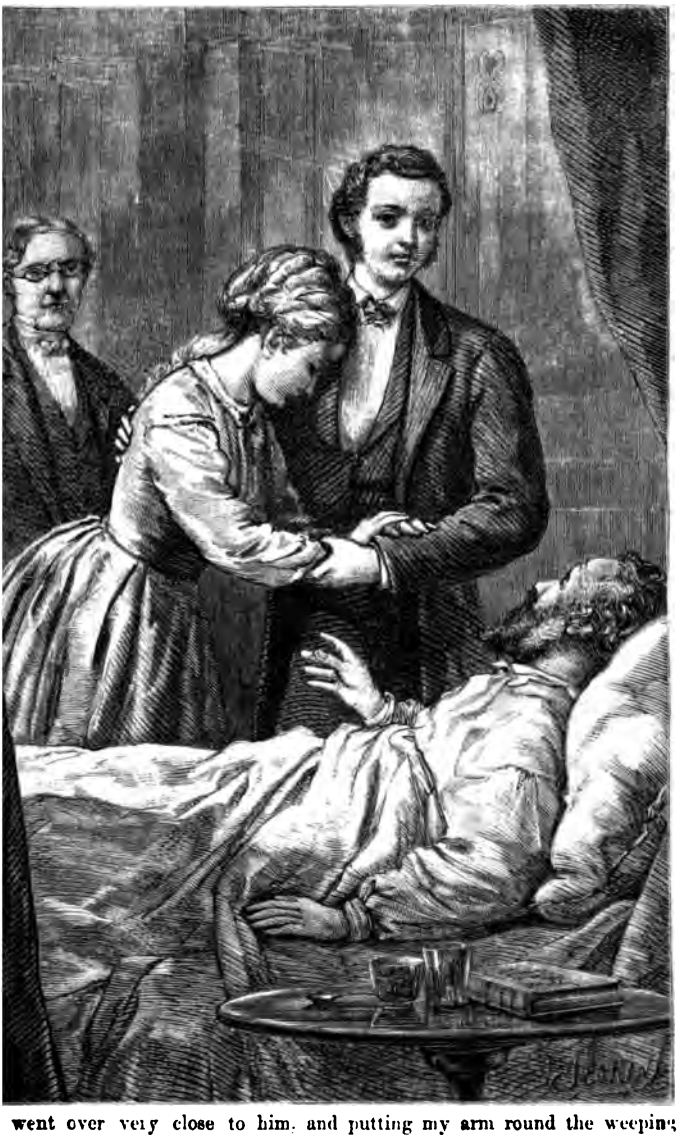
He did not appear satisfied, for an intensity of restlessness passed over his face, already distorted with disease. He made a mighty effort, and said with an earnestness which it was painful to witness, "*More than a friend, Godfrey!*—MORE THAN A FRIEND!"

Then he fell back upon his pillow—dead.

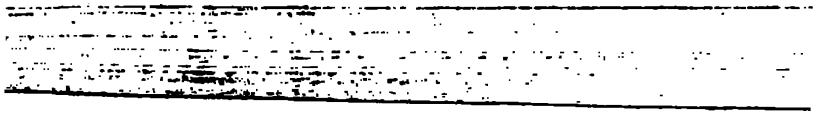
* * * * * * *

Mr. Fleming died at three o'clock in the morning; it was in May. I carried Frances from the room in which her dead father lay, and brought her to the sitting-room. Dr. Froude went to send some one to perform the last offices for my poor friend.

I sat on the sofa holding Frances in my arms, for she clung to me as her only protector. And there, with her father lying dead over my head, I thought of the strange bequest which I had received—my first legacy. At once I saw my position towards



went over very close to him, and putting my arm round the weeping ;es, I said calmly, 'Mr. Fleming, I accept the trust. While I live I shall desert her as long as she needs a friend.'"—*See page* 464.



Frances—she was henceforth *mine*—solemnly left to my care—solemnly accepted by me. *I* was to be to her father, mother, brother, friend; and with that last word came the remembrance of the urgent prayer that I should be *more* than her friend. Before I had time to analyze my thoughts, or to come to a conclusion on the point now suggested for consideration, Frances raised her head from the sofa pillow and nestled closely to me, while she whispered,—

"There is no one left to love me now but you. Oh, Godfrey, you surely won't leave me?"

Quick as a flash of lightning came the idea, "There is but one way open for you!" And thus I made it known to Frances:

"Frances, will you marry me? I promised your father never to leave you,—so we must marry. Will you be my wife?"

She looked up as though she did not comprehend clearly.

"Be your *wife*, Godfrey?"

"Yes; you know you must leave me unless you will marry me."

"Very well, Godfrey."

Truly it was a strange betrothal; in fact, I should not apply that term,—it was more a compact—a bargain agreed upon.

This was my first step with my "First Legacy."

ENGLISH HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS OF THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. V.—GEORGE HERBERT.

THE revered author of the "Christian Year," himself the greatest sacred poet of our time, once defined sacred poetry as being "that which bears evidence of having been written by sincere men with an intention of doing good and with consideration of the taste of the age in which they lived."[1] He excluded from the roll all those who only devoted a small portion of their time and talent now and then to sacred subjects. In all ages of our literary history it seems to have been considered almost as an essential part of the poet's duty to give up some pages to Scriptural story, or to the praise of his Maker, how remote soever from anything like religion the general strain of his writings might be. Witness the Lamentation of Mary Magdalene in the Works of Chaucer, and the beautiful legend of Hugh of Lincoln, which he has inserted in his Canterbury Tales; witness also the hymns of Ben Jonson. But these fragments alone, he asserts, will not entitle their authors to be enrolled among sacred poets. They indicate the taste of their age rather than their own; a fact which may be thought to stand in rather painful contrast with the literary history of later days. There is another class likewise consisting of those who composed strictly and only for the sake of unburthening their own minds without any thought of publication. But as Chaucer's sacred effusions indicate chiefly the character of the times, so poems such as those we now allude to mark only the turn of mind of the individual writers, whereas true sacred poetry combines both sorts of instruction, that, namely, which bears internal evidence of having been written by sincere men with an intention of doing good, and with consideration of the taste of the age in which they lived.

[1] Article on "Sacred Poetry," in *Quarterly Review*, No. lxiii., June, 1825.

Such was the clear view set forth by Keble of the character sacred poetry, and we think it must be admitted that it is er all the only true standard by which the works of writers 10 aspire to rank in this honourable company can be judged. ieir attainments may differ, their success may be various, but eir aims must be the same; and he alone is truly a sacred et who fulfils the conditions thus broadly laid down. Looking ck, then, over the period to which the present papers relate, it impossible not to be struck with the almost entire fulfilment the poet's ideal which is to be found in the works of George erbert. True it is that the country parson, whose name is one the most justly honoured among the uncalendared saints of the nglish Church, never reached the first rank of poesy, but his irit was of the purest, his muse was emphatically attuned to e heavenly lyre, and although in these later days, when a cely turned phrase is too often valued above a noble sentiment, s works are comparatively unknown to the general reader, ey, nevertheless, demand the most careful study, and are full golden counsels for priests and people. In his hymns, few in mber, but choice in their unequalled point and almost rugged rseness, no less than in his more elaborate poems and prose orks, George Herbert excelled, and thus he fairly claims our tention among the hymn-writers of his day.

Of his life we can desire no better record than that furnished y good old Izaak Walton, whose relations to Bishop Ken were oticed in our last article. Sympathising to the fullest extent ith the genuine piety of Herbert's character, Walton writes of im with an affection far beyond that of the ordinary bio-apher, and as he rises before us in the simple record of a good an's life which the author gives us, we are enabled to realize ow thoroughly his daily walk and conversation were in accord ith the noble songs he has left behind. Born on the 3rd of pril, 1593, at the old castle at Montgomery, which had long een in the possession of his family, he could trace his pedigree r back in the annals of English history, chief among his an-estors being the celebrated William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, f whom we read in Edward IV.'s reign. His mother also was ell connected, and five of his brothers, encouraged, doubtless, y the example of their distinguished relatives, enlisted in the rvice of their country, the elder, Edward Herbert, afterwards aron of Cherbury, being Knight of the Bath and Ambassador t the *Court of Louis XIII.* George Herbert was the fifth of

the seven sons, and his tastes seem at first to have turned towards the world rather than the Church. After spending about twelve years with his mother under the charge of a tutor he was, through the influence of Dr. Neale, the Dean of Westminster, placed in the cathedral school, where he became a king's scholar, and was elected to proceed to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1608, when he was only fifteen years of age. The college at that time was presided over by Dr. Nevil, Dean of Canterbury, a generous and liberal man, as Walton terms him, and to his kind offices the anxious mother entrusted the young undergraduate. To her virtues the biographer bears ample testimony; indeed, her chief object seems to have been to shield her sons from harm as long as she could do so by her own presence and counsel, and then when she was unable to remain with them to find some trustworthy friend to take her place. In accordance with the custom of his day, Herbert graduated as Bachelor of Arts at the early age of eighteen, in the year 1611, and four years later he was elected Major Fellow of his college, when also he took up his Master's degree. During the whole of his university career he lived frugally and strictly, and it is a noteworthy fact, to which those who argue that the pursuit of music is enervating, or tends to lead men astray, may well direct their attention, that Herbert's chief resource was the practice of the divine art, of which he declared, "That it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raise his weary soul so far above the earth that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven before he possessed them." The services of the college chapels would, doubtless, possess for him a peculiar charm, leading him, as he did in after years, thus beautifully to describe the powers of—

CHURCH MUSIC.

"Sweetest of sweets I thank you; when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in yon house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assigned.

"Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings:
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, 'God help poor kings.'

"Comfort, I'll die; for if you post from me
Sure I shall do so, and much more!
But if I travel in your company,
You know the way to heaven's door."

Greater honours than the college fellowship were, however, in store for the young graduate; and in 1619 we find that he was elected to the honourable post of Public Orator of the University, in succession to Sir Robert Naunton and Sir Francis Nethersole, who had become respectively Secretary of State, and secretary to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. Herbert possessed manifest qualifications for the office. He had, we are told, acquired great learning, and was blest with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance, both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen. His fitness for his work was proved on several important occasions, and notably when King James sent his "Basilicon Doron" to the University, and it fell to the young orator to acknowledge the royal gift. The elegance of his Latin reply, and perhaps in some measure its courtly phraseology, so pleased his Majesty that he enquired for its author; and on being informed by William, Earl of Pembroke, that the epistle was written by his kinsman, whom he loved more for his learning and his virtue than for his relationship, the King asked the Earl leave "that he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that university." Subsequently Herbert entered the lists on behalf of the Church in a debate with Andrew Melvin, a minister of the Scotch Kirk, and rector of St. Andrew's, whose bitter and satirical attacks against the liturgy, ceremonies, and Church government he proceeded to answer.

During one of the King's provincial progresses he stopped at Cambridge, thus affording Herbert a further opportunity of exhibiting his ability, not only to his royal patron, but to Sir Francis Bacon, the great secretary, and Dr. Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, with the latter of whom he contracted a firm friendship. The insight which he thus obtained into Court life, and the remembrance of the promotion which his predecessors in the Oratorship had obtained, led him earnestly to strive after similar advancement; and it would seem that at this time he had no intention of applying for admission to holy orders. His talents, in fact, and especially his distinguished attainments as a linguist, seemed naturally to mark him out for some diplomatic or State appointment, where such powers, combined with his readiness of speech and quick appreciation of passing events, would have stood him in good stead; and for some time this inclination was in a fair way of being gratified, as the King gave him a sinecure appointment, by means of which he was enabled to attach himself to the Court for several years. It was, indeed mainly

owing to his mother's influence that he did not resign his University appointments and seek a more active life; and Walton suggests that his well-known lines on "Affliction" were but the natural outcome of his feelings on this point. Thus he says:—

> "Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
> The way that takes the town,
> Thou did'st betray me to a lingering book,
> And wrap me in a gown;
> I was entangled in a world of strife
> Before I had the power to change my life."

Be this as it may, it is a matter for genuine thankfulness that Herbert's steps were ordered for him, and that the powers which were matured by constant intercourse with men of noble mind and mien were after all consecrated to the Church; although in this, as in so many other cases, merit passed unrecognized, and he ended his days as a country parson. Nor can we doubt that the feeling prevailing at the time as to the *status* of the clerical profession may have had considerable influence in deterring Herbert, or, at any rate, in inducing his friends to dissuade him from seeking ordination. When, however, he had once formed his resolve, he was immovable; and in memorable words he declared to a friend that, "It hath been formerly adjudged that the domestic servants of the King of heaven should be of the noblest families on earth; and though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the meek and merciful example of my dear Jesus." His decision was not formed without due consideration, for it was not until he had spent some time in retirement that he finally decided to enter the ministry, and shortly after the death of King James he was admitted to the diaconate. A little later he was appointed to the Prebend of Layton Ecclesia, in Lincoln Cathedral, and with a munificence which is well worthy of record he proceeded at once to restore the parish church, after which his prebend was named, rendering it not only useful but beautiful, and among other improvements, or "innovations" as we should now term them, he introduced a

pulpit of the same height as the reading pew, intending thereby to teach the country folk that prayer and preaching were of equal importance. Against this restoration scheme the worldly wisdom of his mother rebelled, and she at first used strong language in the endeavour to persuade him to resign the task, on the ground, as she said, that "it was not for his weak body and empty purse to undertake to build churches." Instead, however, of succeeding in her attempt, she found that his determination was firm, and ere long she so far overcame her scruples as to become a subscriber to the fund and to induce many of her friends also to lend their aid in the good work. Shortly after she died, and although Walton heaps upon her name the most laudatory epithets, her character scarcely accords with his descriptions, and in her hasty arrangement for the ill-assorted marriage of her eldest son Edward with a woman many years his senior—a piece of matrimonial business not unworthy to be placed beside the more recent feats of our modern Belgravian matrons—we see a clear evidence of the worldliness of her character, contrasting strangely with the pressure she put upon George to induce him to enter the priesthood. At any rate, as far as her elder son was concerned her policy worked disastrous results, and the separation of the husband and wife, and the defection of Lord Herbert from the faith of which his brother was so bright an exponent reflect but little credit upon her, and prove that when Herbert described her in her epitaph as his "severa parens" he said as much as he could for her. She died in 1627, and shortly after we find that he resigned his office as Orator of the University, which he had only continued to hold in obedience to her wishes.

Two years later Herbert was attacked by quotidian ague, a disease to which his long residence in Cambridge, acting upon his normally weak frame, had doubtless predisposed him. In order to make good his recovery he went to stay at Woodford, in Essex, then a small parish on the borders of Epping Forest, where by a constant attention to a somewhat unwisely strict system of diet he is said to have cured himself of one disease, but to have brought on such bodily weakness that he was in a still more painful condition. At Lord Danvers' mansion in Wiltshire he partially recovered, but the seeds of consumption were sown, and its effects were only too apparent and too soon destructive in their results. It was at this time that Herbert married, the story of his courtship, which lasted only three

days, being related by honest Izaak Walton with a simplicity which almost makes it humorous. A certain Mr. Danvers, a kinsman of the Earl, was, it appears, blessed with nine unmarried daughters, and with a benevolence not altogether unknown among gentlemen of the nineteenth century who are placed in a similar position, he was induced to wish that his friend Herbert should wed one, and if possible Jane, "because Jane was his beloved daughter." The father must have been a successful advocate, for it further appears that, although they had never met, the future bride and bridegroom had learnt so highly to esteem each other that when after the father's death they were introduced for the first time, they resolved to marry without further delay.

The union would seem to have been blessed, and short as was the time during which Herbert lived to enjoy his home, it may be affirmed that he never regretted the step he had taken. Three months later, not without some misgivings as to his fitness for the work, Herbert became the rector of Bemerton, on the presentation of the King, and shortly after he was admitted to the office of a priest. How completely he realized the responsibilities of his new position, every page of his writings in prose and verse abundantly proves, and when we read that after tolling the bell on his induction to the living he remained prostrate in prayer before the altar we see the first proof of that humility which was one of his chief characteristics. Thus in his thirty-sixth year he entered on the work to which the remainder of his life was to be devoted, and in the performance of which he set such an unequalled example to the clergy of all succeeding ages. Beautiful indeed are the words in which he describes the life he strove to live, for, as he said, "the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see him to reverence and love and at least to desire to be like him;" and well would it be if all our clergy could say with him, "I will always contemn my birth or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me when I shall compare them with my title of being a priest, and serving at the altar of Jesus my master." Among his earliest works after his institution to the living were the restoration and beautifying of the parish church, followed by the building of the parsonage, which he completed at his own cost. Over the mantelpiece of the chimney in his hall he placed the following lines:—

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

"If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost,
Be good to the poor,
As God gives the store,
And then my labour's not lost."

s he then formed for the guidance of his future course
ut at length under the title of "The Country Parson,"
truly described by Walton as "a book so full of plain,
nd useful rules, that that country parson that can
/e pence and yet wants it is scarce excusable; because
ı direct him what he ought to do and convince him
ing done it." Want of space alone prevents us from
e or two specimens from these chapters, but we would
hat it is unnecessary, and that they are, as they ought
.e hands of all our clerical readers. The first edition
:red Poems and Private Ejaculations" was issued in
o popular was it that in 1709 it reached the thirteenth

ıbours in the parish and in the Church we have full
. one of the main characteristics of his sermons was
cal enforcement of the great doctrines and duties of
ı. He realized to the utmost the truth that the
/ays supplies her clergy with a text, and one of his
was to instruct his people in the meaning of the
which they were called on to take part. Each
he daily office was explained to them, and, according
they so far acted up to his admonitions, and followed
e, that "most of his parishioners, and many gentle-
neighbourhood, constantly made a part of his con-
vice a day, and some of the meaner sort of his parish
and reverence Mr. Herbert that they would let their
when Mr. Herbert's saint's-bell rung to prayers, that
also offer their devotions to God with him, and would
back to their plough.
closing years of his too short career were spent in
be described as one of the highest forms of life to
can be called. A noble instance was he of the ideal
son, portrayed by Goldsmith, for to him the follow-
own lines may be applied with the most exact ap-
s:—

The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray."

Such was the good parson of Bemerton. His great
ment, apart from the immediate exercise of his past
was to attend the service at Salisbury Cathedral, or
distant from his house, and he was wont to affirm
time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his
was his heaven upon earth." He still kept up the
his art, in which "he was an excellent master," and
took part in some gatherings of amateurs in the cathe
Even at his latest hour his hymns were his chief solac
the Sunday before his death he rose suddenly from
called for one of his instruments, and said,—

"My God, my God,
My music shall find Thee,
And every string
Shall have its attribute to sing."

And having tuned it, he played and sung those inc
lines:—

"The Sundays of man's life,

In turning from the man to his works, criticism is almost silenced; for, while as a poet his beauties are counterpoised by numerous eccentricities and forced images, and by not a little uncouthness of language, the undercurrent of purity and holiness is so strong that all is forgiven, and "Master Herbert's Divine Poems" are admitted to stand by themselves, and to be judged by themselves. Of his hymns but few are known, and indeed but few are available for general use. Perhaps the most popular is that which in a shortened form has found its way into several hymnals, and which in its original is entitled, "The Elixir":—

"Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

"Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action,
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it His perfection.

"A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

"All may of Thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, 'For Thy sake,'
Will not grow bright and clean.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

"This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told."

The first, fourth, and last verses are those usually sung. Still more uncommon in metre and character is a hymn headed 'Discipline," which is, we observe, included in "The People's Hymn-book." Its opening verses will be sufficient to indicate its character:—

"Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath,
O my God
Take the gentle path.

"For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent,
I aspire
To a full consent."

More generally popular, because it is cast in more ordinary form, is his version of the twenty-third Psalm, which, with the exception of the fifth verse, obviously unfit for public use, was included by Dean Alford in his "Year of Praise," where it is mated to the tune "London New." We give the text in full:—

"The God of love my shepherd is;
And He that doth me feed,
While he is mine, and I am His,
What can I want or need?

"He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest,
Then to the streams that gently pass;
In both I have the best.

"Or, if I stray, He doth convert
And bring my mind in frame,
And all this not for my desert,
But for His holy name.

"Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

"Nay, Thou dost make me sit and dine,
E'en in my enemies' sight.
My head with oil, my cup with wine,
Runs over day and night.

"Surely Thy sweet and wond'rous love
Shall measure all my days,
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise!"

"King of glory, King of peace!
I will love Thee;
And that love may never cease
I will move Thee.

More beautiful, however, and infinitely more musical are the lines headed "Praise," which we have never yet met with in a hymnal, possibly because of the uncommon nature of the metre 7, 4, 7, 4, and the difficulty of finding a suitable tune. If the verses are arranged in pairs and the sixth is omitted it can be sung to Mr. Monk's tune for the Easter Hymn, to be found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and it will, we believe, be generally admitted that if allied to some such music it is well fitted for congregational singing:—

"Thou hast granted my request;
Thou hast heard me;
Thou did'st note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

"Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

"Though my sins against me cried
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

"Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.

"Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relented'st.
And when justice called for fears
Thou dissented'st.

"Small it is, in this poor sort,
To enrol Thee:
E'en eternity is too short
To extol Thee."

Here our extracts must cease, for we have quoted enough fairly to show Herbert's style with its admitted faults, its roughness, and its quaintness; but at the same time to prove how essentially he was a sacred poet, and in his measure a hymn-writer. Judging him by his own words:—

"The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords,
Is when the soul unto the lines accords."

we may give him a high place among the sacred lyrists, and we trust that in a day when sacred poetry is again raising its head amongst us his spirit may rest in its fulness on all who contribute to its stores. To appreciate his works, we may say with Coleridge, "it is not enough that the reader possesses a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetical sensibility, unless he be likewise a Christian, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a devotional Christian."

EYEBRIGHT.

BY THE REV. H. TODD, M.A.

DEAR little flower of silver hue,
And can the tale indeed be true
That tells us thou canst purge away
From darkened eyes thick clouds that weigh
Upon them, making dim God's day?
Ah! if it were so, how divine
And goodly were that gift of thine!

And if thou hadst indeed such power,
Thou wouldst win greater fame, fair flower,
Than odorous rose, sweet violet,
Or primrose pure in hedgerow set;
And many eyes with teardrops wet
Would praise thee more for gift of sight
Than tongue might speak or pen might write.

O human eyes, grown dull with years;
O human eyes, grown dim with tears,
Would that some healing flower we knew!
But never earth-flower may renew
Your strength, or once more brighten you;
For the sole flowers to heal worn eyes
Are on the hills of paradise.

LONGE AB SUIS.

A SOUVENIR OF THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

BY DAVID KER.

A CLEAR, bright morning, such as one only sees in perfection towards the latter end of autumn; above, a cloudless blue sky, from which the undimmed rays of the noonday sun pour a golden glory over the pea-soup-coloured waters of the Lower Danube; to the left, a vast wilderness of oozy mire and coarse spear-grass, belted in along the horizon by dark bluffs of wooded hill; to the right, a steep broken bank, along which are scattered groups of rakish-looking wooden houses, curiously painted, the largest of which bears on its rickety front, in staring Greek characters, the inscription "Xenodocheion Heptanesou" (*i.e.*, Seven Islands Hotel). Three or four lean, rat-like Moldavian soldiers, lounging about in their greyish-white frocks, and flat saucer-shape caps; and beyond, a wide level space, on which a swarm of human ants are winnowing corn, shovelling it into sacks, and and ever and anon tripping deftly away, sack on shoulder, along the perilous gangway of loosely lashed planks which unites our steamer with the shore. Such is the scene which greets my wondering eyes as we lie-to opposite the port of Ibraila, and fall to work to take in our allotted cargo of grain, before turning our head once more towards Kustenjie and Constantinople.

Strictly speaking, the Lower Danube cannot be called attractive by its most bigoted admirers. To gain a fair conception of its general appearance, multiply a London gutter by five million, and subtract the pavements. A vast stream of dirty water creeping sullenly through an endless waste of dirty soil; a few poverty-stricken trees scattered along the shore, apparently too dejected to venture upon any step so decided as growing up, and preferring to hang their heads despondingly over the water; two or three desolate log huts here and there, peopled by thin, aguish-looking men;—such are the leading features of the "mighty Ister" in the last hundred miles of his dotage; a *tout ensemble* reminding one irresistibly of that incomparable engraving in "Martin Chuzzlewit"—"the thriving city of Eden, as it appeared in fact." Nor do the towns (what few there are of them) tend greatly to modify the first impression. Sulina is famous for

mosquitoes, Toultscha for flies, Galatz for fever, and Ibraila for all three combined; so that on the whole there is but little choice. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the lonely delta has an interest of its own, which no desolation can wholly do away. Twice in a single generation has this ground been lost and won. 1829 wrested it from the Crescent, to bestow it upon the Cross. 1856 reft it in turn from the Cross, to restore it to the Crescent. On this spot the great tide of aggression, which has flowed steadily southward ever since the days of Peter the Great, began to ebb for the first time. And even now, after fourteen years under the rule of the Sultan, traces of Muscovite domination are neither few nor far between. The sallow, beetle-browed Modavian, in his long grey smock-frock and heavy boots, is merely a second-hand copy of the Russian mujik; the Roumanian village has its counterpart in every mile of the Upper Volga. Along the outskirts of every town from Ibraila to Sulina, one may note the same rows of simple wooden crosses that line the burial-grounds of Moscow and St. Petersburg. Still, along the now Turkish Danube, green domes and gilt cupolas look down upon the straight wide streets that greet you in every province between the Niemen and the Ural; and in Sulina, in Toultscha, in Galatz, in Ibraila, still stands to view the vast open market-place, with its long regular lines of booths, which forms the leading feature of every Russian town, from Archangel to Sevastopol.

Far away in the voiceless solitudes of the Don I once bivouacked in the log-built shanty of an old Cossack—a veteran of the Adrianople campaign,—who recounted to me over our evening meal, in his terse, graphic language, the history of the two years' struggle by which this bare Danubian region was won for Russia—a chronicle of bitter suffering and terrible disaster, of toil, famine, disease, hideous waste of life, unexampled in modern warfare. Of 80,000 men who crossed the Danube with Count Diebitsch in 1829, only 20,000, the very spectres of their former selves, entered Adrianople;* and during that year and the preceding one the total losses of the Russians exceeded 100,000 men. Have these 100,000 lives, then, been spent utterly in vain? Has the tide of Muscovite aggression ebbed from this soil once and for ever? Who shall say?

* The campaign of 1829 was in reality nothing more than a clever surprise. The Turkish fleet had been destroyed at Navarino, the Turkish army massacred at Stamboul, and Diebitsch struck in before either could be replaced.

At this point my reverie is broken by a tap on the shoulder, and the hearty voice of the first mate,—"Me and Jem Banks, the engineer, 's a-goin' ashore to stretch our legs a bit, and have a look at the Russian monument; if you like to come with us, we'll be very glad o' your company."

And here, sure enough, are the pair, all ready to start; the mate a big, sandy-haired, jolly-looking Yorkshireman, in the straw hat and loose white coat demanded by the Moldavian sun; the engineer a trim, active, black-whiskered fellow from the west, arrayed in a short jacket and smart English cap; both in high glee at the prospect of "stretching their legs a bit," and meditating the purchase of unlimited water-melons, which are fabulously cheap here.* A few minutes more, and the three of us are striding manfully up the slope on which the town is built, at a pace which carries us over the ground at the rate of good five miles an hour—no mean marching for an August day in the Principalities—under a universal stare of astonishment from the native population, who may well marvel at so utter a contrast to their own habits. For, except on the quay, where the loading of the grain is still going on with unabated vigour, Ibraila at this hour is a perfect "Castle of Indolence."

> "A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
> Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
> And of gay castles through the clouds that pass,
> For ever flushing round a summer sky."

The grey-frocked sentry lounges in front of his box. The greasy tradesman lounges in the doorway of his shop. The promenader lounges along the pavement, unconsciously parodying the grimy peasant who lounges in the middle of the road. The costermonger lounges behind his stall, while his customer lounges in front of it—the matter of purchase being apparently too much trouble for either.

Our British style of marching soon brings us clear of the town, with only one halt on the part of my comrades, to refresh themselves with a villanous compound of wine, eggs, hot water and sugar, jokingly styled "mavro tchai" (black tea), but looking much more like bad ink. As the houses grow thinner, we begin to catch glimpses of a wide green expanse beyond, and at length come fairly out upon a vast open, desolate plain—a perfect prairie in miniature,—smooth as a billiard-board, and without a

* They are, however, even cheaper in the Crimea, where I have bought them at one halfpenny each.

single object to break its unending level, except a small *bosquet* of trees cutting the sky-line on the left, and the long grey line of the newly commenced railroad slanting away to the right. The aspect of this great wilderness under the flood of splendour poured over it by the glorious autumn sunshine is sufficiently striking; and so apparently think my two companions, who are silent for some time—musing, no doubt, on the splendour of the panorama before them. At length their emotion finds vent, both breaking silence at once.

{ "What a place to play cricket!" / "Stunning ground for a horse-race!" }

Characteristic observations both of them—worthy to be bracketed with that of a Transatlantic friend of mine, whose first impression of Niagara was "I say, stranger, guess this 'ud be a grand lo-cation for a cotton-mill!" As our German cousins say, "Der Englander bleibt immer Engländer!"

For twenty minutes we tramped steadily on, without a sign of what we have come to see; when, just as I am beginning to suspect my companions of a First-of-April mystification, the engineer (who has been over the ground before) points to the *bosquet* of wooding above mentioned, saying, "There it is for you at last!" And, sure enough, the sharply cut point and tall slender outline of an obelisk begin to show themselves above the trees; and in five minutes more we reach a low white wall, enter by a little turnstile, pass under a low archway (amid vehement pantomimic offers of "something to drink" from a little Moldavian restaurateur, who seems to be the presiding "genius loci"), and find ourselves in front of the memorial column which, in the heart of an enemy's country, still preserves the memory of "the men who have been long dead."

And, in truth, there are few spectacles more impressive or more saddening. It was on this spot that the Emperor Nicholas, in the flush of his new sovereignty, and the first glow of his young ambition, launched himself upon the enterprise which was to end in despair and suicide thirty years later. Every inscription on the sides of this monument is a chapter of history, full of grim practical sarcasm;—the Treaty of Adrianople, blown to the winds sixteen years ago; the government of the Russian Viceroy, long since forgotten; the capture of Ibraila—now again in the hands of its former masters; and, last and most touching of all, the brief, artless inscription that commemorates the fall of those who died to win it,—"To the memory of the Russian

soldiers who fell at the taking of Ibraila, 1826." So should the epitaphs of all brave men be written. Many courtly phrases, many words of sounding flattery, have been inscribed on the tombs of famous soldiers, which have not one-half the poetry of those few simple words. Of all the diverse burial-places that I had seen, none impressed me like this one. I had seen on the sunny hill-sides of Brittany the crumbling tombstones garlanded with immortelles, beneath which sleep the countrymen of Duguesclin and George's Cadoudal. I had watched the shepherds of Switzerland, beneath the shadow of the everlasting hills, lower into its grave, to the sound of a plaintive Vaudois hymn, the rude pine-wood coffin which held all that the avalanche had spared of their youngest and bravest. In the quaint little churchyards of remote German villages I had spelled out half-effaced texts of Scripture, or fragments of some grand old Lutheran psalm. I had stood in Denmark on the ground where those whom Nelson's cannon slew before Copenhagen, and those who fell by Prussian needle-guns at Dybbol, sleep in one common grave, with the sweet spring flowers blooming above them, and bright-eyed children bringing their little cans of water to sprinkle the graves of the fathers and brothers whom they never knew.* Beneath the forest-shades of ancient Sweden I had gazed upon the grassy mound that held the dust of the aged pastor, surmounted by a simple cross carved by the hand of his son. Far away in the solitudes of the Arctic Sea I had lighted upon spray-lashed slabs of rock on the brink of the unresting ocean, marking the last resting-place of the sailor patriarchs of Zetland and Faroe. I had viewed the rudely cut crosses of wood (inscribed with a half-effaced "Lord, receive my soul in peace!") which lie scattered over the endless plains of Central Russia. I had wandered among the tall narrow headstones that cluster beneath the minarets of Constantinople, and seen the eternal sepulchres of the Pharaohs rising above the drifting sands of Lower Egypt. But around this grey lonely obelisk, sole relic of a vanished dominion, gather yet sadder and darker memories. Beneath it—their labour wasted, their blood spilt in vain, the sovereign for whom they gave their lives disgraced and dead, separated from the soil of native Russia by many a mile of hostile ground,—

> "Far from their leafy northern home
> The bearded champions lie."

* Every grave in the "soldiers' ground" bears the same inscription, "Died for Fatherland."

For these, too, sorrows a mighty nation, but not as they who sorrow without hope. In Volhynian corn-lands and Muscovian forests, on the purple moors of the Don and the sandy wastes of the Volga, the names of those who lie here are still mentioned with sad and solemn triumph. "God and the Czar needed them, and they went,"—went to death, poured out upon them in a thousand forms—in the fierce short fever of battle, in the wasting agony of disease, in the slow torture of famine, in the gnawing pangs of frost; casting away their lives as dust, for the sake of "holy Russia" and "our father the Emperor." Never was a bad cause better defended. What could these brave simple souls know of political intrigues and imperial caprices, the grasping ambition of a headstrong despot, and the shameless rapacity of a corrupt administration? To the poor peasant soldier only one thing was clear—that his Emperor called him, and that he must die in obedience to the call. And die he did, with a courage and constancy that many a famous historical martyr might have envied. But the world's truest heroes are often those of which it hears the least. The victors of Ibraila have had due honour; but the slain of Citate, Rassova, Oltenitza—the thousands that perished before Silistria, the tens of thousands who died at Sevastopol—what memorial have *they?* Of them, as of one of our own great spirits, it may be written,—

"Si monumentum quæris, circumspice."

Far away from hence, in the heart of stately Petersburg, where the swift Neva glides beneath the shadow of the golden spire that watches over the imperial citadel, the bones of Nicholas Romanoff rest among those of his ancestors. A proud and a mighty man was he, and his fame, for good and for evil, will endure for ever; while the names of the single peasant soldiers by whose blood, and tears, and unrequited labour he hewed out the path of his ambition, remain unnoticed and unknown. Over *his* dust sweet hymns have been sung, and noble litanies recited, and stately monuments reared on high; *theirs* is hallowed only by a simple cross of wood, and by the unspoken prayer of some loving and sorrowing heart. And yet it may be that in the day when prince and peasant alike shall stand before the God and Father of all, to give account of the deeds done in the body, it shall be more tolerable for these brave, simple hearts, who knew only how to die in their obedience, than for him.

OUR PRIMATES UNDER THE HOUSES OF NORMANDY AND PLANTAGENET.

BY T. B. ORMEROD.

THROUGHOUT this period the primates of England played an important part in its affairs, many of them being among the chief defenders of English liberties; some against the tyrannies of the King, others against the encroachments of the Pope. A spirit of independence and semi-isolation, which arose no doubt in some degree from the difficulties of communication, had always characterized the Church of this country in Saxon times; and it might seem as if some of the sturdy spirit which prevented the native British clergy from accepting the changes recommended by Augustine, had been transfused into his successors as regards an equally absolute submission to that See of Rome whose authority they nevertheless acknowledged. This semi-independence it was of course for the interest of the Archbishop of Canterbury to obtain, since it enabled him to be himself a kind of Pope within these islands; and even after more frequent communication with Rome had lessened this supremacy, we find that the archbishops were jealous to maintain their right to act as papal legates if one should be appointed for England. Even Anselm, submissive as he generally was to the papal authority, resisted successfully when Paschal II., at the commencement of the reign of Henry I., wished to send the Archbishop of Vienne hither as his legate; though in the next reign the Popes succeeded better in this encroachment on the metropolitan rights of Canterbury; as we find the legatine commission, in spite of the struggles of Archbishop Theobald, bestowed on the King's brother, Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, the "king maker" of that era. The Norman Conquest was an occasion from which sprang a great revival in the position of the see of Canterbury. During the later reigns of the Saxon dynasty, it had sunk very considerably from the place that it occupied under Odo, and his greater successor Dunstan, the hero of so many tales, and, in truth, a master of statecraft, as proved by the supremacy of his influence under six kings. Since Dunstan there had been no archbishop of fame except Elphege, who indeed is chiefly known by his martyrdom at the hands of the Danes, whose

savagery was at that time inflamed by rage for the cruel and foolish massacre that Ethelred had just caused of their countrymen unsuspiciously settled in England. At the Conquest Canterbury was in the hands of Stigand, an unscrupulous usurper, who had received consecration from a pretender to the papal throne; but even under him the archiepiscopal see played its part in English affairs; for he was one of the chief Saxon leaders after the death of Harold, and was at the head of the force which is said to have wrested the liberties of Kent from William as he marched forwards from Hastings. Among William's other great qualities was a keen eye in choosing his officers: he knew what a thorn in his side the Church might prove if he left its Saxon ministers to fan the discontent of the old national party, which ne could not altogether suppress though he might keep it down; accordingly, he everywhere dispossessed Saxon bishops, abbots, and monks, to fill their vacant places with those on whom he could rely. Nowhere did he make a wiser choice than for the highest ecclesiastical post of the realm. Lanfranc was by race an Italian, a native of Pavia, who had found his way to the Norman abbey of Bec, at that time a nursery of great men. Selected as the opponent of Berengar, he was a scholar of renown; he had all an Italian's subtlety, and, unlike his successor Anselm, knew men as well as books, while he fulfilled all William's wishes in lowering the influence of the Saxon Churchmen, and making the Church a means of disseminating submission to the Norman sway. Yet Lanfranc found a way, and that without provoking a quarrel, to maintain the rights of the Church at large, and the privileges of his see in particular, against the able and unbending monarch who had laughed to scorn the demand of submission made by a Pope so great as Gregory VII., although William well knew what benefit the papal sanction had conferred on his enterprise. In personal character Lanfranc was unassailable, unlike too many of the Norman priests whose vices are exemplified, perhaps exaggerated, in William's half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and Earl of Kent. It was altogether fortunate for Canterbury that its first occupant under the new dynasty was the skilful Lanfranc, who could rule even Rufus, and not the unworldly Anselm, the second Norman archbishop. Anselm, a scholar of far greater eminence than his predecessor, cannot be said to have ruled his see with such ability; his archi-episcopate was one long struggle with the King on the subject of investitures, a question which, though it had produced much

trouble in the Empire, had been as yet little heard of in England. The brutal violence and rapacity of Rufus were not so trying to Anselm as the cunning of Henry; for the latter, by a show of compromise, could often make the archbishop appear to be the real obstacle to a peaceable settlement. Anselm was on several occasions driven abroad by the quarrels arising from this question, thus giving opportunities to the King for spoiling the splendid revenues of the see; and though Anselm died at peace with his sovereign, yet as he had been forced on his last return to consecrate no less than five bishops invested by the royal hands during his absence, the victory as a whole seems to have lain with Henry.

Archbishop Theobald, who was also from Bec, distinguished himself most by the good service he did the country in effecting a compromise between the rival claimants to the throne, by his refusal to crown Prince Eustace, and his steady support of Henry of Anjou, as next successor to the crown after Stephen's life interest in it. Theobald was also the patron of one who was destined to be his famous successor, Thomas à Becket.

This celebrated man's life would need a history to itself. The martyr Thomas is perhaps the most famous of all the Archbishops of Canterbury; and it is to his death that Becket really owes his chief fame. The contest for the privileges of the clergy which cost him his life resulted in a victory for his opponent; for although Henry, in the first terror and remorse occasioned by the universal execration which Becket's murder provoked, consented to repeal the obnoxious Constitutions of Clarendon, he never did so; while after Becket a change comes over his successors, who devote themselves far more to national questions, forgetting the mediæval aphorism that a priest has no country—a maxim most necessary for the maintenance of Hildebrand's system, which would have totally separated the clerical order from the laity throughout the Christian world, and allowed the former to acknowledge no authority but that derived from the Pope. Becket's history is most pictorial. First we have the legend of his parentage; then his life as chancellor and trusted friend of the King, active in Henry's French wars, and astonishing the world with the pomp that seemed to rival his masters; all contrasting strangely with the change in his habits when suddenly elevated to the vacant throne at Canterbury, though at the time only in deacon's orders. The pomp is still there, but it is now the stately hospitality due to his position;

while the archbishop amidst it all leads the life of the sternest ascetic. Becket's character does not stand so high as that of Anselm; there was much of self in his reclamations of the privileges of his post, and in the weary disputes over the Constitutions of Clarendon, A.D. 1164, he cannot be absolved of double-dealing; and though his martyrdom was in behalf of the clergy, his pride seems to have rendered him unpopular among them. The shortcomings of his life were, however, all forgotten in the enthusiasm excited by the circumstances of his murder;—an act which, though barbarous enough in itself, produced in those days of blind reverence for the priesthood a terror which we can scarcely realize, but of which the force is sufficiently attested when we see a monarch so great as Henry coming barefoot to Canterbury, submitting himself to be scourged by all the monks assembled in the cathedral, and then spending a night and day there in penance to avert the curse which he thought the results of his passion must surely bring upon him.

The next great figure after Becket is that of one whose aims were very different, Stephen Langton, a cardinal resident at Rome. He owed his appointment to a quarrel between King John, the suffragan bishops of the southern province, and the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, relative to the right of election to the see. Innocent III., to whom the matter came on appeal, rejected all their candidates, and himself nominated Langton, whose force of character he knew, and to whom he thought that he could trust to assist in those plans of universal dominion of which he alone, since the death of Gregory VII., seemed capable. John in his fury swore that Langton should not enter the kingdom; but John was weak as well as passionate, and we soon find the see of Canterbury under Langton, reviving its old influence, though now exerted for very different purposes. Langton is at the head of his brother barons, forcing Magna Charta upon the reluctant and deceitful King, supporting the liberties of the whole nation instead of those of the clergy alone. During John's quarrel with the Pope, Langton acted conscientiously the part of a pious prelate; but after John had purchased Innocent's favour by basely swearing fealty to him for his kingdom, Langton still remembered his obligations as a patriot, and offered as steady a resistance to the encroachments of the Pope as he had ever done to those of the King. Throughout the rest of his life Langton played the same part under both John and Henry, and, without mixing unduly in lay matters, was



always ready when required to join in enforcing the confirmations of Magna Charta, which the treachery of John and his feebler son rendered necessary. As Langton was the first of our patriot archbishops, so was he by far the greatest; for though Winchelsey, and perhaps too Stratford, in some degree emulated him, yet either was "proximus huic longo sed proximus intervallo."

Soon after comes another singular contrast, Edmund Rich, a man of most gentle and timid character, totally unfitted for the exalted office in such stern times, and who finally retired from it to the abbey of Pontigny, the favourite retreat, though with very different aspirations, of Thomas à Becket.

After him Canterbury was degraded by Boniface of Savoy, the uncle of Eleanor of Provence, queen of Henry III. This new evil of heaping the most lucrative places of the Church upon unworthy favourites, many of whom were foreigners, grew to a great height during Henry's long reign; and being increased by the dissatisfaction caused by papal nominations to English benefices, helped in no small degree to create that popular feeling against the clergy which found vent in satirical compositions, like the "vision of Piers Plowman" in the invectives of Wycliffe, and the outrages committed on the clergy in the great rebellion of 1381.

Robert Winchelsey, in the reign of Edward I., reminds us somewhat of Langton; and that he did not achieve similar results may fairly be attributed to the fact that he had to contend not with such a man as John, but with Edward I., the ablest of the generally able House of Plantagenet in support of his contention, which related to the assessment of taxation on Church lands. Winchelsey endured with patience reduction to the most absolute poverty, earning a temporary subsistence by the performance of an ordinary chaplain's duties.

John Stratford, though his character is stained by his participation in the plot against Edward II., is yet entitled to credit for his resistance to Edward III.'s unconstitutional violation of the liberties of the subject, and his support of the rights of the peerage.

Some forty years later, Simon of Sudbury, the archbishop of the time, was brutally murdered by a band of Tyler's rioters, not, however, through hatred incurred by him in the discharge of his sacred functions, but as an exacting chancellor, a new and discreditable character for the archbishop. What a change had come over the feelings of men towards the priesthood may be

conceived by the small effect produced by this brutal murder, when compared with that of Becket some two centuries before.

Now we have another contrast in William Courtenay, a high-born prelate of the noble house of Devon, confident in the support of his great relations; and who, as Bishop of London, sitting in judgment on Wycliffe at St. Paul's, had defied the arrogance of John of Gaunt himself; and was so warmly supported by the citizens, jealous at once for the honour of their bishop and their franchises, that Courtenay had himself to interfere to save the duke's palace of the Savoy, and perhaps even his life.

The last archbishop of our period, Thomas Arundel, is also a man of noble birth; but he cannot be ranked with Langton or Winchelsey, for though he too supported the cause of liberty against Richard II., with whom he had further cause of quarrel in the execution of his brother the Earl of Arundel, yet his actions afterwards became too much those of a traitor to his lawful king, and an unscrupulous partisan of Bolingbroke.

Chichele, the munificent founder of All Souls' College, Oxford —in penance, as the story goes, for having promoted war with France—belongs to a later period; but that we have gone through is sufficiently remarkable, comprehending as it does all the immense changes that took place in matters religious, social, and political, between the accession of the Norman and the end of the legitimate line of Plantagenet; comprising within itself the names of scholars such as Lanfranc, the more famous Anselm, and the schoolman Bradwardine, who but just survived his consecration; the martyr of the English Church, Thomas à Becket, whose memory is honoured in the dedication of many churches; and patriots like Langton and Winchelsey.

AN OLD PORTRAIT.

BY LOUIS BRAND.

OVER a doorway in Holyrood Palace hangs the time-stained picture of a young man, and the visitor passing beneath it steps back to look again, and wonder to whom among the gallants, and warriors, and Puritans of Queen Mary's Court, the resolute face belongs. There is character in the portrait. With that compact, well-filled head, those firm features, a little pale and worn, as if books had stolen their first youthful freshness, the original must needs have made himself a name in his world, one thinks; that it was so history testifies, for this is James Crichton.

Born in Perthshire in 1561, he came of a good family, his father being Lord Advocate to King James VI. The boy went early to St. Andrew's University, so early that at the age of fourteen he took the degree of Master of Arts, and a year or two later started for the Continent according to the fashion of the time. He arrived at Paris armed with an astonishing mass of erudition, and challenged all comers to dispute with him at the College of Navarre on any subject, in Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, English, Italian, German, or French, as the combatants might choose. For six weeks previous to the time appointed, fifty learned antagonists studied how they might confound this aspiring youth of sixteen, who for his part was foremost in all the gaiety of gay Paris, and danced and hunted as if there were no College of Navarre in the world.

At last the great day arrived, and the Doctors and young Crichton stood in the crowded Hall ready for the contest. The assembly is breathless with interest and sympathy. Will he not flinch now the time is come? Surely he had better not have danced away these six precious weeks! No need for fear; he plays with the hard questions, and turns his adversaries which way he pleases; he speaks the nine languages as if each were his mother tongue—no confusion of idiom, each word is ready as he wants it; ask him an Arabic question and he answers it in Hebrew, and so on through the nine, and there are at least five hundred questions asked. One can fancy how beautiful eyes glisten at his victory, and what a thunder of applause greets the conqueror: *well may* the President embrace him with a world

of fine compliments, and present to him a purse of gold and a diamond.

He seems to have found time to learn everything, for the next day there is a great tilting match, and he competes for the prize and is pronounced victor fifteen different times. He is so popular and admired that they name him the Admirable.

For three years we do not hear much of him, for he serves under Henri III. against the Protestants, whom the King found troublesome; but at the end of that time he goes to Rome and disputes and harangues in the presence of the Pope and Cardinals; thence to Venice, yet ruling royally as the Sea-bride. We find that here he was melancholy and depressed; for one thing very poor despite his honourable name: perhaps too he was somewhat weary of this perpetual homage, this unceasing dazzle; perhaps, like the royal philosopher of old, he was beginning to find vanity even in learning and brilliant gifts. Crichton lived at Venice for four months, and owed much to the help and kindness of Aldus Manutius, a printer there, who afterwards dedicated a book to him with a very pompous preface. He next moved to Padua, where he had two more contests, resulting as usual in his victory and brilliant success; but it seems to us a significant fact that he there delivered an address on the Pleasures of Ignorance; it may have been only an affectation, a fresh vehicle for displaying his power; or he may have rested for a moment with real relief on the thought of a quiet obscure man harassed by no learning and unsated by flattery, whose name the world would meet with neither applause nor jeers. The Admirable, with all the applause he gained, did not escape the jeers; for we read that at one place where he had affixed his placards to the walls, a wit wrote beneath, "And whosoever wishes to see him must go to the Falcon Inn, where he will be shown."

He argues at Padua on the philosophy of Aristotle and sides with its opponents; also makes Latin verses, which are said to be very bad. Finally he settles down at Mantua, and speedily makes himself of use there. A certain ferocious Italian gentleman was so fatally skilled in the use of his rapier that he kept the city in terror, and among his victims were three gentlemen whose widows at this time appealed to the Duke of Mantua for aid and revenge; a reward was immediately offered by the Duke to whoever would fight with and slay the bravo. Crichton of course is the man: he stabs the assassin in three places, a stab

for each widow, and then, although, as we know, not too rich himself, he divides the reward of fifteen hundred pistoles equally among the ladies. The Duke soon after appoints him tutor and companion to his son, Prince Vincenzo Gonzaga, a wild dissolute young man, though possessing some love of books. The Prince being of a hot temper, and often reminded of the perfections of Crichton, soon hates him and is jealous of him.

At last a certain Carnival time comes, and masks are the fashion. Crichton enjoys wandering through the streets at night, with his sword for protection and his guitar for companion. One of these summer nights he is returning home, playing as he walks, and singing some soft Italian love-song under the bright stars. Not that street, O Crichton; take the broader way where those maskers are singing together as they move merrily homewards; there is little light between these tall palaces, and the shadows are black and treacherous. Down the narrow street he goes, happy and confident. What moves yonder under the archway? Halt! they are upon him—six men in masks; he fights bravely, and five fly; the sixth is almost vanquished, but drawing off his mask he shows the wicked face of Prince Vincenzo, and Crichton, like a gallant cavalier as he is, drops on one knee and gives back the captured sword; in a moment more the Prince has pierced his heart and flies down the street with bounding steps, vanishing into congenial darkness.

Poor Crichton! would that there was one out of the crowds that idolized him near at hand now! Dead, and only twenty-three; he cannot solve the easiest problem now; no more Greek, or Arabic, or Hebrew, shall we hear from him: "To him the reed is as the oak." Peace be with his soul in the other world.

"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS."

BY THE REV. SIR PHILIP PERRING, BART.

THE music of the Heavenly spheres
Is not like that which strikes our ears
In this our poor abode;
But richer, finer harmonies
The spirits sing in Paradise
Before the throne of God:

Yet from the heart of earthly saint
Sounds of sweet music, though but faint,
As from some lowly shrine,
May mingle with the melody
Of Heaven's angelic company,
Pleasing the ear divine;

If only God, who liketh well
Within the humble heart to dwell,
Will set the chords aright,
That this poor broken instrument
May sound a sweet accomp'niment
Meet for the Sons of Light.

BRITISH JUDAISM IN CONTACT WITH CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JEWISH REFORMATION AND THE TALMUD."

SHYLOCK is not a pleasant object to behold, but when he snarls out, "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following: but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you," he fairly enough represents the genuine Israelitish way of thinking. The rugged edges of this exclusiveness—it is true—have been worn off. Whatever may be said about praying, eating and drinking—even at the risk of "smelling pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into"—in Gentile company have become as much a matter of course as that the lucky Jewish trader should blossom into Alderman and Mayor. Dinners, however, do not appear to lead to conversions. Anyhow, the entrance of proselytes by these channels is allowed by such as have the best reason for multiplying numbers to be slow and uncertain.

If it be a fact—and there seems no reason to doubt it—that Jews must have been living in this country at the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, is it not puzzling that a thousand years' contact with Christianity, on a soil not unfavourable to the work of the missionary, should have left them as far off as ever from conversion? Can Exeter Hall solve the problem, that while Celts and Britons, Danes and Saxons—the contending masters of these Islands when Jewish pilgrims first set foot upon their shores—have long ago been brought to acknowledge the doctrines of the cross, the Jew remains where he was, untouched, as it would seem, in the deeper instincts of his soul—the one conservative in a world of change?

How is the difficulty to be explained?

In the very forefront of the hindrances which bar the way to a Jew's conversion must be placed his ignorance of his own sacred writings. This—as well as all that follows—is said of England, and of the *present day*. It will be convenient to examine the

truth of this statement as regards both the teachers and the taught.

First of all, then, priesthood has altogether faded away from Israel; or if it still survives the rough usage of eighteen hundred centuries of dispersion, it is to be recognised only in the word "Cohen," which is occasionally tacked on to a man's patronymic. To lead the service of the congregation has long ceased to be a matter of family privilege, and, what is worse, it has ceased to be a matter of distinctive training also. The Jewish minister may, and often does, come to his office without any preparatory discipline whatever. Very little, it is true, is expected of him. A provincial synagogue troubles itself rarely about sermons. It loves not to be preached at, unless the discourse take the form of a funeral oration for a man of means. This is so decent and reputable that the most impatient congregation will sit out its half-hour of windy flattery. But for the rest, if the minister can pick his way through the Hebrew prayer-book, and can read the appointed selections from Law and Prophets without tripping, he will do well enough. He has no examining chaplain to pass, and he has no university degree to exhibit. Things like these would be incumbrances, and he will move all the more freely without them. If he is a studious man, it will do him no good, and if he is lazy and illiterate, it will do him no harm. The right thing will be to add butcher to cleric, and pass his leisure hours, not at croquet or kettledrums, but in killing and cutting up the meat intended for Jewish consumption. This will double his income, may be, and will not at all interfere with his writing "Reverend" on his door plate, and airing his white tie on the public promenade.

When a Jewish minister may enter upon his office without an hour's previous training—when proficiency in sacred or secular learning forms no part of the bargain between the electors and their nominee—when, moreover, the post is held at the will of the congregation, so that the shopman's assistant of yesterday may be the "Reader" in the synagogue to-day, and, by another turn of the wheel, the merchant's office-clerk of to-morrow—when, in a word, there is nothing more permanent, or dignified, or even respectable about the post than the personal attainments of the man himself can make it—it would be out of all reason to expect that the clerical element should exercise much influence upon Jewish thought and feeling.

This is spoken mainly of the provinces, where the salary runs

low, where the work demanded is such at times as would effectually repel an educated gentleman, and where, in consequence, little room is left for the exceptions to the dreary rule of ministerial mediocrity which confessedly exist in some metropolitan congregations.

But this is not all, nor nearly all. The Jewish minister tastes the bitters of "the voluntary system" in its most repulsive form. Not merely is he the nominee of the congregation, officiating by virtue of nothing more potent than a vote in vestry,[1] but his clerical existence hangs on the breath of those who gave it. A month's warning, or, as likely as not, no warning at all, and the connection between pastor and flock is at an end. Any one whose voice happens for the moment to be loud enough to command a majority of the seat-holders may procure his unconditional expulsion. When his black Geneva gown and shovel hat—the only outward tokens of clerical authority—have been restored to the keeping of the warden, the luckless delinquent has lapsed into private Judaism once more, and, unless he can extract a testimonial from the flock that disowns him he is likely to remain there for many a day to come. But the chances are that he will have had experience enough of ministerial disquietude to have lost all faith in Sancho Panza's philosophy, "that it is pleasant to govern, though it be but a flock of sheep," and will thankfully take refuge behind some friendly counter.

But let us suppose that no such misfortune befals him, and that he is allowed to remain in undisturbed enjoyment of the "synagogue house," and a hundred pounds per annum. Let us suppose, moreover, that he does not sicken at standing over his shoes in the blood and filth of the slaughter-house, and that he covenants, for so many additional yearly pounds, punctually to cut the throats of all the birds and beasts that are destined to appear on Jewish tables—and even then, under the most favourable circumstances that are ever likely to occur, it is only too plain that the intellectual pursuits of this clerical poulterer and butcher can seldom be steadily sustained. Unless he is a man of superhuman energy he will soon give up all attempt to read. Butchers' men may not exactly pull him down to their own level; but they will drag him low enough to make his books distasteful, and the society of cultivated men a weariness of spirit.

[1] This institution has been adopted both in name and fact by the Jews, and even the "Parnes" of the ancient congregation has, under the influence of newer lights, developed *into* "*Warden.*"

Partly, then, from such causes as these, and partly, no doubt, from want of previous training, the Jewish minister will not be found to be a studious man. Talk to him about the Prophets, and you will perceive at a glance that they lie altogether beyond his range. Put him on to read anywhere outside the well-worn rut in which the synagogue services rumble along, and he will first falter and then stop. Get him into history or chronology—try him with ethics or science—and you will have plunged him into the slough of despair. Why should he be wearied with these things? he will ask. Why indeed? when they will not bring him fame, and—what is more to the purpose—emolument amongst his people. What could Raschi himself do if he were minister of a provincial congregation, and were expected to kill with his own hand all the beasts and poultry that are brought to the Israelitish market?

But what of the congregation itself?

A make-believe of familiarity with the sacred tongue may be kept up; but watch an average Jew on Sabbath morning as he plods laboriously through page after page of his prayer-book, keeping fairly up with the minister, except when he loses himself for a moment in bidding "good morning" to some late arrival. His performance may pass muster creditably enough. But follow him home, and ask what else he can read—suggest a chapter of Isaiah, or, not to push matters too far, for your Jew is seldom known to trouble his head much about the Prophets, great or small—begin with a selection out of Exodus or Deuteronomy, and he will find some excuse to get off. He is wise to do so, for, bating a few stock pieces which he can rattle away by heart, even this has not lain within the limit of his Hebrew training. This is not said of hawkers, pedlars, and the homeless class, but of decent, well-to-do tradesmen, who have children to educate, and a position to keep up in the town. With such as these Hebrew is to all intents and purposes a dead language.

Ignorance such as this, it is only fair to say, is clean contrary not merely to the spirit, but to the express letter of Judaism, as defined by the sagest rabbis. It is a Jew's own fault if he does not know his Bible, and enormous stress is laid upon the duty of teaching it to his son.

But badly as it has fared with reading, with Hebrew *speaking* things have turned out even worse. Until about fifty years ago all the Jews throughout the world spoke a composite language, which was known as Jewish-German. It was the universal

vehicle of communication, and was used everywhere and for every purpose, except in the synagogue. Nowadays, however, it is very seldom heard, and as nobody ever thinks of speaking pure Hebrew—for who would understand him if he did?—the present generation will soon find themselves separated from those who have gone before them by a chasm, across which it will not be easy to throw a bridge. Stress is laid upon this, because in some well-intentioned quarters a hope is cherished that if Christian teaching could only be presented for Jewish acceptance clad in the national garb—or, in other words, that if churches were built where services could be held in the vernacular Hebrew—congregations would not long be wanting. The difficulty is that there is no such thing as vernacular Hebrew, in the sense in which the words are here employed. Added to which, it is plain that if Jews are obliged to have their old-established prayers printed with English on one side and Hebrew on the other, matters will not be improved when an entirely new form of liturgy is offered to them in a language which not one out of a dozen can understand. Before mystifying them with novel services, it would be well to teach them to read their own Scriptures.

Briefly, then, what is the sum of what has been said? That ignorance of Hebrew literature, and specially of the sacred writings, begets both in minister and congregation a freezing indifference to all that lies beyond a few of the distinctive tenets of their faith. Neither of them trouble their heads much about reading or thinking. And as to prophecy—that is a domain which they only glance at in order hurriedly to pronounce it forbidden.

The truth is that there is little temptation to enter upon a study which has been made doubly difficult by the want of common honesty. What Schöttgen says, in terms of well-merited indignation, about the treatment which Isaiah vii. 14 has received at the hands of the rabbis, will apply with equal force to other though perhaps less apparent instances,—"Hoc caput Judæi antiquiores ex inscitiâ, juniores vero ex malitiâ neglexerunt." It seems certain that in several Messianic passages which made against the Jewish argument, the opinions of the older rabbis—favourable to the Christian sense—were suppressed, and other interpretations boldly adopted in their place. These last have gradually, and perhaps inevitably, come to be received as the *only* interpretation. An able writer,[1]

[1] *Dean Lyall*, "Preparation of Prophecy," p. 188.

of recent days speaks thus:—"The Jews, no doubt, have in numerous cases thrown aside the testimony of ancient witnesses." And then, after quoting a passage from the writings of Rabbi Simeon, the author or compiler of the famous Zohar, which invokes a curse upon any one who proposes interpretations other than those which he has heard from the mouth of the rabbis; the same authority proceeds to say:—"Certainly the spirit of this admonition has been transgressed in various instances by the Jews, *in silently dropping many doctrines and traditions of their Church which afforded a handle to their adversaries.*" To outsiders this may seem to be a matter of little consequence, but to an enquiring Jew—when that rare phenomenon appears—it makes all the difference in the world that the modern explanation of certain leading passages of prophecy should differ from the older line of teaching. The discovery will probably throw him back into his favourite attitude of listlessness, and will check the first quickening of his search after knowledge.

But if Jews rest satisfied with their ignorance of much that pertains to the right understanding of their own religion, of all, or nearly all, that belongs to the Christian faith, they are helplessly in the dark. Setting aside some of the deeper controversies which have harassed professing Christians to such an extent as to forbid the hope that a quick-witted and practical people like the Jews would burden themselves with the settlement of doctrines, about which scarcely two of the conflicting sects can make up their minds to agree, it is startling to note the ignorance which prevails in the commonest matters of historical research, and to see how the worn-out calumnies of their race are paraded anew in modern clothing.

It is difficult, perhaps, to make proper allowance for the puzzling aspect which divided Christendom must present to a thoughtful Jew. His love of unity is deep and clear. He is not like a West African savage, who is awaking for the first time from a dream of debasing superstition to the open knowledge of the One true God. It may matter little to such an one—accustomed to stumble upon Gods and worship at variance with his own as often as the chances of trade or war carry him beyond the borders of his tribe—that Baptists, Wesleyans, Roman Catholics, and half a dozen more, are angrily bidding against each other for the possession of his soul, a thing upon which he himself sets a very moderate value, and only half believes in.

The spectacle may flatter his sense of importance without at all shocking his ideas of propriety. All forms of religion are the same to him; but he has the most enthusiastic reverence, perhaps, for that which brings into the field the greatest number of clubs and spears. A gun-boat up his river is decisive, and he listens with all becoming gravity to whatever form of doctrine may follow in its wake. But it is different with the Jew. In the first place he is not in the least of a susceptible or enquiring turn of mind, and in the next, he surveys with a contempt, which he takes no pains to disguise, the battle-field of Christian theology, where wave the standards of more varieties of faith than he can count, and where the air is heavy with the war-cries of party leaders, who turn their weapons againt each other's breasts quite as often as against the common foe. It is vain to tempt him to join in the combat, and to side with one or other of the contending hosts. He only shakes his head in disdain. We can scarcely put ourselves in the position of a man who has been trained to believe and who, probably, does believe with more or less intensity, that it is waste of time to look for truth and sincerity outside the circle described by the rabbis. The perplexity of the case is fully admitted, but, at the same time, it is equally hard, not to say impossible, for an earnest-minded Christian, belong he to what sect he may, to comprehend the frame of mind which refuses all inquiry, disdains all evidence, and misrepresents facts with a persistency which the passage of eighteen hundred years has done very little to shake.

Jews, to be sure, are not brought much into contact with their Christian fellow-subjects; or, to speak more accurately, they experience hardly anything of that higher form of association which might send them thoughtfully home to examine into the foundation of their faith. Lower and middle-class Jews know next to nothing of Christians, except in the way of trade, and this relation—truth to tell—is not always the happiest and best. Nobody hears of a religious Christian family being on intimate terms with their Jewish neighbours. The Israelite is only brought indoors to be badgered about his faith; and even when both sides agree to give and take as much as conscience will allow, there is always the risk of something being said or done which would offend susceptibilities jealously alive to spy out motes, and to magnify them into beams, as a tribute to the orthodoxy of their own profession. This sort of intercourse *could never go on*, so, as a rule, it is rarely attempted.

Here and there a Jew may have the *entrée* of a Christian household, or a Christian may be asked to sit at meat at a Jewish table, or the little people may occasionally come together in the nursery, but in no case will the intercourse be hearty or real. Beyond paring off a few of the topmost prejudices, and sowing the seed of a somewhat sickly form of regard, nothing will come of the incompatible Hebrew sitting over the fire with his uncongenial neighbour.

Nor are matters much improved when we come to the upper classes. Wealthier Hebrews mingle with slight appearance of restraint in the amusements of fashionable life; but whether this is calculated to intensify their veneration for Christian thought and manners, it would be superfluous to enquire. Enough to know that conversions are not often set down to the credit of such influence. The commonest, and in many cases the only way in which a Jew finds himself in personal contact with Christianity as a converting force (setting aside the existence of churches, schools, and other things which are a perpetual witness to the vital energy of a creed in the face of which he chooses to nurse his unbelief) is through the agency of missionaries. But these are just the very men to drive him to distraction. Either they are Jews by birth, who turn him to stone at the bare thought of their having forsworn Moses; or they are men sent out like Samson's foxes with lighted torches tied to their tails to burn down the full-ripe crops of Israelitish superstition. Whichever class they be, he strengthens his heart against them, and will have none of their doctrine or reproof.

And he is equally averse to reading books of controversy. In vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird, and let us do our Jew the justice to say that the literary efforts for his conversion are often so ill-timed and clumsy that he looks upon them with suspicion, if not with actual contempt. No department of theology, perhaps, has suffered more at the hands of ignorant and intemperate apostles than that which relates to doctrines in dispute between Jew and Gentile. Giddy as is at best the precipice that frowns between the sky-capped heights of Christian liberty and the low-lying levels of Levitical bondage, headstrong enthusiasm on the one side, and dogged perverseness on the other, have contrived to deepen it a thousandfold.

But in the midst of a wide-spread ignorance of Hebrew language and literature combined, as must in all fairness be said, with an almost entire want of interest in Christian thought

and feeling, education is making rapid strides, though not in a strictly Jewish direction. The mental current is working out for itself a worthier channel than the shallow bed of Rabbinical tradition, without allowing itself to be enriched by the inpouring of Christian waters.

A generation or two ago every boy used to be brought up as if it were intended to make him a rabbi. It was Law and Talmud, Talmud and Law, from morning to night, varied only by just enough arithmetic to enable him to sit at a desk, or to push his fortune behind a counter. For a father to have sent his child to a school where Christians resort, would have been to lay himself bare to the contempt of all his people. To have advanced a step further, and to have committed his education to Gentile hands, or—stopping short of this unutterable abomination—to have allowed him to stray into the by-paths of such unhallowed learning as geography, history, natural science, and the rest, would have been to bring down upon his house the whole catalogue of horrors which the Talmud has denounced against those who walk in the way of the nations. Such reckless disregard of traditional usage would never have been thought of, except as an impossible act of depravity. What, indeed, could a man do more, unless he publicly dined on pork, and laughed outright at Moses?

But things are all altered now. Jews are found in Christian schools, and side by side with uncircumcised fellow-students in the class-lists of Christian universities. The result is discernible in a cultivation which equals, and occasionally outstrips, the hottest Gentile competition. Science, as well as languages, dead and living, are now pushed forward by Hebrew students with an energy which seems to have forgotten that the Talmud has set its face like a flint against every kind of learning that is not to be drawn from its own pages. Oddly enough, the one thing forgotten is their own sacred Hebrew. Is it because the characters of the hallowed tongue hide few secrets which worldly men care to master? However the anomaly may be explained, it remains most sorrowfully true that in the quick-footed race for knowledge, the massive old Hebrew is allowed to lag in the rear of lighter French and German, and that while Jews are eagerly exploring the antiquities of alien countries, they are coldly forgetful of their own. "To our shame be it said, there is not one history of the Jews in England written by an English Jew. . . . . Such a literary work would re-

move a reproach which, I regret to say, now attaches to Anglo-Judaism." Thus speaks Dr. Hermann Adler,[1] a man of all others who may be supposed to know what he is talking about, and who is not likely to put his people to public shame for the sake of administering an undeserved reproof. The truth is, that, say what one might, it would be hard to exaggerate the apathy with which modern Jewish progress regards the annals of its own hallowed line.

From among the advanced disciples of this school has sprung the greatest movement that has stirred the Jewish community since the days when the Cross was first preached to a scoffing and blaspheming crowd. Men are now to be reckoned by the hundred who are banding themselves together in a confederacy of intellectual study, which, when carried out to its legitimate results, is found to be destructive of the first principles of Rabbinical theology. Opinions are professed, not in the privacy of domestic life, but publicly in the synagogue, and through the agency of the press, which for free handling of doctrine, no less than for the supercilious indifference with which they make havoc of immemorial tradition, must needs set one marvelling whether the speakers, in casting aside the superstitions of their fathers, have not flung away the distinctive tenets of their religion as well. The "Reformers"—for so they love to name themselves—seem determined that a broad and well-drawn line shall separate between the orthodox and themselves. Here, at least, there shall be no confusion or mistake. Behind them lie the Talmud and its interpreters, left to moulder into forgetfulness as relics of a world that has wearily groped its way through ages of mental darkness into the full blaze of modern truth, and before them ———. What their future may be, the hardiest, perhaps, of their number would scarcely take upon him to affirm. Enough to know that for the present they ostentatiously separate themselves in name, in doctrine, and in worship from the main body of old-fashioned believers; that they have abandoned ordinances which have always been cherished with devotion as land-marks of religion; that they have introduced into home and synagogue novelties which are potent enough to earn the curses of the whole of orthodox Jewry; and that every year sees disciples added to them by dozens from among the flower of Israelitish thought and culture. If anything is wanting to deepen the weird-like colouring of the

[1] "The Jews in England," p. 6.

re, it is to be found in the fact that while the "Reformers" ɐnt upon severing themselves from the Judaism of the they exhibit no inclination to ally themselves with the tianity of the present. Conversions from their ranks are f more frequent occurrence than from among those of the ıchest orthodox. They themselves would be the first to t the supposition that there is anything in their doctrine ɹrship which would betray the unwary into the acceptance ʎ fragment of the Christian faith. And they are right. ɜ liberal professors of Neo-Judaism are less promising cts for missionary operations even than the most exclusive ınenquiring of the orthodox. So far, therefore, from this ectual movement being a help towards conversion, it seems, r, to offer one more obstacle to the reception of Christian ing.

t passing by the "Reformers," and turning once more to nain body of the Jewish people, a further, and perhaps all the most insurmountable hindrance to their conversion ɔe found in the nervous sensitiveness with which they look ɣthing that may be supposed, in ever so remote a way, to l against "the spirit of Judaism."

ıat this may be, it would not be easy to say. It is an ɔe so volatile as to disappoint every effort to fix it within mits of verbal definition, and all the more so because the e is just as likely to be found in the mouth of a thorough- "Reformer" as of one of the soberest of the orthodox. They lk about it with affectionate respect, and, judging by the ing eye and flushing cheek, it involves a verity which lers will fruitlessly try to seize.

s common enough, for example, to meet with a man who year's end to year's end is never known to be in his place ɔlic worship, who gives no alms, who lends upon usury to rother, who keeps no fasts, who has almost forgotten ʌay to observe his feasts, who rides and drives on the .th, who mates with a Gentile woman, who sends his ɐn to Christian schools, and who will yet strike his breast ɜvery appearance of uncompromising earnestness, while he ɜs you that "the spirit of Judaism burns strong within

It is quite possible, of course, that his fervour may be ɹth, but it is quite as likely to be real, that is to say, the nay have persuaded himself, in spite of certain acknow- l *frailties and omissions*, that he is a good Israelite at

bottom, and that his latent Judaism only wants a little brushing up to come forth in all its native brilliance. And he is not entirely without ground for his confidence, since it is a well-acknowledged principle amongst the rabbis that no Jew can be finally lost. He must take his turn in purgatory, to be sure—for he has the place though not the name—until the unrepented sins of the flesh are done away. But sooner or later there is the certainty of escape, for does not Abraham himself sit at the gate of Gehenna to see that favour is shown to each one of his erring children?

With ideas of this kind, therefore, burnt indelibly into his mind, a Jew's temptation to traffic in strange forms of worship, or, indeed, to busy himself with much energy in things which pertain to his own, is but small. Thus, then, ever since the captivity of Babylon has checked the fatal readiness of wandering after idols, the Jew has shown himself as little inclined to enquire into newer forms of belief as he has to bring in proselytes to his own. The old religion does well enough for him, as it did for his fathers before him, and the bare thought of change seems like turning round upon his family. Whether he be lax or strict, the man is still a Jew, and most likely is thoroughly in earnest when he tells you that he means to live and die a Jew. Anyhow, he has no inclination—not the faintest in the world—to die a Christian.

(*To be continued.*)

GENTLEMAN GRAY'S WIFE.

CHAPTER X.

THE PORTRAIT IN THE PORTFOLIO.

PUNCTUAL to the hour Mr. Gordon arrived to take a friendly cup of tea with Mrs. Wentworth and her daughters. She was anxious to remove or soften down any feeling of pain or annoyance which he might have felt when he called at Half-moon Street on the night of the dinner-party, and was so unceremoniously told she could not be seen.

Harriet Wentworth had been informed by her mother that she required her to treat Mr. Gordon with proper respect as the deacon of the chapel. She was rather amused at the idea of doing the agreeable to one of her uncle's tradespeople, but there was a pleasant, unobtrusive, yet dignified manner in the unusual visitor which forced the lively girl to respect him, in spite of what she considered his inferior position. She had the good sense also to pay to him the deference due from youth to age. As for Maria, she had heard enough in the porch on the preceding Sunday from Mr. Gordon to prove his acquaintance with William Gray, and to make her long for his visit without admitting the exact reason. After the removal of the tea-things, Mr. Gordon asked,—

"Have you been making any additions to your portfolio lately, Miss Wentworth?"

"I have not had much time for drawing this summer," she replied; "and I think you have seen the last two landscapes, Mr. Gordon."

"I think not, Miss Wentworth," he replied. Yet still she hesitated, for even to Mr. Gordon Maria was too reserved and timid to wish to show off her accomplishments.

"Bring your portfolio, my dear," said Mrs. Wentworth, anxious at this time to show her visitor more than usual attention. "Mr. Gordon may not have seen the drawings you refer to."

"And if I have," he said, pleasantly, "I shall like to see them again; Miss Wentworth's portfolio is always a treat to me. And you know, perhaps, that in our business some little artistic

taste is required, especially in the workmanship of ornamental furniture."

Maria's cheeks flushed as she turned to obey her mother. She had lately heard of a young cabinet-maker possessing this requisite taste, and she wondered how much Mr. Gordon knew about him, and whether he would mention his name. The portfolio was brought, and laid open on the large dining-table. Mrs. Wentworth generally dined early when alone with her daughters, and drank tea in the dining-room, a large, pleasant room at the back of the house. With great interest Mr. Gordon turned over various sketches, both in pencil and water-colours, which he understood enough of drawing to appreciate; and, as he expected, there were several new ones amongst them. Maria stood by him, listening with interest to his just remarks and candid criticisms. All at once, with a flushed cheek and a sudden movement, she leaned forward and snatched from the portfolio what appeared to be a small blank sheet of paper.

"Oh, you have taken something away, Miss Maria; you must let me see it," said Mr. Gordon, good-naturedly: "something good, no doubt."

Mrs. Wentworth, who was seated in an easy chair at a little distance, looked up in surprise.

"What have you taken away, Maria?" she asked.

"Nothing, mamma,—at least, nothing worth showing to Mr. Gordon, or that he will care to see;" and as she spoke she blushed so painfully that the tears actually glittered on her eyelashes, and she glanced at her mother with a look that implored silence.

Mrs. Wentworth hesitated from surprise; what could her gentle, timid daughter Maria have in her portfolio which she so evidently wished to conceal?

Harriet Wentworth sat by the table at work, and she saw that her sister's hand held the paper behind her back as she stood. While Mrs. Wentworth hesitated, acting on a sudden impulse which she afterwards regretted, Harriet passed her hand behind her sister, snatched the paper suddenly from her, and laid it triumphantly on the table.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mr. Gordon, seizing it hastily, "I never saw such a capital likeness in my life."

"A likeness!" exclaimed Mrs. Wentworth, rising and approaching the table; "of whom, pray?"

"Of my friend William Gray, the young man who passed us

in the porch on Sunday. Did you sketch this from memory, Miss Maria?" he added, looking up.

But Maria, when she saw the fatal paper exposed to Mr. Gordon's view, had rushed from the room in an agony of shame which only such sensitive natures can understand.

"My daughter has left the room," said Mrs. Wentworth, quietly; "she is naturally ashamed that her peculiar propensity for sketching profiles has been discovered by you."

"I hope Miss Maria is not offended at my looking at it so eagerly; the likeness is so startling, I could not help exclaiming with surprise. But pray," said the old gentleman, with anxious earnestness, "ask her to come back, Miss Harriet, that I may apologize."

"Go and find your sister, my dear," said her mother; and as Harriet left the room to obey, Mrs. Wentworth remarked, "I have no doubt my daughter is more vexed with herself than with you, Mr. Gordon. She has a wonderful power of retaining in her memory a profile which she has once seen, and more particularly if it is remarkable for beauty or ugliness. When she was less impressed with the solemnity of religious worship than she is now, she would fill her portfolio with sketches of a variety of faces that had attracted her at any public assembly; and if they were well-known characters, it was impossible not to recognise them at once,—and all from memory, for of course she could not take pencil and paper to church, neither did she need to do so."

"It is a wonderful gift," said Mr. Gordon.

"It is a gift," she replied, "but one over which Maria laments and mourns. She has encouraged the habit till it is so strong upon her as to interfere with her religious duties. It is partly on this account that she sits, as no doubt you have noticed, with her back to the congregation."

"I wonder then," said the old gentleman, looking at the portrait, "what opportunity she could have had to notice my young friend's face."

"On some occasion, doubtless, when strangers have been in the pew, and she has been obliged to take a seat elsewhere. And this is certainly a handsome profile," she added, taking up the portrait and looking at it with a mixture of scorn and dread, which Mr. Gordon did not observe. "It is evident her artistic taste was attracted by it, and a few minutes would be quite sufficient to enable her to carry it home. I can un-

derstand also how painfully annoyed she feels at your finding the portrait of a young man in her portfolio; but I think you know my position and my daughter's character too well to suppose she amuses herself by noticing the young men at Shepherd's Market Chapel, especially after the explanation I have given you, Mr. Gordon. Of course you will not mention the circumstance to any one, least of all to your friend?"

"Most assuredly not, madam," replied Mr. Gordon, who felt not only the proud manner of the lady, but the implied superiority of herself and her daughter in the words she had used. "I do not suppose it necessary to assure you that you may have confidence in me on this point."

"Thank you, Mr. Gordon," she replied; "and now," she said, laughing, "I dare say I can find your portrait somewhere."

And she seated herself and carefully turned over drawing after drawing to prove to Mr. Gordon that there were no more portraits of young men among them. But her last words had diverted his attention.

"What, has Miss Maria placed my old face on paper? I really feel it quite an honour."

"I cannot find it now," replied Mrs. Wentworth; "but some day Maria shall show you her portrait-book, it is really very amusing, and no doubt yours is amongst them. What is keeping those girls out of the room?" she added, rising and ringing the bell. "I must send for them; I am sure you would like a little music, Mr. Gordon."

Harriet, feeling very penitent for her thoughtlessness, found her sister standing in the bay-window of the drawing-room, looking out over the moonlit park, and so lost in thought that she started as her sister spoke. "Maria dear, mamma has sent me to find you;" and then as she saw the tears glistening on her cheek, she threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming, "Oh, Maria dear, have I really made you unhappy? I am so sorry. I didn't know whose portrait it was; you never showed it to me, I knew nothing about it. I'm sure it's exactly like him. I've only seen the young man twice, and I should know it anywhere: and I've seen him look at you, too, Maria; not during the service, for he seems very devout, but when we are leaving the pew. If he was a gentleman now, I should like him for a brother-in-law above all things; but he's only an upholsterer like Mr. Gordon. Did you not hear him say so on Sunday?"

Harriet rattled on so fast that her sister could not stop her.

Till at last she said quietly, in a sad voice, "Oh, Harriet dear, think what mamma will say when she finds I can look at the young tradesmen long enough to take their portraits! and what will Mr. Gordon think of me? How silly I was to sketch it at all! It was done a long time ago, and I felt at the time how sinfully I was acting in God's house, and yet the next day I could not help sketching the face."

"Why did you not destroy it?" asked Harriet.

Ah, why? That was a question Maria felt unable to answer.

"I cannot tell you," she replied, "but I know I ought to have done so."

"Oh, well, never mind," said Harriet, "it can't be helped now; and mamma is sure to explain it all to Mr. Gordon about your love of drawing, and all that; so dry your eyes, and let us go down-stairs: and here comes Hannah to call us,—just what I expected.—We're coming, Hannah.—Now, Maria dear, cheer up. You'll see it will be all right."

As the two girls entered the dining-room they found Mr. Gordon with his chair drawn close to the sofa on which Mrs. Wentworth sat, and he was telling her something with great earnestness, to which she listened in a manner evidently intended to conceal her interest in the subject. When she saw her daughters she paused abruptly in a remark she was making, and said, "Maria, will you play something?—Mr. Gordon, I think you like music?" she added, turning to him.

"I like it well enough," he replied, "to wish we could have more melody in our religious services; but you know there is still a strong objection among the majority of Dissenters to introduce instrumental music in our worship. I think it would be an improvement."

"I think so too," she replied. "Well, Maria will play you some of the music from Handel."

"Anything Miss Maria chooses I shall like," said the good man, who regretted deeply having unintentionally wounded the gentle girl who always treated him with so much deference. Almost unknown to himself Mr. Gordon had an ear for sweet sounds, and the wonderful music from "The Messiah" which Maria played as if her heart understood every marvellous tone of the great composer, so fascinated him, that Mrs. Wentworth's intention of continuing the conversation was completely baffled.

"They shall play one of their duets presently," she said to

herself, and Harriet's bass will drown every other sound in the room."

When Maria paused, and Mrs. Wentworth proposed the duet, Mr. Gordon expressed himself charmed at the idea; if the playing of one performer could be so delightful, a duet seemed only likely to double the entertainment.

The two girls seated themselves and commenced. After a rattling introduction Maria played the air with her usual taste, and an occasional "Hush" to Harriet softened the bass. Mrs. Wentworth waited patiently while her visitor could do nothing but listen, but the turning of the first page was followed by such a heavy fire of notes, that after a few seconds of mute astonishment Mr. Gordon withdrew his attention from the music to answer a question put by Mrs. Wentworth on a subject much more interesting to him just then. Before the heavy cannonading of the last page of one of Hertz's duets had ceased, Mrs. Wentworth learnt all she wished to know respecting the young man, a sketch of whose profile occupied her daughter's portfolio. At nine o'clock the supper-tray made its appearance, and shortly after Mr. Gordon took a friendly leave of the ladies, satisfied in his own mind that he had spent a very pleasant evening. But as he walked quietly on towards his own home, a rather unsatisfactory recollection arose in his mind of Mrs. Wentworth's manner when speaking of the young men of the congregation. "I am afraid," said the good old gentleman to himself, "that humility is not one of the Christian virtues Mrs. Wentworth professes to have learnt at our chapel. I know Sir Henry Arundel's family is one of the oldest in the kingdom; they are not very rich, but they are really and truly well born, and Mrs. Wentworth, with all her religious profession, cannot forget the fact. That sweet, gentle daughter of hers is the most humble-minded girl I ever knew. I'm very much mistaken, too, if she has not taken a fancy to our 'Gentleman Gray;' why, he would be the very man for her. In education and refinement of manner he is certainly her equal, but then unfortunately he is a tradesman, and I can fancy her mother's indignation at the bare thought of such a match. Well, I suppose this class feeling, which creates such a distance between the different orders of society, is for some wise purpose necessary, and yet I think there are signs of a move in a contrary direction. The next generation, I fear, will make money the standard; there is a tendency that way already, and a great talk

about the march of intellect, but in my opinion neither money nor education will ever give that peculiar something in the tone and manner which seems born with such people as Mrs. Wentworth and her family. Yet, after all, what is there to be proud of? Heigho!" sighed the good deacon, "I believe self-interest is the ruling principle of human actions; and how hard it is to keep on in the straight and narrow way without meeting with Mr. By-ends, and agreeing with him too. Here am I, visiting this lady, who I know in her heart looks down upon me as a tradesman, because I wish her to retain her sittings at our chapel, in the hope that her spiritual welfare may be benefited by what she hears and learns there. And yet I dare not talk faithfully to her respecting this most important of all subjects, for fear of offending her and losing some of my best customers. Ah, good old John Bunyan was a keen observer of the obstacles in the Christian's path. At all events," said the deacon, as he approached his own door, "I am glad she asked me so many questions about Gray, it enabled me to prove that her amiable daughter, if she has noticed him at all, has not been attracted by a coarse, vulgar, uneducated tradesman, merely because he has a handsome face."

While her visitor thus reasoned with himself as he walked home, Mrs. Wentworth sat alone in the dining-room, after her daughters and the servants had gone to bed, also soliloquizing on almost the same subject. She had listened with surprise and interest to Mr. Gordon's account of William Gray's antecedents and all relating to him. But her daughter's evident confusion at the discovery of the portrait, although explained away by her mother as arising from other causes, still opened that lady's eyes to the fact that the young men of Shepherd's Market Chapel would, after all, dare to look at her daughter; and worse still, that her daughter might become attracted by such notice.

And now what was she to do? She had joined a society of religious people who, in the eyes of the world, were almost all beneath her and her family in position and by birth, and yet the religion she admired in them, and with which she supposed herself thoroughly acquainted, taught her that God is no respecter of persons, and that one of its earliest lessons is humility.

This young man, so strangely called "Gentleman Gray," if Mr. Gordon's account could be credited, was just such as she should choose as a husband for Maria,—educated, refined, even

polished in Mr. Gordon's eyes, clever, steady, and energetic in business, and truly and certainly one who loved religion and feared God. But he was a farmer's son—he followed a mechanical trade, and he kept a shop! Could she endure to visit her daughter as she sometimes visited Mr. Gordon's family, and sit talking to her in a back parlour behind the shop, or in a so-called drawing-room over it? And the high-born lady actually shuddered at the thought. No, it must not be; she would give up her sittings at the chapel, and remove her daughters from such contamination. Maria could as yet know nothing of this man. If he were so high principled and honourable as Mr. Gordon asserted, he was not the person to attempt any clandestine means of becoming acquainted with her. And even had he done so, she knew her daughter too well to imagine for one moment that these efforts at acquaintance would be encouraged.

"Ah," she thought, "how I wish I had been more urgent with her in favour of Charles Merton! She has certainly some liking for the young man, who would have made her an excellent husband." Here she paused. "Excellent, do I say?" she muttered almost aloud. "Could any man have been more amiable, more loving, more devoted, or more likely to make an 'excellent' husband than my own? And yet all his good qualities were useless, because he had no true Christian principle to guide him. How often poor uncle James used to tell me this! but I would not heed his warnings. To be the wife of the meanest tradesman in London would be a better fate for my daughter than my own has been, if her husband were a man of truly Christian principles."

The clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve. Mrs. Wentworth rose, carefully turned down the lamp, took up her chamber candle, and went to bed; but she could not sleep, and it was not until morning dawned that she could form any decision as to the proper course to pursue. Then, after tossing to and fro for so many hours, she fell into a deep sleep. Mrs. Wentworth had not, with all her newly acquired respect for religion, learnt the child-like lesson which teaches us that nothing is too insignificant, nor any trouble too trifling to be made the subject of prayer to our Father in heaven.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNEXPECTED CUSTOMER.

LIAM GRAY sat at a desk in a counting-house, railed off at ɔack of his large and well-filled shop. He held a pen in his l suspended over the business-looking papers before him, his thoughts were far away from their pages. A door at a t distance from where he sat opened, disclosing extensive :shops, with many busy workmen actively engaged. A ɔctable-looking middle-aged man advanced, and inquired ɔcting some matter connected with an order they were hing. In an instant the absent look vanished from the ɛr's face,—he was again the thoughtful man of business, ıg his orders calmly and firmly. When the foreman turned r and re-entered the workshops, William Gray took up his to commence writing, but it would not do. As he bent his over the page its contents vanished, and a fair, beautiful with its delicate red and white, flitted across it. The ɛst violet eyes that had glanced so timidly at him on the ious Sunday as he left the porch of the little chapel seemed ıile at him as he attempted to write. In spite of the inborn ement which kept him from rudeness, William Gray had ɔed often enough on that gentle face to fix every feature on nemory. He was conscious, too, that his glances had been ɛd, for he had seen the rich colour deepen, though the eyes ıever been raised to his till that last Sunday previously to the al in town of Sir Henry Arundel; and how he remembered prized that timid recognition!

ıirty years ago, gentle reader, young ladies in good society kept so retired, and taught to be so reserved with gentle- that their manners sometimes had the appearance of prud- ɛss. Riding alone in omnibuses or cabs, as young ladies do would have been considered as the height of indiscretion. as the reaction from a period of freedom which prevailed ıg the end of the last and the commencement of the present ıries. There is something of reaction going on now. Women is generation are better educated in all classes of society; are more independent, more self-reliant, less helpless and ful than their mothers and grandmothers, who were never

allowed to walk out alone. Men have learnt to treat this self-reliance and independent conduct with respect, either from their own good sense or by the stringent laws of the country, so that women may travel alone all over the kingdom, or even abroad, without a loss of womanly dignity or fear of insult. Yet there is the usual tendency to extremes, and our young ladies would do well to draw a boundary line to their own independence. After all, there was something very attractive in the retiring manners, clinging nature, and simple dress of those days, when a close cottage bonnet shaded the sweet modest face of a young English lady.

These were in a great measure the characteristics of Maria Wentworth which had so fascinated William Gray. Sunday after Sunday he had continued to attend the chapel, allowing his mind during the week to dwell on the fact that he had seen the only woman he should like for a wife, while he knew that all means of obtaining her were totally out of the question. Was it likely that the niece of a baronet, belonging to one of the oldest families in England, would consent to such a marriage, even if the young lady's mother did not oppose it? and even then how could he ever obtain an introduction to Mrs. Wentworth? And to attempt any underhanded means to gain acquaintance with her daughter was as impossible to the high-principled young man as it would have been for him to commit forgery or theft.

"No," he thought, "this must be ended. I will give up my seat at the chapel. While I allow these foolish fancies to enter my mind, business is set aside, and I can think of nothing else."

Then, with an effort, he took up his pen and resolutely set himself to the papers before him; but it would not do, and he at last threw it down in utter disgust at his own want of firmness.

At this moment he heard the handle of the shop door gently turned, and looking up hastily in that direction he saw a tall, stately lady enter, whom to his amazement he instantly recognised as Mrs. Wentworth. He advanced quickly, and bowed in acknowledgment of her "Good morning, Mr. Gray." Then, after a pause, during which the fanciful notion that the lady had actually come to seek his acquaintance arose in his mind, she said, "I have been recommended to you by your friend Mr. Gordon, as he thinks you are more likely than himself to

have an elegant work-table, which I wish to present to my niece, whose house I believe you furnished."

This commonplace speech on business gave William Gray time to recover himself, for the sudden appearance of the lady whose daughter at that moment occupied his thoughts had deprived him of his usual self-command. Not more than half a dozen words had passed from her lips, however, when he despised himself for his mad folly, and became at once the attentive man of business to his new customer.

"I think I have a table that will suit you exactly, madam," he said, and he led her to the end of his large shop, making way for her to pass by removing some valuable articles of furniture with which the place seemed crowded. Then he drew out and placed before her a beautiful little work-table of highly polished chestnut, carved and fitted in the most elegant manner.

Mrs. Wentworth looked at it admiringly. "I am afraid the price will exceed my means," she said at last.

In spite of his mistaken idea of the motive of her visit—in spite of his resolutions to think no more of her daughter, the young man longed to offer it to her as a present. But this he dared not do; he felt that she would consider it almost an insult, so he unhesitatingly mentioned the price. It was a large sum for Mrs. Wentworth's slender purse, but she also knew the character of the young tradesman too well to ask him to lower it.

"I have another table, madam, less expensive," he said, seeing her hesitate, "but this will be much more suitable for Mrs. Denny; it is made of the same wood as her drawing-room furniture. Indeed, I intended sending it to Berkeley Square before her arrival there, as Sir John Denny, the major's father, desired me to spare no expense."

"My niece is not aware of your intention, I presume?" asked Mrs. Wentworth.

"No, she is not; therefore if you would like to have it sent there as your present, I shall be most happy to do so."

"Well," she said, "I will take it, and perhaps you will kindly just draw out a little memorandum and a receipt, and I will pay you at once."

"Will you allow me to send you a bill, madam?—it is of no immediate consequence," said William, hastily. All this buying and selling and paying money seemed to place him at such an

immeasurable distance from Mrs. Wentworth and her family, he could scarcely bear it.

"Well, yes, if you prefer it, Mr. Gray," she replied, "and then I can enclose you a cheque for the amount. You have a very large stock of furniture," she remarked, as she moved towards the door.

"Just at present I have," he replied, "but the greater part of it is going into the country in a few days, and then we shall have more room."

"Who recommended Sir John Denny to you?" asked Mrs. Wentworth.

"I believe it was Squire Evelyn," he replied; "he has known me from a child."

"Oh, then you are a native of Devonshire, I presume?"

"Yes, madam; my father rents Maple farm on Squire Evelyn's estate."

"Are your parents living?" she asked again.

"Yes, both of them, and were in excellent health when I last heard from them."

"These couches," said the lady, seating herself on one behind her while she talked, as if inclined for a pleasant chat, "are a very great improvement on the old horsehair sofas. Do you find the spring seats durable?"

"They will be in time," he replied, "when the owners know how to use them. At present they cannot bear rough treatment, and I have also no doubt that as scientific knowledge advances, we shall find some means of making the springs more enduring and firm."

"I think I have seen you at our little chapel, Mr. Gray," said the lady after a pause. "Are you a Dissenter?"

"I can scarcely answer the question," he replied, smiling. "I was christened and confirmed in the Church, but during my apprenticeship in Exeter I attended the chapel with my master and his family, who were Dissenters." He offered no reason for attending at Shepherd's Market Chapel; he could not tell her what kept him there, and he was too truthful to account for it in any other way.

"Yours is not a Devonshire name, Mr. Gray," she remarked presently.

William Gray had learnt from his old schoolmaster the formal yet pleasing style of olden times. He always addressed a middle-aged lady as madam. It was peculiarly grateful to Mrs. Wentworth's ear, as he again replied to her remark,—

"No, madam, it is not. My grandfather was a clergyman, a native of Warwickshire, who married a farmer's daughter while he was a curate in Cornwall. He died when his only child, my father, was an infant."

"Did not your grandfather's family notice the child?" she asked.

"No, madam, they did not; and he was brought up by his mother's family at their farm, and is now nothing more than a plain, homely farmer."

"I have heard," said Mrs. Wentworth, to whom the fact that William Gray was the grandson of a clergyman caused a pleasant surprise, "that you have received a classical education. Had you no wish to become a clergyman like your grandfather?"

William Gray's pale face flushed. This lady evidently knew more about him than he had supposed. "I was too young," he said after a pause, "to feel the distinction between a profession and a trade when my future in the world was decided; but my father had been trained to look upon professions as only positions of proud poverty; and above all things my grandmother taught him to despise the income of a poor curate. But I beg your pardon, madam," he said, hastily, "I am detaining you with my personal affairs in which you can have no interest. Will you kindly wait a few minutes while I write down your address and a memorandum that the table is to be sent to Berkeley Square?"

Mrs. Wentworth bowed assent.

"I will not detain you long, Mrs. Wentworth," he remarked, as he walked to his desk.

She looked after him with considerable interest. While they had been talking he stood before her in an easy, almost graceful attitude, leaning his arm on the top of an easy chair which stood near with its back towards them. She had scanned him from head to foot. His clothes were good, but not unsuited to his position as a master tradesman. He was rather above the middle height, slightly built, but erect and well formed. His right hand, which drooped over the chair on which he leaned held a pencil, and Mrs. Wentworth noticed with surprise that it was not only small and well formed, but that the fingers were taper and white. For more than two years he had given up the mechanical work in his trade, so that his hands, as he once told his mother they would do, had recovered their appearance.

"I knew there must be good blood somewhere," she said to herself as she thought of the clergyman grandfather; "farmers' sons do not generally inherit such hands as those." And then she glanced at him as he stood at his desk, and felt rather amused as she recognised the perfect likeness which Maria had produced of the profile now turned towards her.

As he rose from his desk the shop door again opened, and another customer entered. He looked at Mrs. Wentworth as if expecting her to leave.

"I have something more to say to you, Mr. Gray," she said, without rising. "Pray attend to your new customer. I can wait."

It required all William Gray's self-control and the power of business habits to enable him at first to attend properly to the new comer after this very strange intimation. But he succeeded, not only to the gentleman's own satisfaction, but to Mrs. Wentworth's great admiration. She noticed how clearly he explained, and how readily he replied to his customer's remarks. They seemed on very good terms, yet William never appeared to forget his position, but preserved the happy medium between servility and presumption.

As soon as they were again alone, he advanced to Mrs. Wentworth. She rose as he came near, and laid the price of her purchase on a table at her side, saying, "I would rather pay you now, Mr. Gray. I prefer to do so, if you will allow me." Yet she seemed not able to offer him the money.

He did not touch it, but he took the bill which she offered him to his desk, receipted it, and returned it to her. This was all then,—she only wanted to pay him.

Mrs. Wentworth took the receipted bill, and while placing it in her reticule she said, "Mr. Gray, I shall be happy to see you in Half-moon Street any evening on which you can spare an hour or two. We drink tea at six. Will that be too early for you to leave business?"

Was he dreaming? Had he really received an invitation to the house in which resided the woman whose image he had vainly endeavoured to efface from his mind? Surprise for a moment held him silent; then he said with as much calmness as he could muster,—

"Thank you, Mrs. Wentworth; I shall esteem it an honour to accept your kind invitation. Six o'clock will not be too early for me."

"Well, then," she replied, "come to-morrow. We shall expect you to tea."

William Gray held the door open for the lady to pass out, and bowed in answer to her kind farewell; but to utter a reply at that moment was out of the question. No sooner had she gone than he rushed to his desk and seated himself. Without even a glance at the business pages before him, he gave himself up to a train of thought very different from that which had preceded Mrs. Wentworth's visit. This lady had herself opened the way for an introduction to her daughter. She could not possibly have invited him to such friendly intercourse as a family tea-table had she not considered him fit to associate with her daughters. Some slight fear arose in his mind as to the manner in which these young ladies would receive him. A proud sensitiveness made him shrink from encountering any schoolgirl satire from Harriet Wentworth, who had he knew lately returned from school at Paris. Did these girls know of the invitation?—and as a dread of how they might treat him arose in his mind, he almost decided to write and decline the invitation. To be patronized did not quite suit his high spirit. And then he scorned himself for his want of confidence in the gentle, blushing girl whose every look was humility; and for a time he indulged in such a dream of happiness which was to result from this visit that all else vanished from his thoughts. Once only a cloud arose on the bright vision—his mother's words, "Don't bring any fine lady wife here, Willie, to look with contempt on your mother." "No, mother," was his heart's reply; "if even Maria Wentworth could breathe a thought of unkindness or contempt for my mother, she should never be my wife." And so he sat and reflected on all the *pros* and *cons.* of this strange invitation, till at last he bowed his head on the desk and prayed to be directed at this the most critical period of his life.

A movement in the workshops roused him,—the men must be returning from dinner. He looked at his watch; the hands pointed to one o'clock,—he had been sitting there in idleness for more than an hour. Then he summoned one of his head men to attend to the shop while he went up-stairs to his own dinner.

Maria and Harriet Wentworth were practising duets on the grand piano in the drawing-room the next afternoon, when they were startled by a double knock at the door,—a rather modest one certainly, but still a double knock.

"Who can it be calling at this hour?" said Harriet. "Why, it is nearly six o'clock."

Maria did not reply. She was one of those players who are absorbed, soul and spirit, in the music they are performing. She could not in the least understand that mechanical playing which carries the fingers over the keys with rapidity and precision, while the mental powers and the tongue are free. Presently a man's footstep was heard on the stairs, the music stopped suddenly, and the two girls starting from their seats, rushed into the inner drawing-room, and closed one of the folding-doors behind them,—for the other they had no time. Concealed, they stood and heard the servant usher a gentleman into the room, and ask his name.

Now William Gray had not yet aspired to the honour of having a visiting card,—hitherto his visits to such houses as this had been on matters of business; he could only therefore announce himself. The two girls from the inner room heard a pleasant, manly voice reply to the question, "What name, sir?" "Mr. William Gray." They looked at each other in amazement, while Maria's face, neck, and brow were covered with a burning blush. Fortunately for them, the housemaid advanced and closed the other folding-door, without, however, noticing the young ladies. Before they could escape from the room they heard their mother ascend the stairs and enter the drawing-room.

"What does it mean?" whispered Harriet, as her sister, unable to stand for trembling, seated herself on a chair near.

"Hush! I don't know," she replied below her breath. "Oh, Harriet, for shame!" she added, as her sister knelt, and looking through the keyhole, saw her mother advance and hold out her hand to the visitor. Then both girls heard her say, in tones of real welcome,—

"I am very happy to see you at my house, Mr. Gray."

"I have taken you at your word, Mrs. Wentworth," was the reply, in the same manly voice.

"Certainly, I intended you to do so. Where are my daughters?" she added. "I thought they were here at their music." And she rose and rung the bell.

At the first hint from their mother respecting them Maria and Harriet made their escape, ran down-stairs, and entered the dining-room. The tea-table was already spread, and Harriet, calling her sister's attention to it, exclaimed,—

"Maria, the visitor is expected. Look here,—there are four

cups and saucers, and other extra preparations. Oh, Maria, suppose it should be 'Gentleman Gray,' what will you do?"

"Nonsense, Harriet!" said her sister, "there are more people than one named Gray in London; besides, it is not likely mamma would ask him to tea."

"Well, if she has," said the lively girl, "I shall say that she means you to set your cap at him."

"Oh, Harriet, don't," said her sister, in a pained voice: "there is nothing to me so dreadful as the idea of a girl trying to attract a man to marry her. If the movement of a finger would do it, I would not move that finger."

Harriet was about to reply, when the servant appeared.

"If you please, miss, you are wanted in the drawing-room."

"Which of us?" asked Harriet.

"Both of you, miss. I was to tell the young ladies mistress wanted them."

"Come, Maria," said her sister, as the servant left the room, "we must face this gentleman, whoever he is, and you certainly are looking a little better than you did a few minutes ago. How are your nerves?" she added, laughing, and putting her fingers on her sister's wrist.

Maria drew back her hand, saying gently, "Remember, dear Harriet, whether the visitor is a gentleman or not, we must not forget that we are ladies."

After this they went up-stairs silently. Maria remembered the voice which she had heard talking behind her on the preceding Sunday to James Gordon, and she knew it to be the same as that she had just heard in the drawing-room, but before she reached the door she had completely regained her self-possession. Her calm and dignified manner as she entered the room was but another convincing proof of the power which some women can exert over the most powerful emotions.

William Gray rose as the young ladies entered. His own heart beat wildly when he found himself face to face with his *beau idéal* of a lovely woman. To outward appearance he was equally calm as herself. Perhaps he had acquired some of this ease of manner from association for so many years with such a polished man as Mr. Spencer; yet he possessed naturally great command over himself.

"My daughters, Maria and Harriet—Mr. William Gray," said Mrs. Wentworth, and the two young ladies bowed to the young tradesman as if he had been a duke. "Harriet has but lately

returned from Paris," continued Mrs. Wentworth, "but I think you must have seen Maria at chapel with me."

"I have had that pleasure, madam," said William, whose self-possession increased as he saw the calm dignity of the young lady; in fact, there was so much natural pride in the former, and so much assumed coldness in the latter, that on this, their first interview, a great gulf seemed to open between them which placed them farther apart than when seated in the pews of Shepherd's Market Chapel. This growing coldness was interrupted by a summons to tea. William Gray gave his arm to Mrs. Wentworth, and the two girls followed them down-stairs, wondering at their mother more than they had even done when she entertained Mr. Gordon. But the tea-table very soon dissipated all cold formality.

William Gray, encouraged by Mrs. Wentworth's extreme cordiality, soon felt himself at home. His correct pronunciation, notwithstanding the slight Devonshire accent, his power of language, and his great ease of manner soon proved him far superior to most men of his own class; while his pleasant conversation and the fund of anecdote he possessed made him a very agreeable companion to the three ladies.

The evening passed pleasantly, the young ladies played and sang, and although we are obliged to confess that our hero had no ear for music, yet he was not insensible to sweet sounds, especially when produced by Maria Wentworth, who had music enough in her soul to emulate an Orpheus. After supper, at the usual hour, William Gray took his leave, not without a very warm and sincere request that he would soon repeat his visit. He thanked Mrs. Wentworth most warmly, and promised to avail himself of her kindness, but he had no intention of damaging his cause by too frequent visits. Not by word or look had he allowed his feelings towards Maria Wentworth to discover themselves, even to herself or her mother. No, not for worlds would he attempt to win the affections of that gentle girl till he felt tolerably sure that her mother would sanction his advances. What would become of them both if he indulged his own inclinations, and taught her to love him, only to bring anger upon her and contempt on himself? And so the young people parted after that first evening, Maria feeling less romance in their acquaintance, now that he was admitted as a visitor to her mother's house, than when he had only ventured to glance at her while leaving Shepherd's Market Chapel.

ST. CUTHBERT'S PEACE.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

LIVED a Hermit on a lonely island,
Where the foot of man but seldom trod;
Lived he there in solitude and silence,
Lone, not sad, because alone with *God*.

When he chanted forth his Maker's praises
Grand white breakers thundered an Amen,
Wild birds fluttered round in busy chorus,
Caught the notes, and sang them o'er again.

One there was, made tame by the good Hermit,
Which for long had shared his homely cell;
Sweet it sang to him at morn and even,
Sat upon his shoulder, loved him well.

Truth it seemed to him a friend full gentle,
And from heaven seemed its song as sent,
So with this one little bright companion
Lived the saint in marvellous content.

But one day he went forth to the mainland,
Tarried there awhile ere he returned,
And as near he drew to his lone dwelling
Heard not the sweet song for which he yearned.

All was silence, and the cell was empty,
Lay a few torn feathers on the floor;
Ah, some enemy had found the song bird!
Ah, the merry carolling was o'er!

Sooth to say, the Hermit's heart grew heavy,
Heavy as for death of well-loved friend;
So he fared forth to the Island Chapel,—
Whither else should sorrowing spirit wend?

And there, crouching by the simple altar,
Bound it seemed as by some magic spell,
Was the cruel worker of the mischief,
Was the hawk through which this woe befell.

Fluttering, fluttering, but a helpless captive,
Having wrought death in St. Cuthbert's Isle,
Drooped its proud wings, and its fierce eye clouded,
Powerless 'gainst the spell with all its wile.

And the Hermit stood and looked upon it,
Looked upon the wild bird at his feet,
Smoothed between his hands his song-bird's feathers,
Thought "to slay the slayer were but meet."

Then remembered how the holy Cuthbert
Left his "peace" to guard *all* birds from harm,
And so, putting by the thought of vengeance,
Lifted up the hawk with tender arm.

Gazed into the wild bright eyes with pity,
Smoothed the strong wings that had swooped to slay
Bore the bird forth, to the shore stepped downward,
Ope'd his hand, and bade it soar away.

Bade it go in name of good St. Cuthbert,
Scatheless go forth, glad in its release,
Scatheless, saved for ever from all vengeance,
By the legacy of Cuthbert's peace.

Ah! the Hermit's cell that night was lonely,
Closed the silence round with mournful weight,
But the Hermit's heart was light within him,
Soared his praises up to Heaven's gate.

'Cuthbert's peace' was resting on his spirit,
On the heart which put all vengeance by,
Love and gentleness had healed the sorrow,
Filled the cell with endless melody.

NOTE.—For an account of the hermit Bartholomew and St. Cuthbert's Legacy to the Birds of Farne, see "The Hermits," by the Rev. C. Kingsley, pp. 294-6-7.

WESTWARD HO!

BY THE REV. J. J. DANIELL.

WESTWARD Ho! Aboard the steamer *Princess Royal*, 3 o'clock a.m., a-down the Avon, out into the Severn Sea. So all the old writers call the Bristol Channel, which is no channel: a pity people do not call it by its own expressive name. Now if you want a nap, get one: there's nothing to be seen for two hours but mist and haze. Creep down into the little cabin. Quietly! all the sofas are already occupied, but the captain, a pleasant, attentive, careful, intelligent man, will shake up a lot of pillows, and make you comfortable somewhere.

Westward Ho! Don't sleep a moment longer—the sun is up, and struggling bravely through the fog. We are off Porlock—the coast will soon be clear, and we shall hug the land for many a glorious mile. Oh this sea! so clear, so sparkling, so pure, so fresh, so blue, so deep, so beautiful! Oh the joy to have seen the sea once more! Thank God for the glorious sea!

Thank God for the glorious land! Oh those grand old cliffs, so rugged and steep and brown! Oh those flowers and plants and mosses and lichens clinging to the craggy slopes, and tinted with the rays of the new-born sun! Oh those dark green woods, clothing the hillside down to the water's edge! Oh those lovely little beaches of white sand and glittering pebbles! Oh the rich valleys running inland, and the delicious variations of light and shade! Oh! all this scene, above, beneath, around, is truly beautiful, is truly glorious; and our exultant joy in it is true and pure and holy enjoyment.

"That is the edge of Exmoor," says a pleasant old gentleman on board, very chatty and communicative, apparently a dignified cleric; and Exmoor, according to the old chronicler, is a "spacious, coarse, barren, and wilde object, yieldinge little comfort by his rough, could, and riggorous complexion," spared by King John, with Dartmoor, when he dis-forested Devon and Somerset. Here on the wild highland, which covers the west of Somerset and north-east of Devon, part moor, part wood and

brake, part hill and tor, part swamp and rocky brook, are bred vast numbers of small, hardy ponies; and here too, and nowhere else over all fair England, may still be found the Red deer, roaming wild and free. The time was when the noble animal the monarch of the forest, the pride and glory of North Devon, bounded in solitary grandeur over all the trackless wild; but the onward march of man, the poacher's gun, the axe and trowel, the spade and plough, have lessened his numbers, and driven him within very confined limits. Fresh portions of the moor are being continually broken up and enclosed; year by year his range becomes more contracted; and his haunt is only now that waste and open table-land flanked by the Severn Sea, and stretching away from Challacombe and Bratton Fleming on the west, to the foot of the Quantock ridge on the east. Within this narrow circle a few fine creatures still wander, starting at the slightest sound, and dashing away with their branching antlers in a vain search for a spot free from the encroachments of man; but that boy of twelve, so flushed and eager, mounted on his glossy pony, and preparing to join in the annual stag-hunt on the second day of Barnstaple fair, will probably be in at the death of the last of the red deer of the forest of Exmoor. The true breed of the once famous staghound, larger of bone, heavier of body, and deeper of tongue than the common foxhound, is already extinct.

Westward Ho! Still those glorious crags, lit up with golden light; and that blue, blue sea, dancing rejoicingly in the gay matin breeze. We round a point, and suddenly breaks on view what they call in Devonshire "The English Switzerland," Lynton and Lynmouth. Passing lovely is the place: woodland and moorland, hill and dale, tors and cliffs, crystal streams babbling over pebbly beds and tumbling over ivy-mantled rocks, hanging woods fringing the sea, great ferns and gigantic foxgloves, and nigh at hand the Valley of Rocks, with its solemn strange array of pointed and pillared crags, like a vast cathedral ready for a majestic service to the Eternal. They say no doctor can live or die here—he gets no patients, and never grows old himself. Westcote, the old Devon historian, tells us how it was the herrings left Lynmouth:—"About the year 1690, God plentyfully stored the Seavern Sea with herrings (the king of fishes), which shunning theire auncient hauntes in Irelonde, came hither aboundantly in sholes, offering themselves, as I may saye, to the fishers netts, and for 5 or 6 yeares continued to the greate benefitt and

goode of the countrie, until the parson vexed the poore fishermen for extraordinarie and unusual tithes, and then (as the inhabitants reporte) suddainlie the fish clean left the coaste, unwillinge, as may be supposed, by loseing theire lives to cause contention."

The captain points out a tunnel in the rocks—part of the old workings of the Combemartin mines. "This toune is not rich, yet are the people painfull—theire greatest trade and proffitt the making of shoemaker's thred. But the auncient inhabitants, not therewith satisfied, have mined for silver with rich success, and have veryfied the poet's saying,—

"'Non tantum segetes,' &c.

"'Not corn alone, and other fruit for food extracted were
Out of the earthe, but they procede with pickax for to teare
The verie bowells of the same for silver and for gould,
Tho chiefe promoters unto ill and mischiefes manyfould.'"

Camden says: "In the tyme of Edward I. the mines were wrought, but in the tumultuous raigne of his sonne they might chaunce to be forgotten, until Edward III. in his French conquest made goode use of them; and so did Henry V., and lately in our age, in the tyme of Queen Elizabeth, there was found a new lode, and by myneral skill greate quantitie of sylver was landed and refined, of which a riche and faire cup was made and given to the Earle of Bathe; another cup was presented to the Lord Mayor of London, which yett is used in civic feastes." These silver-lead mines, after being a long time abandoned, have been again and again opened and re-worked: the silver lode seems now entirely exhausted, but some iron has been raised at a profit. In this parish was born Thomas Harding. He passed from Winchester School to a Fellowship in New College, Oxford; became Hebrew Professor, and Chaplain to the Duke of Suffolk: "a fierce Protestant, expressing great indignation against the Church of Rome, the very mystery of iniquity, preaching publicly at Oxford, and wishing his voice as loud as a trumpet or the great bell at Osney (now tower of Christ Church) that he might lay open to the hearing of all the superstitions of that Church." Suddenly, on the death of Edward VI., Harding joined the Church of Rome, and thundered out vehement anathemas against Cranmer and the Reformers. The Lady Jane Grey, formerly his pupil, then of the age of seventeen, "understanding that he had fallen from the truth, writ him a

letter of severe expostulation, full of life in the thought," says Burnett, "and of zeal in the expression." Under Mary he became Treasurer of Sarum Cathedral; was deprived by Elizabeth, and withdrawing to Louvain, entered on a long and bitter logomachy with Bishop Jewel, who was a native of Berrynarbor, the next parish to Combemartin, and who had been his schoolfellow at Barnstaple. Jewel went to Oxford at thirteen, even then a diligent scholar and hard reader. "Surely," said his tutor, "Paul's Cross will some day ring with this boy." He made lengthened extracts *inter legendum*, saying that men learn more by frequent writing than by much reading. He threw himself ardently into the advanced ranks of the Reformers. "I should love thee, Jewel," the dean of his college used to say to him affectionately, "if thou wert not a Zwinglian: in thy faith I hold thee heretic; but surely in thy life thou art an angel." He was expelled by Mary, "afterwards put his hand thoughtlessly and hastily to a bede-roll of Popish doctrines;" fled to Frankfort, recanted his subscription, by Elizabeth was appointed to the See of Sarum, wrote the famous "Apology," and a vast number of tractates on controversial theology. Above all the fathers, nearly all of whom he knew face to face intimately, he loved Nazianzen. He was very laborious in the visitation of his diocese, and as he rode to Lacock, in Wiltshire, to preach (it was his last sermon), one, observing his languid look and trembling body, admonished him openly to return home. "Nay," he replied, "it best becometh a bishop to die preaching." He struggled on to Monkton Farleigh, and perceiving the solemn hour drawing near, he desired those about him to say the 71st Psalm, to which he added short and thick prayers, as it were pulses, and besought them to help him with the ardency of their supplications, now that his moisture was dried up and he was himself languid and cold in prayer: and so he died. "One saith, alluding to names, the price, prosperity, and happiness of Aurelius Augustinus, his labours and works—the industrious vigilance of Gregorius—the heavenly gifts of Theodosius—the divine flavour of Ambrosius—the golden mouth of Chrysostomus—the sweet vein of Lactantius—the shining style of Fulgentius, are very conspicuous in their names; so that if anywhere the observation of Chrysostomus be true that there lies a great treasure in names, surely it may be said here that there is illustrious grace in John, and eminent perfection in Jewel."

Westward Ho! Off Ilfracombe! How long is that chapel

of St. Nicholas to continue a shame and desecration? These rocks are superb—prospects, seaward and landward, splendid—scenery bold, diversified, picturesque, romantic—walks and drives extensive and charming—bathing most admirable and enjoyable—but Ilfracombe, with all its beauties, is now become too much of a town. So again, Westward Ho!

"There's the Mort Stone!" cries more than one voice as an ugly black rock rises a few feet above water just off the point on the left, an ominous name which the old Normans gave it, and, sad to say, too truly appropriate in this day. Many a tragic tale is told of the dismal wrecks upon that sunken ridge. "How it may be removed—*hic labor, hoc opus est*,—yet there is an ancient bye-word or proverb by tradition amongst us that saith, 'One man may move Mort Stone, but onlie he that is his wife's master.' Many of us, plaine men of the countrie, of all trades, profecions, and degrees, have put our shoulder to it, with goode hope and our best strength. But it will not move. We therefore thinke it must be a stranger. Some saye a Russian; for the women of that could countrie thinke themselves not beloved of theire housebands, if they be not beaten, at least once every weeke, tho' causelesslie: and our ambassador, that laye long there, tould diverse prettie tales thereof; of which this is one:—'Being ambassador from the Emperour Ferdinando to Basilius, Duke and King of Muscovia, I was lodged in the house of an honourable burgess in the citie of Moscowe, and I saw him oftentimes to beate his wyfe upon no occasion, and yet notwithstanding she lefte not to love him, and they spake kindelie to one the other without the least showe of discontent, and yet the woman was often beaten, sometimes with his dagger, or staffe, or kicht with his foote.' He proceedes,—'There was also a goldsmithe in the same citie, to whome, by means of former acquaintances, I often frequented. I remember his wyfe sent him worde by one of his children, who delivered it in my presence, thus, "Sir, my mother sayth, thou hast not beaten her so mutch as once all this weeke, an if thou doest not, she will not love thee, nor provide any more diet for thee." The gouldsmith, busielie employed about his worke, little regarded his sonnes wordes, neither remembered the countries customs so generally in use as those natrallie borne there (for he was a German, and allowd not this custome to strike his wyfe); yet afterwards, upon her importunitie redoubleing the message, he discharged his dutie by giving her half a dozzen good blowes with a cuggell and

plucking off her head attire; wherewith she was so well pleased that she forthwith calld him to an excellente dinner presentlie prepard for him.' These tales doe expresse the strong ambition to rule of that sex which we call weak, and where men are under command, there is no masterie. And soe I think Mort Stone will stande there for ever."

In the parish church of Mort, or Morthoe, stands an altar tomb, commonly allowed to be the burial-place of Sir W. de Tracy, one of the assassins of Archbishop Becket. This it certainly is not, for he was buried at Cozensa, in Calabria, and the figure on the slab is that of an ecclesiastic in his robes, bearing a chalice; the mutilated inscription, in Norman-French, is an invocation of God's mercy on the soul of a De Tracy. "Concerning that same Sir W. de Tracy, the people have a tradition that, the Pope's banning, curse, and excommunication caused that, wherever he turned, N., S., E., or W., the wind always blew in his face; whereby grew a common proverb in this tract, used on them who had much adverse fortune or ill chances, 'Thou art like Sir W. de Tracy; wind and weather is always against thee.'"

Westward Ho! But hark! and hark again! the full, deep, solemn sound of a bell, coming over the waters as from some old church tower, calling men to remember God in the vasty deep. It is the warning note of the bell-buoy, as it sinks and rises on the unquiet wave. Inland you may see the finely wooded slopes of the parish of Georgeham, and the pleasant little bathing cove of Croyde. In the church is a fair effigy of Sir Mangerus de St. Albyn, of large stature; "also the tradition is that he was of so amazing strength that he cast a huge main stone a large length. The stone is yet to be seen, and the throw, marked out by two erected monuments, yet extant. His great force I will not question, for one John Bray in this age carried on his back at one time, by the space of a butt length, six bushels of wheeten meal (*i.e.*, eleven statute), and the miller, a lubber of 24 years, into the bargain."

Southward Ho! Into Bideford Bay, over the bar, and up the Torridge! That considerable town at the mouth of the river, with its whitewashed houses, is Appledore, whence Prince Charles escaped. It looks neat and clean enough from the sea, but—do not land there. The Torridge is before us, up to Bideford; the Taw on the left up to Barnstaple. Right in front at the point where the Taw and Torridge meet, are some good

houses, lying along a wide sandy beach, and creeping up the hill; this is Instow. The boat is waiting, bring out the luggage and the children; away for the pier. Instow for a while is to be our westward home. Let us thank God for all His mercies by the way, and pray that our sojourn may be blest.

A good night's rest and a hearty breakfast—pleasant lodgings and an attentive maid—a delicious bathe in clear blue water—firm sands, no mud, no rocks for the boys to fall over—beautiful scenery up and down the river—splendid views from the hills above—boats and vessels ever in motion—pretty walks in every direction and of endless variety—the village quiet and retired—a railway station and a post office—Instow is the very place for us.

Whence its name is not clear. Some deduce it Hubba-dane-stow—Hubbanstow—Instow; and then comes the famous story of Hubba the Dane. Loth-brok (*i.e.*, leather-breech), a nobleman of the royal lineage of Denmark, flying his hawk near the shore, his hawk, with her game, fell into the sea, which to save he presently took a boat; but with the violence of a storm thereupon arising, he was driven upon the coast of Norfolk, at Raddam, from whence he was presently brought to King Edmund, to whom he declared his birth and strange adventure, and was kindly entertained; and for his skill and experience in hawking was of the king much esteemed. But Bevic, the king's falconer, envying this his favour, and angry at his own desistance in the king's sight, finding a fit opportunity (they being single in a wood), murdered Loth-brok, whose body being found by his spaniel, Bevic was convicted, and by sentence of justice was put into Loth-brok's boat, and in like sort, without either sail or tackling. But his fortune also was very strange; for he was driven upon the Danish coast, even unto the same place whence Loth-brok put forth. The boat being known, and he examined as to what had become of Loth-brok, he traitorously laid the murder on King Edmund. The Danish king, herewith incensed, raised presently a mighty army, and made captains thereof Hubba and Hungar, and four sons of Loth-brok. Their sisters thereupon gave them a silken banner, whereon was curiously wrought by their own fingers an image of the Refan, or enchanted raven. Hubba harried all the country, raging against women and harmless babes, whom he slew mercilessly, and carried off great plunder; and returning again with fresh force, wasted all the coasts on the Severn sea. But landing on a

certain shore—whether it were at Instow, as some say, or whether on the side of Exmoor, where certain stones still stand erected, some triangle-wise, others in circle, *in memoriam;* or whether at Appledore, and so going inland—they attacked Hennaburgh, Kenwith, or Kennith Castle, and were there, in a great battle with the Saxons, utterly vanquished, and the Refan taken, and the whole army slain—it cannot now be known; but the men of Appledore will still show the Hubbastone, beneath which they say Hubba was buried; and tradition speaks of a great cairn on the shore, raised over the dead, but now washed away. Certain it is that the old Devonian family of Lethbridge (*quasi*, leather-breech) do claim descent from Loth-brok, and carry for the bearing on their coat of arms a black raven over a castle.

Instow Church, like many other Devonshire churches, is jealously padlocked and spiked; is packed closely with high narrow pews; has a font washed yellow, black, and white, containing a pewter basin; retains a few rude, old, encaustic tiles in the floor, with roses and *fleur-de-lys;* uses Hymns Ancient and Modern; celebrates a monthly Eucharist, but has a weekly offertory. John Downe, rector, died 1631; was a ripe scholar and saintly Christian; "he had rare skill in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish; and many, and they not unlearned, divines were content to draw water from his well, and light their candle at his torch. By expounding, by catechising, and by preaching, he had waded through the whole body of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, which he professed was his greatest honour and comfort in this world. During his last sickness he made his household his congregation, his chamber his church, his bed his pulpit. His glass being almost run, and the hour of his dissolution drawing on, he desired to be absolved after the manner of our church, and having made first a brief confession, and thereupon expressing a hearty contrition, with an assurance of remission of sins by the precious blood of his dear Saviour, he received absolution, and declared that he found great ease and comfort therein. Not long after, imagining within himself that he heard sweet music, and calling upon Christ, 'Dear Jesus, let me die, that I may live with thee,' he sweetly fell asleep in the Lord. 'No man ever knew him,' adds Bishop Hall, his diocesan, 'but must needs say that one of the brightest stars in our west now set. Such worth was his, such sweetness, such integrity, such holiness, such grave urbanity.'"

Fremington Church, distant three miles from Instow, on the

arnstaple Road, and lately restored, is a noble specimen, in its chitecture, appointments, and services, of what the house of ıe Lord God Almighty should be. A rich and generous care ıs been laid out on all the sacred building. The span of the ıve-arch is grandly broad, the reredos is of alabaster, the pulpit stone, old and elaborately carved. A surpliced choir (ten en and twelve boys) render the prayers and responses in a onotone too loudly; but the chanting of the Psalms, accomıied by a fair organ, gracefully and feelingly played, is most ıcellent and musical; and Hymns Ancient and Modern are ıng with great sweetness, spirit, and expression. There is a lebration every Sunday after morning service. One of the ells bears the date 1400, and the legend—

"Voce meâ vivâ depello cuncta nociva."

Westleigh Church, south of Instow, possesses yet a few carved d seat-ends of black oak; otherwise is dishonoured with the ıcouth incrustations of the last century. A window of stained ass and large mural tablet commemorate the death of Archibald levland, the heir of Tapeley Park, in this parish, a cornet in ıe 17th Lancers, who, after he had ridden without serious hurt ırough the Balaclava charge, on his return was attacked by ıree Cossacks. As the first ran at him, he struck his spear ıide; the second pierced his pouch-box; the point of the third nce was blunted, and though it entered his body, inflicted no ıngerous wound. Two days after, as he stood on the outskirts the field of Inkermann, where he was not engaged, he was ıattered by a splinter from one of the very last shells fired by ıe enemy, and died next morning. An obelisk to his memory ands on the high land of Tapeley Park.

'Tis low tide; the cockle girls are come over from Appledore Instow Beach. They rake for cockles, here very large and ıe-flavoured, and betrayed by the little breathing-holes they ake in the sand. These Devon maids seem a merry, light-ıarted race, singing, and laughing, and talking, but so fast, and ı such a tone and dialect, that it is difficult to understand them. ou see them now in their wild, weekday costume, rent and atched, of every shape and colour; bare in leg and foot. But over to Appledore on a Sunday, and see them taking their vening walk after chapel; the display of silks, and satins, and ıuslins, and laces, and flounces, and ribbons, and indescribable ıings in the way of head-gear, is something wonderful; and it ems astonishing how the cockle trade can supply them. A

significant notice in a window, which can be read on Monday, may throw some light on the mystery—

"Miss Henderson, Dressmaker. For *ready money only*."

A quaint, oldfashioned town is Appledore, with its close and narrow streets fanged with pebbles; its strange, irregular houses of all sorts and sizes, perched here and there up and down the rock; its busy groups of sailors and fishermen, and swarms of barefooted children, playing, running, tumbling everywhere, yet very rarely falling into the water. The children of these seaport towns of Devon are very beautiful—such round, full, plump, regular features, fresh colour, and sweet smiles; some few are fair, with light hair and eyes, like the Saxon maidens of Wiltshire; but the greater number are of dark complexion, in every shade of brown, bronze, olive, mulatto, and even copper-red. They are generally healthy and well formed, owing, probably, in great measure to the intermarrying with strangers and the introduction of new blood. Both boys and girls are continually bathing.

The church of Appledore, formerly a chapel of ease to Northam, is a modern building of grievous deformity, within and without. The pulpit, in Caen stone, is good. From the field above the parsonage is obtained the finest panoramic view in North Devon—perhaps in all the West of England. It takes in Lundy Isle and Hartland Point, Westward Ho! the table-lands extending into Cornwall, all the reaches of the Torridge away to the moors, the estuary of the two rivers, the high tract towards the Severn Sea, and the grand sweep of Bideford Bay.

The salmon boats are ready to start; let us aboard our own boat and follow them to the beach at Braunton Burrows. Braunton Burrows—a waste and howling wilderness; mile after mile of sand and rushes—sand, sand, sand everywhere, generally swarming with rabbits. Under Down End may be seen a raised beach, and imbedded in it a remarkable boulder of red porphyry. Ships entering the river must keep in line the two light-houses, which mark the channel of deep water, and a red ball is hoisted at every tide as soon as there is sufficient water to pass the bar. This is the point, in fine weather and just before storms, whence to watch the porpoises tossing and sporting by hundreds in the bay; this is the place also in time of tempest to watch for wrecks, and a cannon is kept ready, that the keeper may make signal to the crew at Appledore to man the life-boat at Down End.

The north-west gales rage with unrelenting fury over this great sandy waste, and drive on shore numerous species of sea-fowl which would not otherwise be seen, such as the Little Auk, Red-necked Phalarope, Eider-Duck, and scarce kinds of Petrels. Vast numbers of Guillemots, Razor-Bills, Kittywake Gulls, and others, after violent storms, are thrown up dead on the sands; and as this district is diversified with every variety of surface and scenery—hills, fallows, dry heathlands, high moors, marshes of reeds and rushes, mud-banks and flats left dry at low water, sand-hills, and wooded valleys,—it is visited by sea-birds of the every variety, such as the Cream-coloured Courser, Gull-billed Tern, Great Plover, Ruff, Spotted Crake, and Great-Northern Diver; and of land birds, those so very seldom met with, the Hoopoe, Golden Oriole, and Hooded Crow. Especially in spring and autumn the shallows abound with scarce Waders and aquatic birds; the Sclavonian Grebe comes every winter into the Taw, large flocks of Curlews, Sandpipers, and Black Tern occasionally, and less frequently the Snow Bunting. Most of the feathered tribes familiar to the naturalist in the south and west of England are common in North Devon, with that important exception the Nightingale, which never passes the Vale of Taunton; on the other hand, many birds frequent the northern parts of Devon and Cornwall which seldom, and in some instances never, appear elsewhere. Eagles are not uncommon; a large bird of the white-tailed tribe was lately captured as far inland as Holdsworthy. Its feet had become entangled in a furze-bush, and it was unable to rise. The Peregrine Falcon and Rock Dove breed in the cliffs; the Chough, a kind of crow, with red legs and bill, is becoming scarce in Devon, though still haunting the north Cornish coast, and so tame, that it will come in at the window and feed. A few Ring Ouzels frequent the rocky ravines. Black Grouse, formerly plentiful on the moors, perhaps now are quite extinct; Golden Plovers and Lapwings abound; the Bittern is shot in the marshes; a lonely Heron occasionally sails along, though there is no heronry near.

They are drawing the salmon-nets near the ruins of St. Anne's Chapel. This chapel on the beach, so far from any settled population, was probably intended as a house of prayer, like that of St. Nicholas at Ilfracombe, and St. Leonard's at St. Ives wherein sailors and fishermen should meet their God before they set out on their way over the perilous deep. The salmon comes late into the Torridge and Taw; and the law that fish shall be

caught only between February 1 and September 1 bears somewhat hard. Each net, which is worth about £15, pays a licence of £5, must be constructed of meshes of a certain size to allow the salmon fry to escape, and must not be cast after twelve o'clock at noon on Saturday, nor before six o'clock Monday morning. The salmon come in, as the fishermen say, on the top of the young tide, and there is abundance of fish in the waters, though the taking of them is capricious. Sometimes the fishers toil all the week and take nothing; again, they may be more or less successful at every haul. Four fish taken at one time would be a satisfactory prize: from fourteen to twenty are often caught. Their weight varies from two to thirty pounds. The heaviest fish caught in the estuary in present times weighed thirty-eight pounds. The selling price is 11d. and 1s. a pound; old people remember salmon sold at 1½d. a pound. Four men are required to manage a net, and when the net is drawn, and it is evident from the commotion in the water that some large fish are enclosed, the scene becomes very exciting. The fish are strong, and plunge violently; and while some watch the net, others pin the floundering captives between their knees, and with repeated blows of a heavy cudgel on the head, soon deprive them of life and motion. Besides salmon, bass and other fish are caught in the estuary. In summer, red and grey gurnets, soles, haddock, plaice, and turbot, are taken by the trawlers in the bay; cod, whiting, mullet, shake, congers, &c., by line; some herrings and mackerel in seines. Pilchards sometimes come in small shoals. A small fish, locally called brill, appears in vast multitudes. Clovelly is famous for its oysters of large size and fine flavour, as it formerly was for its great herring fishery. Young sharks are caught in the salmon nets, and seals and whales are stranded on the rocks and sands. Prawns of small size are found along the coast. Fine trout abound in all the brooks and streams, which generally are strictly preserved. Some, however, are entirely open, as are the Tamar and Torridge near their source, where the waters swarm with noble fish, but where no fisher has cast angle for thirty years.

"Thank God," says the devout fellow in the boat, "for what we have caught to-day." "Amen!" say we: "God be praised for every mercy." Now, hoist our sail, and Homeward Ho!

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH: IN THE CHURCH AND IN THE WORLD.

ALTHOUGH a month has elapsed since the Versailles army re-entered Paris, the state of affairs in that unhappy city is still far from satisfactory. The spirit of rebellion, the craving for power, the appetite for wealth, which served to kindle the worst passions of the Communists, were not the growth of a week, or a month or a year, and therefore the difficulty of restoring peace is increased tenfold by the knowledge that, although the many-headed monster has been destroyed as far as possible, it is by no means extinct, and the correspondence from Lyons and other large centres of labour gives clear indications that the evil spirit has not yet been cast out. France has sown to the wind, and she is reaping the whirlwind, and with her future form of government still an open question, it is to be feared that there are more evil days in store. Be this as it may, the lesson for Englishmen is a serious one, and we quite agree with the views expressed by a writer in the *Literary Churchman* of the 10th of June, that the moral of the dread history of the Continental struggle has been far too lightly touched upon by the writers in our public journals. Graphic descriptions of horrors we have had in abundance, from the outset at Sedan to the dread retribution of the national army upon the misguided wretches who from various causes had cast in their lot with the Commune; but the disease has not been traced to its root, the first causes of the whole series of disasters have not been laid bare. And the reason for this reticence is obvious. It is far easier to sketch a foreign battlefield, or to anathematize the acts of bloodthirsty ruffians, than to trace the growth of the evil which, like an ulcer, has eaten away the national life and rendered such deeds possible, because in so doing it would be almost out of the question for any man with common honesty not to point out to his readers that the self-same vices are becoming every day more and more common in England, and that under the specious disguise of a false liberalism they are winked at by those who ought to be the first to stamp them out. The disregard of properly constituted

authority, the severance of religious teaching from national education, the countenance afforded by legislators and statesmen to demagogues and levellers, inevitably leading to the upheaval of those heaven-ordained distinctions which must exist among men as among angels for the common good, and finally the contempt shown by a large body of educated men for religious truth—these and many other signs are to be found on all sides, showing that English society is fast losing that distinctive religious leaven which alone can preserve it from corruption. As the Bishop of Peterborough remarked in his masterly sermon at Westminster Abbey on Sunday week, those who should be the true leaders of the people are in reality led by them, and as Aaron of old made the golden calf at the bidding of the multitude, and thus lent himself to promote idolatry, so the national chiefs of our own day are ready to become the mere tools of the noisy crowd, the slaves of public opinion, which they make the standard of their policy, instead of fashioning it according to the eternal laws of truth and justice. In France we have seen the end of this. The monarch who existed by popular suffrage suffered himself to follow the national demands until he was led to a battlefield on which defeat and disgrace were inevitable, and it is impossible not to see that when once public opinion is allowed to usurp an undue importance, instead of discharging its proper and very needful functions, the result must be the same. Instead then, of indulging in selfish congratulations on present peace and prosperity, let Englishmen bestir themselves, and above all let those who are in high places beware lest by pandering to the noisy agitators of the day they are at last enslaved by them.

Such thoughts as these are very forcibly pressed upon us by a retrospect of the session, of which men are now beginning to take stock as it draws to its close. The long array of bills either taken back or mangled is, to say the least of it, far from creditable to a Government which adopted the most extravagant language on taking office, and boasted of its ability to carry its measures even in the teeth of the utmost opposition; and when the year 1870 is made into history we question whether it will not stand out in a very unfavourable light as a period during which ill-digested and abortive schemes were brought forward, to the direct injury of the public and the utter waste of Parliamentary energy. With sittings prolonged until the small hours of the morning, but little has been done that is worthy of the name of legislation, and unless the opening month belies our

anticipations, the Premier will have a far from satisfactory account to give when he next meets the public.

Leaving the tedious discussions on the Army Regulation Bill out of the question, ecclesiastical matters have furnished the most important topics of debate, both in the Upper and Lower House. In the Lords, the Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill, introduced by Lord Shaftesbury for the purpose of facilitating proceedings against the clergy, has met with general acceptance, in the absence of any more satisfactory scheme; but a full house, which assembled in the expectation of a brilliant speech from the Bishop of Peterborough, was disappointed, as the provision rendering the bishop's sanction necessary in the case of any ecclesiastical prosecution, which Dr. Magee intended to demand, was accepted by the framer of the measure. The proposal to include criminous bishops as subjects for prosecution met with little favour. The Primate, who made his first speech in Parliament since his return to England in support of the bill, spoke strongly of the relative inferiority of the minor questions of ritual and vestments which are now agitating the Church, when compared with the prevailing ignorance of the masses, and the growth of practical unbelief among the higher classes; but it was impossible to listen to His Grace without remembering that only a few years ago, when he presided over the diocese of London, he ordered some of his clergy who wore the coloured stoles now generally used to "take off those ribbons," proving that at that time, at any rate, he held very strong opinions on a subject which he now declares to be unimportant. At any rate, the dangers of a too ready means of prosecuting the clergy, such as that opened out by Lord Shaftesbury's original measure, are manifest, and the very needful qualification that the bishop's consent must be obtained in all cases before proceedings are commenced is a necessary though not always a sufficient safeguard against needless and vexatious prosecutions, which may too often become persecutions when law is cheap and courts are easy of access. Ample time will be given for the consideration of the bill, as it is not to be proceeded with this session.

That the Burials Bill introduced by Mr. Morgan should have obtained a second reading in the House of Commons will cause no surprise to any one who knows the temper and constitution of that assembly, but as the bishops still sit in the House of Lords, we may hope that it will receive a *quietus* in the upper chamber. It is almost impossible to understand the

mental organization of a man who regards it as either politic or just to admit the leaders of any and every sect into the God's acre of our parishes, there by their services, hymns, and orations, to create animosities ill-befitting the time and place. And it is absurd to ignore the fact that access to the churchyard would only, and naturally, be looked upon as the next step to the occupation of the church pulpit. If any one doubts the iniquity as well as the monstrously unstatesmanlike character of the measure, let him look at the list of sects furnished by the Registrar-General's and other returns, and then reflect on the probable result of permitting an irruption of the unlettered and often fanatic preachers and teachers round the graves of their friends. It is true the Church is national in her sympathies, but still she has her creeds and her priesthood, and as long as they exist all who seek the benefit of her ministrations must join in the confession of the one and respect the teaching and authority of the other. When lawlessness so far triumphs as to break down these strongholds then the sooner disestablishment follows the better.

The meeting of the Canterbury Convocation has brought forth little worthy of comment. The most noticeable discussion was that in the Upper House on the desirability of an authorized Hymnal, but even the Bishop of Winchester, who proposed that a committee of the Lower House should investigate the question, seemed to be of opinion that the task of compiling such a hymn-book would be wellnigh impossible of success. To all intents and purposes we have already three or four hymnals standing so far ahead of all competitors, and representing so fairly the men by whom they are used, that little more can be desired, unless it be that a licensing committee should be appointed to control the introduction of new books, and to exterminate some of the worthless compilations which are occasionally to be met with. To suppose, however, that those of the clergy who at present use "Hymns Ancient and Modern" would accept a portion of Mr. Kemble's selections, containing clear views on certain vexed questions or *vice versâ*, is absurd, and if therefore any general Hymnarium Ecclesiæ could be compiled it would, by the excision of the hymns which are the salt of the existing collections, become flat and unprofitable. As long as the Church includes within her pale men differing as widely as the present leaders of her chief schools of thought, so long we believe they will require some definite means of enabling their people to

express in words their belief in the teaching they have received from the pulpit, and to deprive them of this would be to take away their dearest possession next to the Book of Common Prayer. Added to this the idea of an authorized Hymnal carries with it a *soupçon* of the doctrine of finality in hymnology which, in the face of the ever-increasing number of new hymns and translations, we cannot agree to accept, and we believe therefore that on this ground also the time has not yet arrived for undertaking the work. Still it is most desirable that some restriction should be placed upon the present multiplicity of collections, which only introduces diversity without any good result, and perhaps the committee of the Lower House may devise a plan for securing such a result.

The Purchas Case still occupies a large share of public attention; although, as another illustration of the present unsatisfactory state of our ecclesiastical law, the judgment has not been enforced against the gentleman chiefly concerned. Meanwhile the two senior Canons of St. Paul's, Mr. Gregory and Dr. Liddon, have addressed a temperate and well-reasoned letter to the Bishop of London, requesting his Lordship, if he commences any general prosecution for non-compliance, to make them its first objects. Up to the present moment, we believe, no steps have been taken in this direction; nor, as far as we can learn, has the Bishop intimated his intention of proceeding against those who err by defect, rather than by excess. There seems, however, a very general disposition, among moderate Churchmen, to insist on a fair and equal treatment for all parties, if the recent decision is enforced.

The English Church Union's annual meeting was chiefly remarkable for the strong language it evoked in reference to this question; and the open declaration that the union of Church and State is a sinful alliance, was only one among many strange utterances of some of the speakers.

The gatherings of the laity for the consideration of the best means of carrying out the Church's work have been held with encouraging success in several dioceses; but London is still behind the age in this respect, for although there is a Lay Helpers' Association, which is doing a good and useful work, the opportunity of meeting the bishops and clergy in a regular diocesan conference, such as that just held at Peterborough, has not yet been afforded. The general opinion on the Parochial Council question is, we are glad to see, decidedly opposed to their legal constitution

as a part of our ecclesiastical machinery; and, consequently, is adverse to Lord Sandon's measure—which would take out of the hands of the clergy the powers at present wisely and beneficially entrusted to them.

Socially, the month of June has been gay and pleasant, although the weather has been autumnal, and at times absolutely wintry. The Handel Festival, the great triennial music meeting at Sydenham, has been held with a success far in advance of that obtained in previous years, owing to the improved acoustic arrangements of the building, and the greater care exercised in the selection of voices for the chorus. While England lacks a national music school proportionate to her wants—for the Royal Academy, owing to its small income, is unable to do half the work that is needed—these monster performances are of inestimable value as a bond of union, and as a means of stimulating musical education throughout the country. The spectacle is a noble one, and the vast multitude of performers and listeners can scarcely return to their homes without being elevated and ennobled by the celebration. The works performed on the first and last days of the Festival were, as usual, the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, the greatest of Handel's compositions, and by a curious coincidence, the only oratorios in which he adopted as his text the words of the Bible history. In the first the effect of the matchless airs and the superb "Hallelujah," and in the second of the grand antiphonal choruses, where the double choir traditionally associated with our choral services is employed with marvellous power, was alike superb, while on the intermediate day the giant composer was represented by a miscellaneous selection from his sacred and operatic works.

The opening of the admirably-constructed hospital on the Thames Embankment by the Queen, and the honour so deservedly bestowed upon the Baroness Burdett Coutts, are also events well worthy of record; and in both acts her Majesty has carried with her the most hearty expressions of popular assent.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Education and Employment of the Blind. By T. R. ARMITAGE, M.D. Robert Hardwicke.

ALTHOUGH much has been done of late years to promote the welfare of the blind, and especially of all who belong to the lower ranks of society, there is but little general acquaintance with the systems of education in vogue in the schools, or with the methods adopted to enable those who have been deprived of sight to maintain themselves in after life. To supply such information as may be acceptable to the general reader, DR. Armitage, who has been compelled to abandon his profession as a medical man owing to his gradual loss of sight, has published this volume, which thus comes to us with an authority that has been wanting in previous works on the subject, inasmuch as it contains opinions formed on actual experience, and not simply on the inferences drawn by those who can see from the statements and acts of those who cannot. It is to all intents and purposes a treatise by a blind man, for not only is the writer himself a sufferer from defective eyesight, but he has combined with his own conclusions those of the Executive Council of the British and Foreign Blind Association, who are all totally blind. One of the greatest hindrances to the promotion of the general education of the blind is caused by the variety of systems on which they are taught, and as even those whose lives are to be devoted to merely mechanical employment succeed the better if they have received previous instruction in ordinary subjects, this is a question of vital importance, inasmuch as the adoption of one system would materially facilitate the spread of educational apparatus. The numerous alphabets have been carefully studied by the council, and they offer a decided opinion in favour of Braille's dotted method, not only because of its usefulness for reading purposes, but because out of it springs the best form of musical notation in use among the blind. Music, it must be remembered, is to the blind not only a source of the highest enjoyment, intensified doubtless by the loss of the sense which can appreciate the beauties of colour, but it forms also one of their chief means of occupation in after life. Not only as organists and performers on other instruments, but as pianoforte tuners they are able to earn a sufficient sum to maintain themselves, and especially in France and America their musical training has been pursued with the utmost success. Amongst ourselves this most important branch of their education has been greatly neglected, and the standard of educa-

tion of blind musicians is low, but in the United States they frequently earn good incomes solely by the exercise of their professional ability. For full particulars as to the notation employed we must refer our readers to Dr. Armitage's work, which we earnestly commend to general notice, not only as a means of awakening sympathy for the afflicted, but because it furnishes a fresh proof of the success which has attended the exertions of those who have year after year laboured in this noble cause.

Scottish Liturgies of the Reign of James VI. Edited by the Rev. G. W. Sprott, B.A. Edmonston and Douglas.

In these days when the revision of the Prayer-book is no longer advocated solely by Lord Ebury and his friends, but is openly discussed in the organs of the extreme Ritualistic party, every contribution to Liturgiology has a special value, and we therefore cordially welcome the publication of the Liturgies for Scotland, drawn up in the reign of James VI., and now printed for the first time. These interesting documents resulted from the desire of the King to establish north of the Tweed a service and ritual as similar as possible to that existing in England, and the editor not only supplies us with the authentic text copied from the MS. in the British Museum, but prefaces it with an accurate sketch of the history of the Prayer-book in Scotland, and supplements it with many valuable notes. The information contained in the Introduction is of the utmost importance, and the fact, which is commented upon more than once, that the opposition to King James's Liturgy arose from no innate dislike to a set form of prayer, is well worthy of notice, especially as among the modern Presbyterians there are many divines who offer a sturdy opposition even to the introduction of a hymnal. So far from there being any feeling of this kind in earlier days, the author shows that at the very time when this Prayer-book was drawn up, the people were anxiously awaiting the revision of Knox's Liturgy then in general use, and it was more owing to the fear of English domination than to any aversion to forms of words, that they refused to accept the English Prayer-book, or this emendation of it, which was prepared for them by Laud and Wren at the desire of the King. The care bestowed upon the volume is manifest throughout its pages, and the learning and research it displays render it well worthy of a place on our shelves beside Messrs. Medd and Walton's capital reprint of Edward the Sixth's first Prayer-book.

The Fugitive, and other Poems. By W. E. Heygate, M.A., Rector of Brighstone. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

The author of this little volume, who on the consecration of Dr. Moberly succeeded him in the charge of Bishop Ken's old parish of

ghstone, writes with great force and elegance, and although his ms are all brief and have no connecting link, they possess a charm ch will well repay the reader for their perusal. They are mainly ed in character, and there are traces in every page no less of a ned and scholarly mind, than of that experience of nature in her ied aspects which is so essential to the true poet. The book is ided into several portions, headed respectively—General, Historical, igious, and Parochial Poems, and among the latter are some of the piest efforts. Two of these poems, "The Old Essex Clerk" and ie Wife of the Old Essex Clerk," are uncommonly effective, the local lect being well kept up and the manners and customs of the period itally described. As a specimen of the author's work, however, we fer to extract a poem, the subject of which, apart from its intrinsic its, give it a claim on our notice. It is entitled—

ON THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL, April 6th, 1866.

"Along the slopes of Hursley's woodland vale,
Through Merden's knotted yews and broken walls,
The rolling knell repeats its mournful tale,
And on my heart its death-like summons falls.

"Gone—gone for ever from the verdant lea,
The Priest of Nature and of Nature's God!
The mien of love and peace we shall not see
When spring returns to clothe the naked sod.

"Yon fragrant limes the bees will chant above;
But that soft footstep will be heard no more
Hast'ning to prayer, or some sweet work of love,
Along the churchyard path or hallowed floor.

"This tolling bell will ring, 'Rejoice! rejoice!'
And gladsome hymns resound through nave and aisle;
But hushed in death that long-beloved voice,
And set the sunshine of that heavenly smile.

"Beneath the Lych-gate, in the churchyard wall,
Radiant with love, the holy man I met;
The meeting and the words with tears recall,
But all I can is—never to forget.

"O sin! O death! O joys which turn to woe!
Why do we live and learn to love in vain?
Such short-lived bliss 'twere better not to know
Than seek the sweets which minister to pain.

"Hush! hush! vain heart, how little dost thou learn
From him whom thou presumedst to lament;
From fruitless sighs and bitter waters turn,
And seek the healing branches of content.

"'Rather in all to be resigned than blest'—
This was the secret of his soul's repose;
And that sweet stream in which he found his rest
Forth from the stricken Rock perpetual flows.

"Then let him rest, and let the church bells ring;
Let bees chant sweetly o'er the whisp'ring limes;
Let springtide still its flowery chapters bring,
And all the gladness of the olden times.

"Lift up the drooping heads; lift up the heart;
Fight for the faith, and chiefly fight by prayer.
Let every friend of Keble do his part,
And his allotted cross with patience bear.

"'Soon shall eternal spring, with quick'ning breath,
Give life to seed long treasured in the tomb.
Immortal life shall 'swallow up' this death,
And plants of heaven in heavenly climates bloom."

How to see Norway. By JOHN R. CAMPBELL. Longmans, Green, and Co.

To those who have not already formed their plans for the ensuing season this little volume may be the means of settling the vexed question as to the most desirable spot for the annual holiday, especially if they should have the current month to spare, for Mr. Campbell tells us that "of all months July is the pleasantest for travellers in Norway." His descriptions of the country, and more especially of the people, founded on the experience of six summer tours, are so attractive, and his sketches forming the illustrations of the volume give such clear indications of the beauty of the scenery, that the prospect opened out by a visit to the North is most enjoyable. As financial questions are frequently matters of importance on such occasions, it may be well to note that the return ticket by the steamer from Hull is only £ exclusive of provisions, and thus that the journey may be comfortably made without any great outlay. The tourist must be a good walker if he intends to see the country, for, with the exception of the coast steamers, there are no public conveyances, and although horses and traps can be hired at reasonable prices, they are difficult to obtain. For a pedestrian Mr. Campbell estimates the average expenses at about five shillings a day. On the general characteristics of Norway, the excellence of the national system of education, the strict honesty and absence of ruffianism among the working classes, and the charming combinations of mountain, wood, and water, which form the chief beauty of the scenery, the author's remarks will be read with general interest; for while they convey a large amount of useful information specially intended for the tourist, they are always written in a pleasant style, and will thus be welcomed by the general reader.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE constantly increasing popularity of the choral service, either in its simpler forms as suited to the village church, or in its more elaborate celebration as at the mother church of Leeds and some of our central London churches, renders it a matter of surprise that some such publication as *The Practical Choirmaster* (Metzler and Co.) should not have been attempted before. Of anthems, services, introits, and the like, we have a profusion in detached pieces, but this is the first effort we have noticed to establish a serial, each number of which will contain one or more specimens of the varied classes of composition required in our Church services, while another important feature in the publication is that it will present to English choirs new works by some of the great Continental writers of sacred music, the majority of whom are comparatively unknown to the general musical public in this country. In the number before us, for instance, we have an admirable setting of the *Te Deum* by Mr. Henry Smart, so simple and yet so effective that it may safely be introduced in any rural church; a Kyrie and Introit by Sir Julius Benedict; a short and melodious anthem for solo and chorus in unison by M. Darnault, of St. Roch, Paris; a setting of the first offertory sentence by Professor Stewart, of Dublin; an anthem by Sir F. G. Ouseley; and a series of harmonies for the Monotone Litany by Dr. Spark. Thus the selection is varied and thoroughly excellent, and promises well for the future success of the work.

Messrs. Griffin have sent us this month the two concluding volumes of Mr. Robert Bell's admirable edition of *Chaucer's Poetical Works* and we are glad to see that they intend to continue the series, which is unequalled in excellence and cheapness, by publishing in a similar form Professor Craik's edition of Spenser.

As we always welcome any sign of a desire to study the Prayer Book and its history, believing that it is a subject of which the majority of professing Churchmen are lamentably ignorant, we gladly call attention to a useful little manual, *The Student's Compendium of the Book of Common Prayer*, by the Rev. H. ALLDEN NASH, (Longmans.) It is carefully and systematically prepared, and will be found specially serviceable as a text-book in schools, where a careful teacher will be able to fill in the outlines, which are necessarily brief. The author purposely avoids comments, and states his facts clearly and concisely.

Of sermons on the Lord's Prayer there have been many series, but in the way of practical discourses fitted for plain folk we have seldom seen any more worthy of praise than the set by ARCHDEACON WICKHAM, published with the title "*After this manner pray ye*," by Mr. Wells Gardner. Each petition is clearly explained and forcibly

illustrated, and the frequent use of the Divine Prayer in our services is amply justified.

A word must suffice to commend to our younger readers two capital volumes, one for boys and the other for girls, entitled respectively *Little Men* and *Little Women*, by LOUISA M. ALCOTT. (Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.) The popularity of these works in the United States is likely to be equalled in this country, for the author's thoroughly fresh and attractive style will make her a favourite in every household.

Of Mr. Hodges quarterly, the *Sacristy*, it may be fairly said that the second number is even better than the first, although we differ *in toto* from the views set forth in Mr. Fleetwood Sheppard's article on Gregorian music, where he claims for it an authority as the music of the Church which is scarcely capable of logical support. Mr. Micklethwaite's papers on "Modern Parish Churches" are the work of an able and practical man, and should be read by every clergyman who thinks of building, restoring, or altering his church. To ladies the first of a series of papers on ecclesiastical embroidery will be welcome and useful, and there are several other very excellent essays, among which a paper by the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott deserves special mention. Taking for his subject "The Psalms as used in the Book of Common Prayer and cited in the New Testament," Mr. Walcott shows how admirably the various psalms have been chosen to harmonize with the Offices in which they are introduced, and he afterwards proceeds to illustrate their employment and application in the New Testament. The essays on "Christian Symbolical Zoology," by Herr Eckl, of Cologne, and the Editor are well kept up, the subject in the present number being "The Wolf."

From the same publisher we receive some leaflets, satisfactory in tone and intention, entitled *Plain Words on Great Subjects*, but it seems to us that the phraseology adopted is anything but plain, and that to reach the minds of the uneducated, for whom they are evidently intended, they must be couched in far simpler language.

A little tract, *I am not Worthy*, published by Mr. Skeffington, comes to us as "A Voice from an English Sisterhood," and is intended to impress upon those who wish to devote themselves to the good work the necessity of thoroughly considering the step they are about to take, instead of fancying that the office in itself is sufficient to fit them to discharge its duties. Such words of caution are not unneeded in the present day, and the kindly tone in which they are written will render them the more likely to be of general service.





GODFREY FANE'S TWO LEGACIES.

BY E. C. HICKEY.

CHAPTER XV.

SEPARATE PATHS.

WHEN Dr. Froude came back I told him of my engagement, and of my intention to leave Frances with Mrs. Herrick (who had returned to Dublin), until I had definitely arranged about a home for her during the time which must necessarily elapse before we could marry. My present income was not sufficient to provide comfortably for my wife; in fact, the £80 I received from the cathedral was the only money I could count upon. My tuitions were fluctuating, and, as I had then no settled medical practice, I could not depend on any chance fees. Besides, the £80 would be forfeited when I took out my full diploma, and gave up music as a profession.

So I consigned Frances to Mrs. Herrick's care, and also took a room for myself at my old home; for Frances could not bear me to be away from her, except when my absence was unavoidable. Her father had left no provision for his child's future support, so that she was completely dependent upon me.

One evening, about ten days after Mr. Fleming's death, as

Frances and I were sitting together (our tea over, and Mrs. Herrick being absent from the room), she said to me, and her face flushed while she spoke,—

"Godfrey, can I not do something to support myself? I do not like to be a burden upon you; it is not fair."

I told her that as soon as I could possibly get a dispensary or hospital I should marry her, and then I should have a right to provide for her; that in the meanwhile she was not much expense to me. But she still expressed a wish to be *none*—until she was my wife,—and then she asked how long must elapse before that could be. I told her that I could not take charge of a dispensary until I was twenty-three, and that would be for fifteen months hence. I was reading hard for my doctor's degree, and as soon as I had received it and could get any practice which I could rely upon I should marry.

"In the meanwhile I should so like to do something for myself. Could I not take musical tuitions?"

I laughed as I assured her that were there musical tuitions I could hear of I should be only too glad to secure them for myself.

I could see she was not satisfied at being obliged to be inactive; true, she made no further comment at the time, but I knew she was not the less unwilling to let the matter drop.

As regards our intercourse with each other, I felt that the close connection which had, unsought by us, been formed between us was gradually becoming ccmented by a stronger affection than I had ever thought could have existed on either side; but there was none of that spontaneous heart-love, deep in its passion, strong in its tenderness, holy in its fervid truth, which, God help me, I had and have still for Edred Beaufort.

There can be very little question that when by accident or by mutual choice a woman is left to the protection of a man, the feeling that she depends upon him, and looks to him for earthly stay, causes the sense of affection speedily to spring up—always provided there be no preoccupation, and so was it with Frances and myself at this momentous period of our lives. *I* felt the pity which engendered the affection, and her consideration of me as her only protector—as the only friend left to her—awoke within her a responsive sentiment. It has been said that circumstances mould us more or less, and that our lives take their tone from the colouring round us. I certainly think so; I firmly believe that were we placed in situations utterly differing from

those in which our lot is cast, our whole acts and ideas would be equally diverse. I am convinced that the outer world does more to form our characters than we believe, and that varied scenes and circumstances bring into play and call into existence thoughts, feelings, and desires, yea, and very *wants*, which, amid other surroundings, would be neither acknowledged nor experienced by us.

A few months passed over. I had been reading very hard, and I took out my doctor's degree four months after Mr. Fleming's death. The day after I had passed my final examination I went by train to see my patron, the Bishop. As usual, he was most kind. We talked together for a long time about my future; and he asked me when I was to be married. I frankly told him all my concerns, and that I found it would be impossible for me to have a home of my own for some months, as I had no regular practice. He asked what I should like to do as regarded Frances, for I had told him that I found I should be obliged to allow her to earn something for herself until I had a better salary. I said she was qualified for the post of organist, or that she would take a situation as governess to young children (I had not neglected her education, and she was now a thoroughly good musician). The Bishop then asked whether I meant to pursue my musical profession until I was old enough to take a dispensary, or if I meant to come before the world at once as a medical man. I frankly said that I should prefer the latter course, but that I felt the difficulty of determining which scheme would be most remunerative, as I had Frances as well as myself to think of now. The Bishop then inquired whether I would go as resident physician to a little boy, the son of a friend of his in England, who was very delicate, and for whom constant medical care was desired.

The proposal held forth exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I at once gladly acceded to it, and determined upon looking after the situation, the Bishop guaranteeing his best interest.

So I left the palace with a letter of introduction to the Bishop's friend, and when I arrived in Dublin I called at once on Dr. Froude and other medical authorities; and upon receiving their testimonials I sailed a few days afterwards for England, *en route* for Derbyshire, where Mr. Beaufort resided. Mr. Beaufort engaged me as his son's physician, at a liberal salary, and I was to return to Ardennes as soon as I could close with the cathedral authorities and resign my post.

I went back to Dublin. And now there was but one difficulty in my way, and that was Frances. What was I to do with her? I knew not that she had taken steps to solve the enigma, but so it was. She had personally applied to a Mrs. R——, a lady who kept a governesses' registry office in Dublin, and had, during my absence, succeeded in obtaining a situation. When I came home I found her radiant with delight, in the belief that she would be able to support herself until—she was my wife. After she had told me thus far, she exclaimed,—

"And guess, Godfrey,—only guess whose little sister I am to teach."

"Whose? I am unable to guess."

"Your friend Mr. Charles Damer's. Are you not glad to know that I shall not be quite among strangers?"

I was thoroughly glad of *that*, and told her so; and yet I was not glad that she should have to work for her living. I was angry with myself for not being able to earn enough for both of us. I thought it was partly a failure of my promise to her father and of my duty to her. Ah, if *that* had been ALL!

One evening, after my return from England, I went to a rehearsal for a Philharmonic concert, which was to take place next day. When waiting near the door, upon its conclusion, until I could escape from the crowd, I was tapped upon the shoulder by some one; I turned, and saw Charles Damer and his sister. (I had not mentioned my engagement to Frances Fleming to my friends in Fitzwilliam Street; they only knew that she was left in my care as her guardian.)

Charlie had not seen me since my success in obtaining the appointment. He now asked me to return with him and his sister, and pass the rest of the evening with them. So I went. I do not know how it was, but I felt a strange disinclination to speak to Miss Damer of Frances, and of her coming to live with her sisters. I could not touch upon the subject; and as she did not allude to it, it was not broached between us, though we were speaking alone for some time after tea; as Charlie and his mother were playing at cribbage, and Mr. Damer was in his study, where he generally remained until prayer-time.

I knew that in this household Frances would be treated as one of the family, not after the fashion too common in similar establishments—as an upper servant. Oh! shame upon those men and women who permit such a scandal to exist!

I felt also that Frances would find a friend, not a mistress in Mrs. Damer, and that so far her life as a governess would be a happy one; and yet I was dissatisfied at my allowing her to go to that house. I could not tell why, but instinctively I shrank from it. I had no plausible excuse for keeping her away. It seemed a strange fact, this my repugnance; all appeared to have been arranged in the pleasantest manner that could have been desired. But an instinct in my own heart rebelled against it.

My acquaintance with my friend Charlie's sister had had many opportunities of ripening beyond the limits of mere every-day intercourse. But it did not develop into friendship; there were features in her character which I found most uncongenial. Folks say that opposite dispositions suit each other best; perhaps it is so in some cases. I suppose there is a foundation for such a universally accepted axiom; but in general I am not an upholder of the theory. Certainly, as regards Miss Damer and myself, there was none of that sympathy of spirit which conduces to friendship.

* * * * * * *

The day drew on which was to see Frances established in her new home, and on the next I was to leave for England. My poor little Frances! how bravely she bore up until the hour came in which I was to go with her to Mrs. Damer's!

I was with her, cording her trunks, and doing for her various other offices of a similar nature; suddenly she kneeled beside me, and laying her head against my shoulder, she wept. I tried to soothe her; I asked her to bear up for my sake, that in a year I should return, and then she should be with me; but still she wept on, and I felt a strange weight of anxiety pressing on my heart, and I pondered again, "Is it right that she should go?"

After a time Frances put her arm round my neck, and said,—

"Oh, Godfrey, I never thought it would be so hard, so very hard to part from you!"

A thought struck me, and I spoke thus,—

"Frances, will you marry me now, before I go to Mr. Beaufort? I can wait a little longer. Frances, do not go to Mrs. Damer's. I do not like your going. Be my wife, and I shall try and manage to have you near me in England."

"How could you marry me now?"

"Because I shall have enough to support you from my salary. Remember, I have my living provided for a year; and I can

give you enough to keep you until I leave Mr. Beaufort, when something may turn up. Frances, I never thought of all this before. Will you do as I ask?"

She acknowledged that it was a temptation to her; that she really in her heart disliked and shrank from going to Mrs. Damer's, but that she had wished me to hide it, lest I should be harassed and perplexed; and she had so longed to relieve me of care, and to earn for herself during the year I should be at Ardennes. But at the same time, she said she thought it would be better for her to fulfil her engagement, and for me to save as much as I could from my salary, until we wanted it more pressingly.

"It would be so selfish of me, Godfrey, to shrink from what seems a trial, but which is, perhaps, no less a duty. No, dear, I will not be your wife now; I can wait, and we shall both work in our separate spheres—work and wait."

Still I tried to persuade her, but to no avail. Ah, Frances! the lot was cast into your lap, but——Had you taken it! —ay, there it is; that wondrous "*had*"—how different might all the future have been! I should never have had this tale to tell. And you?—my poor Frances!

She asked me to finish fastening the trunks for her, as she was nearly ready to leave. And then, after she had taken her final farewell of Mrs. Herrick, we started off.

When turning into Fitzwilliam Street, I felt her hand, which lay upon my arm, tremble violently. I touched it, and its iciness, even through the glove, chilled me.

"Courage, *petite*," I whispered; but though I spoke of courage, I needed it myself.

She stopped at the door-step, and when I let go her arm she staggered, and nearly fell; but in an instant she recovered, and when the door was opened I think, of the two, she was braver than I.

Mrs. Damer was alone in the drawing-room when we went in, and before I left she had asked me to pass the evening with them, adding that it would be pleasant for my friend Miss Fleming to have me with her as long as she could before I left for England.

The mute, eager longing on Frances' face that I should accept the invitation decided the question; I promised to be there again at eight o'clock.

Evening came. I found Frances with one of her little pupils

on either side, detailing for their amusement a wondrous story of three little girls who disobeyed their mamma, and of all the mishaps which befell them in consequence; while the good little girl was rewarded for her superior amiability by a doll and other juvenile delights. Mrs. Damer and Charlie were, as usual, at their evening game of cribbage. Miss Damer was reading.

I drew my chair near Frances, and listened to the "story." Upon its close one of the children inquired,—

"Dr. Fane, are good people always happy, and bad people unhappy?"

"Not always, Minnie. Sometimes the bad people prosper most in the world—or seem to, while good people have much sorrow."

"But why?"

"Ah, Minnie, that is a question which has puzzled wiser heads than yours or mine to answer."

Charlie, at this juncture, called away the little girls, doubtless guessing that we should like to be alone if we could.

The evening wore on; it was nearly time for me to go. Frances left the room for a moment, and Margie Damer and I were near each other.

She had been asking me various questions about Frances, and at the close of the category she remarked,—

"She seems very reserved, Dr. Fane; I do not like reserved people."

I cannot tell why it was that her words re-echoed over and over again in my heart, even in the course of the few minutes which elapsed before I answered,—

"I should be very sorry, Miss Damer, to think that you and Miss Fleming would not like each other; I am sure it will not be Frances' fault if you are not good friends."

"That implies that all the fault will be on my side; your opinion is not a flattering one. I have to regret your thinking so badly of me."

"I only speak of my knowledge of Miss Fleming. I know her intimately; and I know also that it is easy to get on with her; you will find her very loveable."

"And you think it is not easy to get on with me, and that I am not loveable? You are very candid, Dr. Fane."

"I am not drawing comparisons between you. I speak of Frances, not of you, Miss Damer."

She did not immediately reply, and after a pause I went on,—

"Will you not try to make her new home a happy one to Miss Fleming? I should be much happier were I to leave Ireland under the belief that you and she will be good friends."

Here Frances returned. Miss Damer's face wore an expression of, as I fancied, haughtiness at being asked to be the friend of a governess, and she answered, in a sarcastic tone,—

"You may rely upon my doing my best to make my sisters' governess happy."

I saw through the irony; but Frances took the words in good faith, and her pale, sweet face lighted up from its sadness as she said,—

"Oh, will you? I am so glad Miss Damer; and I thank you a thousand times!"

Then came our parting. I felt that Miss Damer's eye was upon me as I held Frances' hand within my own in the final grasp; and I also felt that the weight at my heart was growing stronger and more crushing. Oh, Frances, Frances! if I could have foreseen!

I sailed for England—I arrived in Derbyshire—you know all the story of my sojourn with you and yours.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN ENGLAND.

For the benefit of the reader, who is not so enlightened as Miss Beaufort, upon the intermediate part of Dr. Fane's story, I shall detail the events which occurred during his stay at Ardennes.

Upon Godfrey's arrival at Elmsworth, the nearest station to Mr. Beaufort's, he found a servant and phaeton waiting for him, and, on reaching his destination after a few miles drive, he was shown into a small sitting-room, which, at first glance, he fancied was unoccupied, but a further survey showed that he was mistaken.

A young girl was sitting in a bow-window, who rose as he approached, and greeted him with—

"Dr. Fane, welcome to Ardennes;" then frankly extended her hand.

"You have the advantage of me," he said, as he responded to the greeting.

She laughed, and he thought he had never heard such a tty, musical laugh—so natural, so pleasant in its utterance.
'I am Edred Beaufort, sister to your——am I to call my little ther your patient?"
t seemed to Dr. Fane, as he looked down at the face beside ı, that he had seen it before, and a vague sense of its having n a familiar and a loved one rose within his heart; but while ı dim consciousness shaped itself, came also the reflection of arent rudeness on his part, in having allowed a few seconds elapse since his companion had spoken, and he had not ponded; he had forgotten every word she uttered save those —"Edred Beaufort."
Mr. Beaufort's daughter? Why, I thought you were at ool at present."
I returned from Neuwied at Christmas, so I was not here en you came to see papa. I am to remain at home now. I not mean that I am what people call 'finished;' I have only un to learn lately. But I am strangely forgetting my duty ıostess," she continued, with a smile. "Papa desired me to logize for his being out when you came; but he was obliged ıttend a meeting in Clifton. He also wished me to take care ou at luncheon, which must be ready. Will you come into dining room? we shall meet aunt Janet and my brother there."
She led the way to the room where her aunt and brother were ted. The boy had somewhat of the frankness of his sister's dial manner, but in a minor degree; he had seen our friend lfrey at the time of his first visit to Ardennes, and appeared ased to meet him again; and Dr. Fane could not account for gratified feeling accompanying his reflection, "I am glad my ient is brother to such a sister."
The sister's face haunted him, or rather, its resemblance to ıe face which seemed familiar to him; but whose it was he ld not determine.
Days passed on. Godfrey Fane was speedily upon friendly l even intimate terms with his employer and his family. The had a delicate spine, which influenced his general health; l though not in any danger, yet his father liked the comfort ich a doctor's constant supervision afforded.
Dr. Fane's first impression of Mr. Beaufort was that he was a ı of intense feeling, which was habitually veiled. He could l this in his face—and he was a generally correct physiogno- t, partly owing to his medical studies, which led him to

understand a good deal of the play of the human face. It also struck him that he was a man who had been wounded in a spirit-fray, and had suffered keenly; while, surmounting all, came the reflection that were such a man his father, he should love him dearly. When Mr. Beaufort heard of Dr. Fane's having been an orphan from his ninth year, he remarked, in a tone of kindness, which drew the young man insensibly towards him, "Never to have had a mother's love to guide you in your most trying years!—those of early manhood—poor lad!"

But there was yet another link which bound the young doctor to his employer, and it was that his name was "Matthew;" for he remembered that his uncle's name—that uncle so loved by his mother—was "Matthew." Miss Beaufort had lived with her brother since his wife's death, some three years previously.

As I said, Dr. Fane and his new acquaintances were soon upon intimate terms; but Edred Beaufort was his principal attraction. There was something so *naïve* in her, so unlike the ordinary type of boarding-school young ladies, who are tutored and lectured until they all look, speak, and act, as if the constant supervision of Mrs. Proper Conduct, assisted by Fraulein Thutwohl and Signor Pensate-bene, were never for one moment removed, and who thus come forth from the clutches of these worthies, stereotyped editions of the same impression. There was something so unlike all this in Edred Beaufort;—perfectly ladylike, with a repose of manner and dignity which marked her every action, and which neither degenerated into self-assertion, nor formality and *starchiness*. With the playfulness of a child there was at the same time the deep seriousness of womanhood, and a keen insight into its duties and privileges.

The boy and Dr. Fane were soon boon companions. The doctor did not think very seriously of his young patient's delicacy; he speedily came to the conclusion that the nervous anxiety of his father for an only son prompted him to think more of his ailments than they really deserved, and that his services, though a comfort to the parent, were not absolutely required in the house. He was more the lad's companion and friend than his physician; but he was not disposed to find fault with the fate which had brought him to Ardennes on such an errand.

Nor were the Beauforts less prepossessed in our hero's favour.

Dr. Fane had frequently heard from and written to Frances; she never complained in any of her letters, and he began to hope



that her duties as governess were less irksome than she and he had anticipated. Of course Mr. Beaufort knew of Godfrey's former profession, and one evening, as his daughter was at the piano, in that truly home hour when the gloaming has set in, and members of the family draw together for a happy interchange of thought and feeling, the day's work ended, and the hours of restful quiet commenced, Mr. Beaufort abruptly said,—

"Doctor, I wish you would superintend my daughter's music: you have opportunities of teaching her which another master could not have. What say you to my proposal?"

Thus was Godfrey Fane constituted teacher of music to Edred Beaufort; and while he taught, *he learnt*—ay, learnt what? he learnt to *love!*

The days flew by, at least, they seemed to him to do so; for he was too happy to reckon how the time sped on. It was unknown to himself at this period that Edred Beaufort had a place in his heart which he had never contemplated giving her. It never occurred to him that he was allowing himself to glide, or rush, or fall into a stream whose waters, though still, were deep. It may be said, Did Frances never cross his mind? Had he been asked at that time, "Are you true to Frances Fleming?" he would unhesitatingly have replied in the affirmative.

But one day he woke from his delusion.

It was early summer. He had been at Ardennes since the end of the preceding January. Miss Beaufort one morning received a letter from a distant cousin, saying that, if convenient, he hoped to come to Ardennes for a visit on his way to London.

Mr. Beaufort expressed himself pleased at the prospect of seeing Mr. Græme, and his sister wrote to appoint a day for his coming.

Shortly afterwards the elders of the party left the room, and then Vere Beaufort exclaimed,—

"I suppose, Edred, that John Græme and you will have a flirtation. You know cousin Amy Vere laughed at you yesterday for never having had a lover. Will Jack Græme do for you?"

Dr. Fane was reading the *Times*. With its aid as a screen to his own face he could watch that of Edred as she listened to her brother's words. At the mention of "flirtation" he saw the hot blood rush to her temples, and she opened her lips as if about to expostulate; but Vere spoke so rapidly, that she was unable to do so until he had finished, then, with a very haughty look—so

haughty that he had not believed it possible for such a soft, gentle face to wear it,—she said,—

"Vere, never say such words to me again," and then left the room.

Vere gave a long "Whew-w-w-w!" and followed his sister's example.

And Dr. Fane? *He read no further.*

Vere's suggestion haunted him, though not in precisely the form he gave it. Yes; John Græme and Edred Beaufort *might be—might be;*—and his brain burned in the molten fire of the thought. . . . "And if he does love her—as love her he *must*,—what is that to me?"

Then the truth dawned upon him, and he saw how hopelessly, how insanely he loved. With all the energy of his nature, with the deep tender reverence of his soul, he had learned to love. He could not analyze his thoughts; in fitful gleams the full truth burst in upon his awakened vision; by degrees he saw all *—Frances—Edred—himself.* And he pressed his hand against his throbbing brain, and groaned aloud,—

"Pity me, O my God!"

Hours must have passed, for at the moment of his saying these words the servant came in to lay the table for luncheon; he rose, and saying, "Should I not see Mr. Beaufort or the ladies, please tell them I have gone out for a ride and shall not be home for luncheon," he left the room.

Upon his return he found no one at home; the ladies and Vere were driving, and Mr. Beaufort had gone to some distant fields.

He had schooled himself into outward composure during his ride, and when again he met Edred he was able to speak to her without any traces of emotion; but he inwardly felt that all the pleasant freedom of merely friendly intercourse had gone for ever. He had made up his mind how he ought to act towards her for the remainder of his stay under her father's roof; but how to carry out his determination!—to keep all the truth to himself; never by word nor deed to let *her* know. And this he conceived to be his duty to her, and that, in fulfilling it, he should likewise keep his trust with Frances. For his faithlessness he hated himself, but at that time he had no higher motive for his self-abhorrence than the consciousness of having lowered himself in his own eyes by a failure in what he considered his "duty" to the dead and in his faith to the living. He thought not of the duty as one imposed by God, in the fulfilment of



which he would obtain strength by doing it as "unto God," and not unto men. He was displeased because his own moral nature had not been more vigorous in its resistance to temptation. Again, a voice whispered to him that Mr. Fleming had dealt unfairly by him in making it an urgent request that he should marry his daughter; for though not exactly in these words, yet he implied this desire in the last sentence he uttered, which served to place a strain upon his inclinations, and upon Frances' affection. But Godfrey repudiated these suggestions as sophistries from the evil one, to tempt him into palliating what, at other times and in other moods, he considered a wrong done by him. He had accepted the trust conferred upon him by Mr. Fleming, no matter how far the dying father might have erred in forcing the promise; no matter the extent of the false judgment in the transaction, he had agreed to the terms; he had solemnly promised never to desert Frances while she needed his protection, and he had in the spirit, if not in the letter, been faithless to his trust.

Again, on the other hand, he clearly saw the injustice of his conduct to himself which would ensue by his eventually marrying Frances under the then existing circumstances. He knew and felt that his love for Edred Beaufort had sprung from deeper well-springs of feeling, had awaked stronger affections, had called into being higher and nobler aspirations of his nature, which never could have been called forth by Frances; as hers was a mind inferior to Edred's in its calibre, a nature mediocre in its characteristics; and he pondered for days and days whether of the evils was the least, the being faithless to his trust with Mr. Fleming, or the being untrue to himself in blighting, as he knew he should, the deep, holiest love of his heart, by neutralizing its strength, stifling the voice which sought for a hearing, but which he bade be still; yet in his soul the cry went ever forth, "My love! my love!" while all his thoughts came back to the one starting-point, "Keep close by duty's side; let love alone."

And "Duty" was branded on his heart in these seven letters,—F-r-a-n-c-e-s."

In his own words to Dr. Froude, when speaking of this time, he said, "How far I was right or wrong in my decision I know not; had my mother been alive on earth I might have had a clearer insight into the true, best line of conduct; for to her I should have told my difficulties, and she could have traced a road through my labyrinth of doubt, and pointed a way for me

to escape from my perplexity into the clearer, straighter path of right." It never occurred to him to imagine the possibility of Edred's loving *him:* no, he only wondered at his own audacity in mutely tendering to her the reverence and affection of his heart; not daring to believe, as he afterwards did, that love is in itself a worthy and a God-like offering, hallowing alike the giver and the receiver. His debate with himself was finally resolved into this,—"*She must never know.*" Little did he realize the difficulties which would combine to induce him to forego his determination.

Mr. Græme duly arrived, and Dr. Fane duly met the man who had been the first cause of his awakening from his dream.

He could not detect anything in his manner to Edred which could justify any suspicion of his being more to her than a cousin—for the first week or so, at all events; and he placed an unnatural strain upon his own conduct towards her in his over-anxiety to crush out the love which would but grow the deeper for all his efforts to check it; the very fact of trying to keep it in subordination only increased its fervour; the mentally saying, "I *must* not think of her," but brought her more vividly before his thoughts.

And Edred observed the change in Godfrey; and the girl wondered why he had grown so cold and formal towards her. What had she done to annoy him? And she then learned that this difference in his manner gave her great pain. At first she knew not why, but gradually—not as *he* came to know *his* case—she knew that she dearly loved him; then, with quick maidenly pride, she resented the knowledge: "He has never asked me to care for him; I must not do so unsought." So these two went on in their daily walk, each with a secret which it was hard to keep.

Miss Beaufort partly guessed Dr. Fane's, for sometimes, when involuntarily he found himself watching Edred's every movement, following her with eyes whose vision seemed removed beyond his own control, and when, suddenly recollecting himself, he withdrew them from her, Miss Beaufort detected the gaze, and divined the cause. Nor was she less quick to observe the change in Edred,—the absent, manner which at times she fell into, and from which she would suddenly rouse herself as if stung by a painful thought. In general the secret was carefully veiled, for she would have died rather than divulge it; woman-like, she shrank from loving where she fancied herself unloved.

The days were uninterruptedly fine during Mr. Græme's stay
ıt Ardennes, but too hot to admit of riding or driving until the
ıvening. It was that glaring, sultry weather, when the atmo-
phere seems charged with carbon, and when not a breeze stirs
o fan away even a ray of heat.

Vere had not been very well, and Dr. Fane was his constant
ttendant; the boy needed quiet, so that he was not much in the
amily circle, and suffered greatly from nervous headache, and
ven the pleasant hum of distant voices was painful to him.
Iis aunt and the doctor were his principal nurses, and upon
is father and sister devolved the task of entertaining Cousin
ohn Græme.

Dr. Fane blessed Vere's indisposition, which was the cause of
› far keeping him away from Edred; while at the same time,
ıith all the perversity of human nature, he was jealous of the
nforced separation from her.

About a fortnight after Mr. Græme's arrival Vere was as well
ɜ usual, and Mr. Beaufort proposed having a gipsy excursion to
beautiful glen a few miles from Ardennes, a suggestion which
ɔceived cordial approbation.

The evening for the expedition came; they were to start at
ix o'clock; the carriage and pony phaeton were waiting at the
oor. Dr. Fane was in the hall before the rest of the party were
ɜady; he caught sight of Edred coming up the garden walk
ıith some flowers in her hand; he went over to join her, and
ɜked what was the order of ıarch. She coloured, and busied
erself needlessly over the flowers, as she half murmured some
ıords which he could not distinctly catch.

The dim fear was at work in his heart that John Græme
ıould try to secure her as his companion in the phaeton, and
ɪrged by this, he ventured to ask, as he thought, beforehand,—

"Will you ride in the phaeton, and let me be your
harioteer?"

He could see the deepening scarlet on her face as she told
im that Mr. Græme had already forestalled him.

"Just as you please," he said, coldly, as he turned on his heel
nd went over to the carriage horses, apparently intent upon
ıiving away the flies congregated round them. The party were
nly to take one servant, who was to sit behind the phaeton, as
Ir. Beaufort intended that Græme or the doctor should under-
ɪke the safe-conduct of the carriage. So Dr. Fane called to
'ere, and he and the boy mounted the box, and the doctor set

off at a furious pace as soon as Mr. Beaufort and his sister were seated within the carriage. He purposely took the lead; he could not have borne to see the phaeton and its freight on before him.

Afterwards, when Dr. Fane looked back upon those days of Mr. Græme's stay at Ardennes, he could recall numerous instances of failure on his part in that nameless courtesy of ordinary intercourse in his conduct towards him;—even had he been unconscious of it himself, an observation of John Græme, which he overheard on the evening of the picnic, forced it upon his notice. Vere and his aunt and the doctor were helping to decorate the tablecloth and the edibles with ferns and other evergreens, when Edred and John drew near them, with an addition of wild flowers for the decorations,—the latter was speaking, and the doctor heard what he said:—

"*I* find Dr. Fane one of the most surly fellows I have met with."

Godfrey Fane looked up quickly, and caught sight of the flush of pain which passed over Edred's face, for she had seen the gesture, she knew by it that he had heard the words, and she felt that they would wound him. Mr. Græme had moved away to gather some ivy leaves, and he did not see the reproach conveyed to him in Edred's eyes.

Dr. Fane would certainly have made some unpleasant retort, but that Mr. Græme's words struck home: so he was mute. To add to his wretchedness at that time the conviction gradually forced itself upon him that whether owing to her cousin's influence, or her growing love for him (for Godfrey could not be blind to the fact that cousinly regard was giving way on John's side to a dearer affection), Edred was learning to avoid him. Oh, men, how blind you are to read women aright!

He knew and felt by all which he conceived to be true that, supposing he were not bound to Frances, and thus considered himself justified in loving Edred, and that at the same time he could believe that John Græme was a man calculated to make her a happy woman as his wife, he would have foregone all claim to her love, and have striven with all his manhood's energy to obliterate his intense desire to have her for his own But he had that consciousness within him that John Græme was not *the* man of all others who should be her second self to Edred Beaufort. Afterwards, when a barrier stronger than Frances Fleming had for years been in existence, which he thought ought to separate him from Edred—when all hope had

ıded and died away, or, I should say, received its death-blight—
ı a death which in his wildest moment he never wished for
ɑr contemplated, even then, in the calm retrospect of things
nd events long gone by, Godfrey Fane felt satisfied that John
ræme and his cousin Edred were never intended for each
ther.

But one day came—one day when the longing within him to
ɜt her know that he loved her rose into a perfect surge of
assionate desire which would not be repressed: it was the day
pon which John Græme had left Ardennes.

Mr. Beaufort had driven him to Elmsworth, and shortly
efore his return home Edred, Vere, and Dr. Fane went for a
troll in the shrubbery. Somehow the conversation turned upon
he love of kindred, and Vere asked the doctor, did he not hold
he theory that family love was the strongest in its nature and
ndurance.

He briefly answered, "No."

"Then," said the boy, "what is, if that is not?"

"I think," said Edred, "that the being a relation of Tom,
Iarry, or Sarah does not necessarily make you love them. I
annot think with some good people that you must love a
erson because he or she is a relative: I am quite sure there is a
ameless *something*—I suppose an affinity of blood—which makes
s feel differently to a relation than to a stranger; but that
eling I cannot consider as strong an instinct in our nature as
hat love which is built upon an appreciation of the higher and
obler sympathies of the mind—a love which has friendship,
eal, true, pure friendship for its foundation. Such love as that
allows the heart which breathes it, and is, I think, a higher
nd a holier one than the *mere* love of kindred."

"You and the doctor can finish the discussion," said Vere;"
nd away the boy scampered, exclaiming, "I'm off to gather
ılberry leaves for my silkworms."

"You believe," said Dr. Fane, "that love sanctifies the heart
hich breathes it?"

"I do, Dr. Fane. I cannot help thinking that a true, pure
ve comes direct from Him whose essential nature it is, and
hus it cannot but hallow the heart in which it dwells."

"I agree with you. I am sure that, for instance, where a
ıan loves with such a love as you describe, he is nearer heaven,
r he cannot fail to yearn after better things, and thus prove
orthy of the love of his object."

"But that ought not to be his only incentive in the longing after better things."

"It may be a mean motive, comparatively speaking, Miss Edred, still it may be productive of higher ones eventually; there is no knowing whither the influence over a man's character may lead, which the desire to stand well in the estimation of the woman he truly loves first produces."

He saw that she read the hidden allusion in his words,—he saw that, woman-like, she guessed that the cases to which he reverted were his own and hers, for she flushed crimson as she rose with quiet dignity, saying,—

"I think we had better go in, Dr. Fane; papa has doubtless returned."

He mutely obeyed; and they reached the house without the interchange of a further remark upon the subject of their conversation.

This was his first breach in his resolution!

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.

III.—HER PRESENT POSITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

BY THE REV. ALFRED T. LEE, LL.D.

We have already considered in these pages, some of the results which the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland has produced; and we have also endeavoured to trace the first steps which the Irish Church has taken to reconstruct, as far as may be, that which has been destroyed. Much, indeed, has passed away which can never be restored. That freedom of opinion, that power to minister Christ's Word and Sacraments to the poor of every part of the land without money and without price, which is the peculiar heritage of the clergy of an Established Church, has departed for ever. Henceforth the Church of Ireland is absolutely governed by the majority of the General Synod, and has but little means of protecting herself from the effects which a sudden panic or special agitation may produce, when it arises previously to any election of the members of that Synod. There is also great danger that after the present generation of Clergy with their life interests shall have passed away, there will be many remote districts in Ireland where Churchmen are few and scattered, which will be left either with a very scanty supply of spiritual ministrations, or, what seems more likely, devoid of them altogether; whilst for the future support of the Episcopate, save in one or two rare instances, provision there is none. It cannot, therefore, be thought that the difficulties with which the Church of Ireland has still to contend are few or slight. They are far greater than at first sight appear, and they are likely to continue over a long series of years. It will require at least half a century to elapse before the entire effects of the Irish Church Act can be fully known; and it is altogether premature now to speak as if we already knew what the final results of that perilous change will be. Still it cannot be but a matter full of interest to observe closely the various steps which a Church, situated as the Irish Church now is has deemed

it necessary to take, in order to secure to herself the best position for future usefulness which it was possible for her to attain, under the untoward circumstances in which she was placed. We have already seen how the National Synod of the Clergy in 1869, and the General Convention in 1870, acquitted themselves of the duties laid upon them, and we will now turn to the consideration of the enactments passed by the General Synod at its recent session in the spring of this year.

It may be well to observe in passing that the General Synod is now the supreme governing body of the Church of Ireland. From its decisions there is no appeal. And Bishops, Clergy, and Laity are alike bound to obey the laws which it enacts in all matters which concern their duties to the Church of which they are members.

The session of the General Synod for 1871 commenced on the 13th of April, and lasted for thirty-one days. It was chiefly occupied in considering the report of Master Brooke's Committee on the proposed revision of the Liturgy; in enacting a new code of Canons for the future guidance of the Irish Clergy, in passing certain statutes; and in correcting or supplying the omissions of those which had been passed in the General Convention. Such is a short summary of the work it accomplished. It might have done much more in a shorter time had there not been a strong tendency to over-legislate on the part of many in the Synod, and a great waste of time in considering matters of detail. Such shortcomings, however, are perhaps unavoidable in a popular assembly as yet but little accustomed to the laws of debate, and consisting of various elements which have not yet had time to adjust themselves to the position which they will occupy in the future. These are evils which time will cure, and we may hope that as the Irish Synod grows older, its sessions will grow shorter, and the excessive anxiety to legislate, which produced so many abortive bills this year, will continue to diminish more and more.

Previous to the opening of the General Synod great interest had been excited respecting the report of Master Brooke's Committee, which had been appointed by the General Convention "to consider whether, without making any such alterations in the Liturgy or formularies of the Church as would involve or imply a change in her doctrines, any measures can be suggested calculated to check the introduction and spread of novel doctrines and practices opposed to the principles of our Reformed Church."

That Committee, it was known, represented the opinions of those in the Irish Church who wished for certain changes in the Prayer-book which would bring it more in accordance with the views of the friends of revision in that Church. For this reason it was considered by many that the report would contain the *maximum* of changes which they could hope to obtain. It was, therefore, with a considerable sense of relief that it was found, when the report appeared, that no change was proposed in the Morning or Evening Services, or in the Baptismal Service, or most of the other formularies in the main, but that the Committee had contented themselves with recommending (1) the addition of a new question and answer in the Church Catechism respecting the Lord's Supper; (2) a new rubric after the Communion Service; (3) the omission of the Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick; and (4) the alteration of the words used by the Bishop in the Ordination of Priests—"Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God," &c.,—and the substitution of another form. These were the chief recommendations of the Committee, but they also added two or three others of less importance, such as the omission of "the ornaments rubric," and of the black-letter days in the Calendar, and the prefixing of the following declaration to the Book of Common Prayer:—"Wherever throughout this Book, the word 'Priest' is used as designating a Minister of this Church, the Church of Ireland doth thereby understand 'Presbyter.'"

In considering this report of Master Brooke's Committee it is to be remembered that the whole Irish episcopate had declined to serve upon it; that many of the most distinguished members of the Committee refused to sign the report; and that in the end not one of its recommendations was adopted by the General Synod. The dissentients included the Dean of Cashel, Dr. Salmon, the Regius Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, the Archdeacon of Cork, Dr. Ball, the M.P. for the University of Dublin, the Earl of Meath, Mr. H. M. Pilkington, Q.C., and the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Sir Joseph Napier.

It will be seen that the whole of these recommendations tended in one direction. Indeed, the Committee seemed to think that danger from one quarter only could possibly threaten the Irish Church, and that was from the side of Ritualism. When the first resolution founded on the report came to be discussed, it was seen that the majority both of the Clergy and the Laity in the Synod agreed with Master Brooke, but the wise rule which

prevents any fundamental change without the consent of two-thirds of either Order present and voting, prevented this first recommendation of the Committee from being carried. Dr. Salmon's resolution, proposing the appointment of a new Committee of revision, on which the Bishops consented to serve, having been subsequently agreed to, the remainder of the recommendations of Master Brooke's Committee did not come under the consideration of the Synod.

Annexed to this report were fourteen proposed canons, most of which were also included in the report of the Judicature Committee, and which came before the Synod in due course, when that report was brought forward by Archdeacon Stopford in the form of a Bill.

The revision of the Canons of the Church of Ireland, as we have seen, formed an important part of the business of the Synod. Provision had been made in the General Convention for the successful accomplishment of this difficult task by the appointment of a Committee "to revise the Canons of 1634, and report to the first General Synod that should meet after the 1st of January, 1871, whether any, and if so what, modifications or alterations in the existing laws are rendered necessary or advisable in consequence of the altered circumstances of the Church."

It will at once be seen how vast was the scope and how great the variety of the subjects which thus came under the purview of the Judicature Committee. Fortunate it was for them that they possessed such a Chairman as the Archdeacon of Meath, whose accurate knowledge of the ecclesiastical law of Ireland in all its branches must in many cases have made the task far lighter than otherwise it would have been. Yet at the best the task was a most serious one. The Canons of 1634 were one hundred in number, and had been framed by the skill of Bramhall, and subjected to the revision of the profound scholarship of Usher. Down to the General Synod of 1871 these Canons were the law of the Church of Ireland; they are now her law no longer. They have been succeeded by a new code, the merits of which it is now our duty to consider.

And in so doing we cannot but express our regret that the first act of the Committee should have been the omission of the first Canon of 1634, which with much advantage might have been retained. It seemed good to those wise and far-seeing prelates who guided the Counsels of the Convocation of 1634 that the Church of Ireland should bear testimony in the first of her

Canons to her agreement with the sister Church of England in "the confession of the same Christian faith and the doctrine of the Sacraments." This agreement is now nowhere stated in the Canons of the Irish Church, and its omission, after its having existed for more than two hundred years, is, to say the least, extremely significant. By passing a Canon such as this the Church of Ireland would in no degree have surrendered her freedom in all things lawful; she would only have declared that both the Churches of England and Ireland were still one, in the faith and obedience of their common Lord and Master.

The number of Canons in the new code is only forty-eight. Those of 1634 were one hundred in number, and the English Canons amount to one hundred and forty-one. Of these forty-eight, the first seventeen are concerning "Divine Service and the Administration of the Sacraments, and the Duty of Ministers in Respect thereof;" the next eight refer to "The Ordering and Institution of Ministers." These are followed by seven which treat of "The Residence of the Clergy and the Performance of their Duties;" whilst the next thirteen, which speak of "The Communion Service and of Ceremonies," and "Of Churches and their Ornaments," are remarkable both from the trenchant character of the enactments they contain, and also from showing how much the excessive ceremonial used of late in some English Churches has prevented Irish Churchmen being permitted to enjoy that moderate liberty of ceremonial which is the cherished privilege of their brethren in England. The two concluding Canons declare the right of appeal from the decision of the Ordinary to the Court of the General Synod, and affirm the supreme authority of that Synod in matters ecclesiastical in the Church of Ireland. By a somewhat singular yet judicious resolution of the Synod, the thirtieth of the English Canons, "The Lawful Use of the Cross in Baptism explained," is appended; and it is noticeable that it contains that well-known passage which speaks of the position which the Church of England assumed at the Reformation with regard to the Churches on the Continent, and which we are heartily glad to see has been accepted in its fulness by the Church of Ireland. After affirming the sound principle that "the abuse of a thing doth not take away the lawful use of it," the Canon goes on to affirm, "Nay, so far was it from the purpose of the Church of England to forsake and reject the Churches of Italy, France, Spain, Germany, or any such like Churches, in all things which they held and practised, that, as the Apology of

the Church of England confesseth, it doth with reverence retain those ceremonies which doth neither endanger the Church of God nor offend the minds of sober men; and only departeth from them in those particular points wherein they were fallen both from themselves in their ancient integrity, and from the Apostolical Churches which were their first founders."

In considering the new Canons of the Church of Ireland as a whole, it may perhaps be most convenient, first to point out their characteristic features, and then to consider them a little more in detail.

The first remark forced upon us is that there has evidently been far too much minute legislation. A nervous fear of the remotest approach to what is commonly called Ritualism seems to have pervaded the great majority of the Irish Synod. So far have they gone in this matter, that they have forbidden much that is common in every part of England. Take for instance the thirty-sixth Canon, which is as follows:—

"*Crosses on or behind the Communion-Table forbidden.* That there shall not be any Cross, ornamented or otherwise, on the Communion-Table, or on the covering thereof; nor shall a Cross be erected or depicted on the wall or other structure behind the Communion-Table in any of the Churches or other places of worship of the Church of Ireland."

Surely when enacting such a Canon as this the Synod had not made up its mind to append to its decrees the thirtieth English Canon, which affirmed that the use of the sign of the Cross was held in the primitive Church, as well by the Greeks and Latins, with one consent and general applause, and added words which form a strange comment on this thirty-sixth Irish Canon, "At what time, if any had opposed themselves against it, they would certainly have been censured as enemies of the name of the Cross, and consequently of Christ's merits, the sign whereof they could no better endure. This continual and general use of the Cross is evident from many testimonies of the ancient Fathers."

Holy days authorized by the Church are to be duly observed, "unless dispensed with by the Ordinary" (Canon 4), thus giving the Bishop of any Diocese power to forbid their celebration, however much his Clergy or the people may desire it. The Bishops are to wear in public worship the "customary ecclesiastical apparel of their order," which the Synod wisely decline further to define. The officiating minister "*shall* wear bands," which ecclesiastical vestment is considered of greater importance



than "the hood which pertaineth to his degree," which "he *may* wear"—but if he pleases may omit, although the use of bands is made in every case imperative.

The enactments concerning the position of the Minister during Divine Service are many and various. "In no case when he is offering up public prayer shall his back be turned to the congregation." Upon this the question arises, are the Creeds in the sense of the Irish Synod to be considered as prayers, or declarations of faith? If the latter is the sense intended, turning to the East at the repetition of the Creed is not forbidden; if the former, it undoubtedly is.

It is well known that the English Canon which directs "that a due and lowly reverence shall be made whenever the Name of the Lord Jesus is mentioned in divine service" was omitted in the Irish canons of 1634, and the cause of this omission, though by some ascribed to Archbishop Usher, has never been fully explained, but although aware of this peculiarity of the former Irish canons, we were not prepared to find in those of 1871 the strange enactment "that nothing herein contained (Canon 37) shall be taken to prohibit the customary act of reverence when the Name of our Blessed Lord is mentioned in reciting the *Nicene* Creed." Are Irish Churchmen in the future not to obey the apostolic injunction to bow "at the Name of Jesus" in the Morning and Evening Service, when reciting the Apostolic Creed, as is now the universal custom? And are they to express their reverence for the Lord's Name by the customary gesture only when repeating the Constantinople version of the Creed of Nicea? We are wholly at a loss to understand on what grounds this strange provision has found its way into the thirty-seventh Canon.

No bishop, or other ecclesiastical judge of the Church of Ireland is likely to err when called upon to define what is meant by the "north side of the Table," in the rubric in the Communion Service—for the eighth Canon declares its meaning in the plainest and most precise terms.

"Every Minister, when saying the Prayer of consecration in the service prescribed for the Administration of the Lord's Supper, shall stand at the north side of the Table, by which, both here and in the rubric of the Communion Office, *is to be understood that side or end of the Table, which, in Churches lying east and west, is towards the north*" (Canon 5).

In a similar spirit it is enacted that "there shall not be any lighted lamps or candles on the Communion Table or any part of

the Church during the celebration of the service, . . . excepting when they are necessary for the purpose of giving light" (Canon 35).

"The elevation of the Paten or Cup," "the use of wine mixed with water," or "of wafer bread," "of incense," "the carrying any cross, banner, or picture through any Church or Churchyard in any religious service or ceremonial," are declared to be unlawful, and are prohibited. (Canons 37—39).

The fortieth Canon which treats of "The Ornaments of the Church," places so many obstacles in the way of any alteration in "the structure, ornaments or monuments of any Church," that we fear it is likely to prove a serious obstacle in the way of Church restoration, even if the necessary funds are forthcoming. First, the Incumbent and Select Vestry must agree as to the alteration—however insignificant its character may be; and when this has been accomplished, then "an accurate description of the proposed change" must be laid before the Bishop, and when his final approval had been given we should have thought the most tender and scrupulous conscience would have been satisfied. But it seems to have been thought that Bishop, Incumbent, and Select Vestry, even when united in opinion, were not sufficient security; and therefore any person "aggrieved by the proposed change"—he need not even be "an aggrieved parishioner" —has the right to appeal to the Diocesan Court; and if he cannot obtain satisfaction then, he may further appeal to the Court of the General Synod. It is quite possible that under this Canon a whole parish might be kept for years in hot water, because a single resident had set his face against a proposed change approved of by all those set in authority over him.

The remaining Canons treat of the keeping of Churches and Churchyards in repair, and of the duty of Churchwardens and the Select Vestry, and do not call for any special observations at our hands.

The much-vexed question of the mode of election to the Primacy, which occupied so large a portion of the time of the General Convention in 1870, was settled by the introduction of a statute by the Primate which received the assent of the General Synod. It is therein provided that on a vacancy occurring in the Archbishopric of Armagh, the Diocesan Synod shall forthwith proceed to elect a Bishop as provided in former statutes; the Bishop, when elected, to bear *ad interim* the title of Bishop of Armagh; and as soon as convenient after the consecration of the Bishop so elected, the House of Bishops is to meet and elect one



of their own number to the Archbishopric of Armagh and Primacy of all Ireland. The *ad interim* Bishop of Armagh, if not elected to the Primacy, is to succeed to the See vacated by the prelate elected thereto. It is to be hoped that the claims of the Diocese and the rights of the Episcopal Bench will both be satisfied, by this solution of the most difficult practical question which has come before the Synods of the Irish Church since her separation from the State.

The present financial position of the Irish Church is one of great difficulty, and such as must continue to cause much anxiety to its members for a long time to come. The whole of the property of the Church of Ireland, including that in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, was confiscated by the Act which disestablished the Church. Nothing was left, but certain portions of the property might be got back, on what might be considered more or less favourable terms. In the first place, the life interests of the existing Bishops and Clergy were preserved, in other words they were to receive an annuity equivalent to their net income for the remainder of their respective lives. This annuity each Incumbent and Curate was permitted to commute for a certain capital sum, calculated according to the age and income of the annuitant; and on this capital sum being paid over to the Representative Church Body, the annuitant ceased to have any claim on the Government Church Commissioners. In every Diocese in Ireland, three-fourths of the Clergy (the number required by the Act) have agreed to commute, the capital sum which their incomes are valued at, will shortly be transferred to the Church Body, who will then become responsible for the annual incomes of nearly all the Clergy in Ireland. It has been calculated that when the last annuitant dies, the last pound of the fund obtained by commutation will have been spent; and although commutation, when followed by compounding, may in certain cases be a great benefit to the Church, yet it cannot be said to produce any certain sum on which the Irish Church can depend for future income. The Churches are restored to the Church, on the parish or Diocesan Council undertaking to keep them in proper repair. The Glebe Houses, when they exist, can be purchased on favourable terms; and when there are any glebe lands, ten acres are allowed to be bought back for the benefit of the future incumbents. The case therefore stands thus. The Tithe is wholly gone; all glebe lands, save

such a small portion as can be bought back, are gone also. The Glebe Houses in most cases, the churches in every necessary case, will be secured. The income confiscated amounted to £581,832 per annum. The only permanent fund out of this left to the Irish Church is £500,000 in lieu of private endowments, the interest on which will produce £20,000 a year. A loss of about £560,000 a year has thus taken place through the operation of the Irish Church Act. In 1868, the year before the passing of the Act, there were 1,528 incumbents and 550 curates in the Irish Church. By union of benefices and the use of missionary curates, it is estimated that the working expenses of the Church can be reduced by £200,000 year, and this will leave £360,000 to be raised by annual subscriptions or by other means. But in addition to this, £200,000 is needed for the purchase of glebe houses, for it is reckoned that even at the low rate at which they can be purchased this sum will be needed to secure them for the Church.

To meet this great demand a capital sum of £345,000 has been subscribed in Ireland, which will produce about £14,000 a year, and annual subscriptions to the amount of £40,000 have been promised, making in all about £54,000 per annum.

In addition to this we may expect that much will be done in different districts by those who are specially interested in their spiritual welfare. But even at the very best there will be much and grievous spiritual destitution in many an Irish parish, unless a vigorous effort is made in England to provide funds for the maintenance of Clergy amongst them.

There is also great danger lest the Irish Episcopate should in the future be left without any adequate provision. The Bishopric of Derry, indeed, has, through the liberality of its present Bishop, been endowed with an ample income; but the Bishopric of Kilmore, which fell vacant between the passing of the Irish Church Act and its coming into operation, is left without any income whatever. Amidst the earnest efforts now made by the Church landlords and parishioners to provide for the spiritual wants of their own localities there is great danger that adequate provision for the future Episcopate should be altogether overlooked; and Englishmen who are really desirous of conferring a permanent benefit on the Irish Church cannot do so more effectively than by aiding the fund for the endowment of the future Irish Episcopate.

We cannot conclude these observations on the present position

of the Church of Ireland without briefly referring to the religious census which has lately been taken. It presents us with some remarkable facts. In 1834 the Roman Catholic population of Ireland numbered 6,436,000; in 1861 it had diminished to 4,505,265; in 1871 it amounted to only 4,141,933, showing that during the last thirty-seven years the Roman Catholic population of Ireland has diminished by considerably more than 2½ millions. During the last ten years, between 1861 and 1871, the whole population of Ireland has diminished by 396,208. Of these, no less than 363,332 were Roman Catholics, 22,916 Presbyterians or other Dissenters, and only 10,062 were members of the Irish Church. Moreover it is specially to be observed that in Ulster, which is the great stronghold of Presbyterianism in Ireland, the Presbyterians have decreased from 503,835 in 1861, to 484,425 in 1871; whilst Irish Churchmen have not only experienced no decrease in that Province during the same period, but have actually increased from 391,315 in 1861, to 398,705 in 1871. As regards other religious bodies in Ireland, both the Methodists and Wesleyans have decreased, whilst the Baptists have increased during the decade by about 400, and the Quakers by 140.

It is evident, then, that the Church of Ireland is more than holding her own, and there is increasing evidence that as time goes on more and more of the population of Ireland will be included within her pale. May she go on and prosper more and more, and by the blessing of Almighty God increase a hundredfold.

For now the future of the Church of Ireland lies entirely in her own hands. She is free from all external restraint or interference. The State has withdrawn its protection from her, and "no foreign prince, prelate, or potentate" has jurisdiction or control over her. She is endowed with all the privileges and perils of perfect freedom. Under her new constitution the Irish Church is placed on the widest possible foundation. Every member of the Irish Church who has come to years of discretion has a direct and personal influence in the conduct of her affairs. No Church in Christendom has made so near an approach in its constitution to universal suffrage as the Irish Church has done. Every male of full age who solemnly declares that he is one of her members is forthwith entitled to be registered as a Vestryman of the parish in which he resides, and have in the future a vote in the election of the Select Vestry, the parish officers, the parochial nominators, and the synodsmen who

represent the parish in the Diocesan Synod. It remains to see how this new plan will work. It has its advantages in giving to all a direct interest in the Church's welfare; it has its serious disadvantages from its giving the uneducated masses of a parish, if duly organized, an almost unlimited control over its ecclesiastical concerns.

We have now given a brief sketch of the position which the Church of Ireland occupies two years after the passing of the Irish Church Act. When we consider the suddenness of the blow which disestablished the Church, the state of unpreparedness in which both the Clergy and Laity were to accept so great a change; when we remember the great confiscation of property which at once ensued, and the difficult and delicate task of adjusting the relative position of Bishops, Clergy, and Laity in the various Synods in which they were immediately called to take an active part, we have great reason to be thankful that no fundamental change has yet been made either in the doctrine or discipline of the Church of Ireland; and that although there may be several of the new Canons of which we cannot approve, and which we are convinced will never work, we may still have a good hope that the Church of Ireland will be enabled to preserve the parochial system in most parts of the country, and hand down to future generations that pure doctrine and apostolic ministry, the possession and rightful use of which, as time goes on, will tend to endear her more and more to the people of Ireland.







ENGLISH HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS OF THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. VI.—ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN these days when hymn-writing is an occupation indulged in by everyone who can turn a rhyme, or scan a verse, and not unfrequently by those who can do neither, it is difficult to realize the fact that within the brief space of a century and a half ago, the hymn as a distinct form of sacred poetry was almost unknown; and that in the reign of Queen Anne it was literally making its first appearance, or at any rate was first publicly recognised in the Church. Of versifications of the Psalms there had indeed been, as was shown in our first paper, many collections varying considerably from high poetic merit to the most wretched bathos; but they were in reality only paraphrases, and in many instances servile and unsuccessful imitations of the original psalter of David and his fellow lyrists. When, however, the taste for congregational psalmody, naturally resulting from the use of the translated Prayer Book in which there was no provision for it, became popular, the necessity for something more in harmony with the reviving religious sympathies of the people was clearly evident. To attempt to tie down a body of earnest worshippers to the stilted doggerel of the earlier rhymesters was soon felt to be palpably absurd; and when the politico-religious movements in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. developed the zeal for creeds or against them, the desire for some songs of praise more inspiring than the lame verses of Sternhold and Hopkins, or their numerous successors, was intensified. At this juncture Dr. Watts came to the front, and may be almost said to have originated the English hymn; indeed, Montgomery assigns to the celebrated Nonconformist the honour of having invented it, "for he so far departed from all precedent, that few of his compositions resemble those of his forerunners; while he so far established a precedent to all his successors, that none have departed from it otherwise than according to the peculiar turn of mind in the writer, and the style of expressing Christian

truths employed by the Denomination to which he belonged." This high position as the first of *bonâ fide* English hymn writers may, we believe, be fairly claimed for Watts; and it is a fact well worthy of notice, inasmuch as it explains much of that roughness of style and forced language which disfigures so many of his best hymns, and which if he had written with a series of models before him, would either have been avoided, or pruned off altogether. Unlike the hymnist of the present day, whose chief difficulty is to strike out a new path, to originate a novel style, or to set forth some fresh idea, Watts had all the field before him; and as he seldom turned to ancient authors for his inspirations, his work was practically original. This should be borne in mind when we are comparing his verses with those of later authors, otherwise injustice to the memory of the patriarch of English hymnody is almost sure to follow. If we go to Watts expecting to find the polish of Keble, the intense spirituality of Faber, the mystic phrasing of Neale, or the dignity of Heber and Milman, we shall necessarily be disappointed; but if we look for the rough hewn work of the earlier builder, and remember the conditions under which he wrote, we can scarcely fail to join in the tribute of admiration which has ever been given to him, not only by Nonconformists, among whom he is naturally honoured, but also by Churchmen, who are compelled to recognise, as did the Bishops of London and Winchester in his own day, the earnestness of his labours in defence of Christian truth.

That Watts was a Nonconformist by hereditary attachment to Independent principles, as also by his own choice, is, probably, well known to our readers. His father suffered considerably during the reign of Charles II., owing to his refusal to conform, and the early memories of the hardships which his parents endured "for conscience' sake," had no slight influence in the colouring of some of his compositions. It was in his childhood's home, and among the pupils at his father's boarding school, at Southampton, that young Isaac, who was born July 17th, 1764, imbibed his first love of study. Even in his childhood he gave signs of those serious tastes which distinguished him in after life, and caused so many people to misunderstand him; and it is said that all his pocket money was devoted to the purchase of books. In his fourth year his father began to teach him Latin, and two years later he was sent to the Grammar school in his native town, where he soon added Greek, French, and Hebrew to his

other attainments, of the importance of which he seems to have been fully sensible, as in his private momoranda he carefully records the dates when each fresh language was commenced. It is worthy of note that his master, the Rev. John Pinhorne, was a clergyman, and a prebendary of Leckford. After the manner of his contemporaries, Watts was taught to watch carefully his religious feelings, and among other notes in his diary we find the following lines:—

"Fell under considerable convictions of sin . . . 1688.
And was taught to trust in Christ, I hope . . . 1689.
Had a great and dangerous sickness . . . . . 1689."

The continuance of the prosecutions of the dissenters doubtless served to increase his determination to enrol himself among them, although to a youth with such evident desires for academic distinctions, the prospect of foregoing a University education must have been an unpleasant one. It did not, however, tempt him to swerve from his resolution, and in his sixteenth year he left the grammar school for London, to study philosophy, being at the time, as Dr. Johnson says, "such an one as every Christian Church would rejoice to have adopted."

It was at one of the academies opened by nonconforming University graduates that young Watts was entered, the tutor at the time being Mr. Thomas Rowe, of Clapham, a man of earnest piety and high attainments. Curious as it may appear, the practice of celibacy was not uncommon among the tutors at these establishments, and when, in after years, Dr. Watts was asked for his opinion on a scheme drawn up for the management of a similar school, he distinctly advocated such a course, on the ground that the tutor would not be encumbered by family cares, and would be better able to devote himself to his pupils. Among his fellow students at Clapham were Daniel Neal, M.A., the historian of "New England," and of the Puritans; Josiah Hart, who afterwards conformed and became Archbishop of Tuam; and John Hughes, the poet, author of "The Siege of Damascus," and several papers in the *Tattler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. The young student soon gained his tutor's affections, and became one of his most zealous workers. Some idea of his ability may be formed from his manuscript essays, in Latin and English, written while *in statu pupillari*, upon physical, metaphysical, ethical, and theological subjects. Dr. Johnson's opinion may safely be accepted on their merits, for he was by no means a too friendly critic of the

works of the nonconformist. The theses, he remarks, "showed a degree of knowledge, both philosophical and theological, such as very few attain by a much longer course of study," and a perusal of some of the papers which have since been published enables us to confirm this opinion. The phraseology in Latin as well as English is easy and graceful, and the matter logically and forcibly arranged. Throughout his academic course Watts was distinguished for his laborious character, and among other practices which he adopted and always commended to others, was that of making a *précis* or digest of any work he was studying. The numerous manuscript volumes of this nature left behind him, give evidence of the thorough and systematic manner in which he set about the task. Another of his favourite habits was to interleave and annotate his books, among which his Westminster Greek Grammar was preserved as furnishing a perfect storehouse of information gleaned from other authors. His rules for reading are so eminently practical, and so worthy of adoption, that we gladly give them in full:—"Where the author is obscure, enlighten him; where he is imperfect, supply his deficiencies: where he is too brief and concise, amplify a little and set his notion in a fairer view: where he is redundant, mark those paragraphs to be retrenched: where he trifles and grows impertinent, abandon those passages or pages: where he argues, observe whether his reasons be conclusive; if the conclusion be true and yet the arguments weak, endeavour to confirm it by better proofs: when he derives or infers any propositions darkly or doubtfully, make the justice of the inference appear, and add further inferences or corollaries if such occur to your mind: where you suppose he is in a mistake, propose your objections and correct his sentiments: what he writes so well as to approve itself to your judgment, both as just and useful, treasure it up in your memory, and count it a part of your intellectual gains." Such was the system on which Watts studied, and his numerous prose works show how materially his methodical habits, coupled with the direct determination to sift what he read, conduced to his subsequent success as a concise and clear-headed writer. As a relief from his more serious work he cultivated his taste for poetry, and the writing of verses he recommends to others in his Essay on "The Improvement of the Mind," as a judicious means of relief and recreation, so that the mind "may be, as it were, unbent and repose itself on the flowery meadows where the muses dwell."



We have now reached a very interesting epoch in the hymn-writer's career, the point at which he definitely attached himself to a religious society. His own diary contains the record:—

"I was admitted to Mr. T. Rowe's Church. . . . Dec. 1693."

The building where the congregation met was Girdlers' Hall, Basinghall Street, but they subsequently removed to Haberdashers' Hall. It is a curious fact that this body of dissenters was originally gathered together by the Rev. W. Strong, a clergyman who had resigned his living at the instance of the Royalists, and who is said at first to have conducted his services at Westminster Abbey, and subsequently in the House of Lords. In confirmation of this, it is related by Wilson in his "Dissenting Churches" that Dr. Gibbons, one of the pastors, met an aged woman in the almshouses near St. Clement Danes, whose husband had been baptised as a member of this body in the House of Peers. On the conclusion of his student life in 1694, Watts spent two years and a half with his father at Southampton, and only returned to town in October, 1696, when he came to Stoke Newington, a northern suburb of the metropolis, destined ever after to be so intimately associated with his name, as the tutor of Sir John Hartopp's son, a position which he occupied for five years. During this time, emphatically a season of "learned leisure" to the student, he is said to have acted as chaplain to his patron, who belonged to a nonconformist congregation in the city, while among the literary results of the period we have his Treatise on Logic. Two years after he reached Stoke Newington Watts preached his first sermon, and he was ere long invited to assist Dr. Chauncey at Mark Lane, where Sir John Hartopp was a constant attendant, and where he became the regular morning preacher. The doctor who preached in the afternoon was one of the ejected clergy, having been deprived of his living of Woodborough, in Wiltshire, by the passing of the Act of Uniformity. At this period Watts' love of solitude and of books rather than of society was notorious, and he thus defends himself against the complaints of the public in a poem in imitation of Casimire's Twelfth Ode, book iv., "Quid me latentem," addressed to his friend Mr. Gunston, the brother of Lady Abney, and Lord of the Manor of Stoke Newington:—

"The noisy world complains of me,
That I should shun their sight and flee,
Visits and crowds and company.

"Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest
Till she ascends the skies;
And in my closet I wouldrest,
Till to the heavens I rise."

Subsequently, after Dr. Chauncey's death and his own severe illness, which necessitated his absence from town for some months, Watts took the sole charge of the Mark Lane congregation, and received the formal recognition of the people at a service held on the 18th March, 1702, a fact which he records by stating that he "was ordained" on that day. At this same period he delivered to the congregation a written statement of his principles, in which he asserts his belief in the right of any "society of saints covenanting to walk with God and one another in all the rules and institutions of the Gospel," to form themselves into "a church," and to choose their pastor, for whom, after his election, he claims direct authority as for the ambassador of Christ. Another interesting document, written at this time, is a definition of the various sects then existing, to which he adds a description of Episcopacy, giving as the distinguishing features of the ritual of churchmen that they adopt "the cross in baptism, bowing at the high altar, kneeling at the sacrament, and the use of the surplice." Of the Independents, to whom he belonged, he gives a more lengthened account, in which he affirms that it is requisite that "at the ordination of a minister other ministers should be there, and that he should be set apart by their choice, his acceptance, mutual *fasting* and prayer." The congregation at Mark Lane included many distinguished members, among whom may be mentioned Lord Charles Fleetwood, Colonel Desborough, the brother-in-law of the Protector, Lady Abney, and Lady Hartopp. In 1702, owing probably to his desire to be nearer the scene of his work, Watts left the Hartopps and resided in the Minories, where he lodged with Mr. Hollis, the benefactor of Harvard College in the United States. Two years later the Mark Lane congregation removed to Pinner's Hall, and in 1708, owing to the expiration of the lease, they obtained a new chapel in Bury Street, St. Mary Axe.

In 1707 Watts occupied a more prominent position in the city than he had hitherto filled, by undertaking to preach a sermon before the societies for the Reformation of Manners in the cities of London and Westminster. These societies were established in the year 1692, under the patronage of William III., and were conducted by churchmen and nonconformists, the promotion of

public morality being their chief object. It was in the same year that Watts published his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," of which we shall speak at length hereafter. Of more immediate importance, although it ended in nothing, was the attachment which Watts formed for Miss Singer, afterwards Mrs. Rowe. It is said that he and the poet Prior were among the numerous suitors for her hand, and whatever may have been the extent of his affection for her, the fact remains that he never formed any other engagement, although he maintained an honourable friendship with this lady up to her death. Even Bishop Ken is said to have been among the crowd of her admirers, who were aptly described in the following lines :—

> "Thynne, Carterel, Blackmore, Orrery approved,
> And Prior prais'd, and noble Hertford lov'd,
> Seraphic Ken, and tuneful Watts were thine,
> And virtue's noblest champion filled the line."

Watts' state of health at this time was far from satisfactory, and in 1712 he was compelled entirely to lay aside his public duties. In the following year he was so much weaker that he was obliged to obtain the aid of Mr. Price as his co-pastor in the charge of the Bury Street congregation. It was during his illness that he took up his abode with Sir Thomas Abney, with whose family he remained until the day of his death, spending the greater part of his time at their country seat at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, where amid the quiet surroundings of the lovely spot many of his most important works were written. His history from that date is chiefly connected with his literary labours, although he continued to preach at his chapel with but slight intervals until 1747, when he was compelled to retire altogether from active life, and in the next year it became evident that his end was near. His bodily weakness increased, month after month, until on the 15th November, 1748, he died, aged seventy-four, in a state of perfect peace, and was buried on the 5th of December, according to his own instructions, in Bunhill Fields, "deep in the earth among the relics of many of his pious fathers and brethren whom he had known in the flesh, and with whom he wished to be found in the Resurrection."

Seldom has a man in his declining years been more highly honoured. Bishops and statesmen alike joined in their testimony to the integrity of his character, and the holiness of his life, while among his more immediate connections, notwithstanding his differences of opinion on the doctrine of the Trinity and

other matters of faith, he was universally revered. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him simultaneously by the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen in the year 1728.

The list of the works of Watts is remarkable. Year after year, from 1705, when his "Horæ Lyricæ" was issued from the press his publishers had ample occupation, and in prose and verse alternately he continued to give evidence of his untiring energy, and of his versatile powers. His first essay in poetry, the *Horæ Lyricæ*, was very unequal, and many of its numbers seem to have been written without any intention of publication. The poems are divided into three books, entitled,—I. "To Devotion and Piety;" II. "To Virtue, Honour, and Friendship;" III. "To the Memory of the Dead." In the preface he enters into a defence of the use of poesy in the service of God, and condemns those who imagine "that poetry and vice are naturally akin: or at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but is too light and trivial a method to treat anything that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in Divine Psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the Psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulness; but still they persuade themselves and their children that the beauties of poesy are vain and dangerous. All that arises a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of *unclean and abominable*. 'Tis strange that persons that have the Bible in their hands should be led away by thoughtless prejudices, to so wild and rash an opinion, let me entreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me entreat them to look into their Bibles and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse, and the figures are stronger and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and, strange than any I ever read in any profane writer. . . . . Who is there now that will dare to assert that the doctrine of our holy Faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress?" This preface is in itself a proof of the extent of the author's reading and of his acquaintance with the best writers, not only among the classics but of the French school, and his protest against the puritanic aversion to poem or hymn—which change

terized so many of his contemporaries is as forcible as it is just. Very different was his own spirit, as the following rough lines from the Lyrics clearly prove:—

"Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings,
Sicilian swains or Trojan kings,
And drink the music in;
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed awake my joys,
And yet my heart so stupid lie when sacred hymns begin?

Change me, O God; my flesh shall be
An instrument of praise to Thee,
And Thou the notes inspire:
My tongue shall keep the heavenly chime,
My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in Thy praise conspire."

Patriotism not unfrequently stirred the author's spirit, and we find in this volume several songs of praise for what he terms the "Salvations" of his country. Among these are some verses on the deliverance from the Spanish Armada, from the Gunpowder Plot, and from "Popery and Slavery, by King William of glorious Memory." The Prince of Orange was naturally one of Watts' heroes, and in contemplating his reign he indulges in flights which show that he made good use of the poet's license, as for instance, when in the poem just alluded to, he says:—

"Brigades of angels led the way,
And guarded William to his throne;
There, ye celestial warriors stay,
And make his palace like your own.

Then, mighty God, the earth shall know,
And learn the worship of the sky;
Angels and Britons join below
To raise their hallelujahs high."

Such a rhapsody is of course excusable, when we remember the hardships which the nonconformists had suffered, and which made them look to William, as a saviour; indeed we question whether the poem is more absurd than many of our modern odes, which in language far more highly coloured, paint princes, who are very near to earth, as if they were well nigh fit for canonization. One of the most effective poems in the book is a paraphrase of Psalm cxlviii, "The Universal Hallelujah," which despite one or two flaws, will bear favourable comparison with many later efforts in a similar form.

"Praise the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye powers that guard his throne;
Jesus, the man, shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

Gabriel and all th' immortal choir,
That fill the realms above,
Sing; for he formed you of His fire,
And feeds you with his love.

Shine to His praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of His abode;
Or veil your little twinkling eyes.
Before a brighter God.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days;
Join with the silver Queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

Blush and refund the honours placed
To your inferior names;
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By His o'erflowing flames.

Winds, ye shall bear His name aloud,
Through the ethereal blue;
For when His chariot is a cloud,
He makes His wheels of you.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of His command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak His awful hand.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound His praise,
And shore reply to shore.

While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine;
Speak terribly their Maker-God,
And lash the foaming brine.

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these;
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering thro' the trees.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To Him that bid you grow;
Sweet clusters, bend thy fruitful vines,
On every thankful bough.

Let the shrill bird its honour raise,
And climb the morning sky:
While grovelling beasts attempt His praise,
In hoarser harmony.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound;
Echo the glories of your King,
Through all the nations round.

Th' eternal name must fly abroad,
From Britain to Japan;
And the whole race shall bow to God,
That owns the name of man."

Among the "Lyrics" are several hymns, which have found their way into modern collections, chief among them being the well-known lines on "Christ dying, rising, and reigning," the first verse of which, as generally used, is an altered text by Wesley. We give the original and the verse by Wesley:—

Watts.	Wesley.
"He dies, the heavenly lover dies, The tidings strike a doleful sound On my poor heart-strings: deep he lies In the cold caverns of the ground."	"He dies, the friend of sinners dies, Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground."

By a strange error in Milner's valuable biography of Watts, the verse as altered by Wesley is given as the original version, Even in these early efforts the darker side of the author's views, the uncompromising prominence which he gives to the terrors of hell and the punishment of the wicked are noticeable, and not a few of his verses are devoted to a description of the torment reserved for the reprobate. The second book of the Lyrics consists chiefly of addresses to various individuals, from the king down to his old tutor, Thomas Rowe; but other subjects inspire his muse, among them being the somewhat melancholy topic, "Few Happy Matches," on which he discourses with what his successors would term an experimental knowledge. Not a few of his poems are in Latin, and many others are imitations of a modern writer in that language, Casimire, the Polish poet, who seems to have been his favourite author. In the third book "To the Memory of the Dead," are many poems revealing the author's views as to the future state, in which he sets forth the passage of the spirits of the blest to Paradise, guarded by the

"Midnight watch of angels that patrol the sky," and afterwards meeting and recognising those who had gone before them, or waiting in anxious expectation for those who are to follow.

In 1707 appeared the first edition of his hymns, which are said to have been the result of his conviction that the miserable doggerel sung at the meeting-house at Southampton, which his father attended, was utterly unsuitable for the service of God. The volume contained, in the preface, an essay on the improvement of psalmody; and in a subsequent edition, in a preface to the Psalms, he deprecates the practice, then so common, of giving out each separate line before it was sung: "It were to be wished that all congregations and private families would sing as they do in foreign Protestant countries, without reading line by line." He further adds a note on the style of singing: "It were to be wished also that we might not dwell so long upon every single note, and produce the syllables to such a tiresome extent, with a constant uniformity of time which disgraces the music, and puts the congregation quite out of breath in singing five or six stanzas; whereas, if the method of singing were but reformed to a greater speed of pronunciation, we might often enjoy the pleasure of a longer psalm with less expense of time and breath, and our psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient church, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves." In the preface to his hymns he says:—"When we sing the praises of our God in his church, we are employed in that part of worship which, of all others, is the nearest akin to heaven; and it is a pity that this, of all others, should be performed the worst upon earth. The gospel brings us nearer to the heavenly state than all the former dispensations of God amongst men: and in these last days of the gospel we are brought almost within sight of the kingdom of our Lord; yet we are very much unacquainted with the songs of the new Jerusalem, and unpractised in the works of praise. To see the dull indifference, the negligent and the thoughtless air that sits upon the faces of a whole assembly while the psalm is on their lips, might tempt even a charitable observer to suspect the fervency of inward religion: and it is much to be feared that the minds of most of the worshippers are absent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching in the best churches may still want some degree of reformation, nor are the methods of prayer so perfect as to stand in need of no correction or improvement; but of all our religious solemnities psalmody is the most un-



happily managed—that very action which should elevate us in the most delightful and divine sensation doth not only flatten our devotion, but too often awakens our regret and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us." Thus Dr. Watts was in his way a Church musical reformer; indeed, we fear his description would but be too appropriate if it were applied to many congregations in church and chapel at the present time.

Unquestionably the finest among his versions of the psalms is the ninetieth, "O God, our help in ages past," which finds a place in every collection. In the original there are several verses in addition to those commonly sung, but as a rule, the author's text is given, and he evidently considered the whole psalm too long for congregational singing, as he has marked several verses for omission, if necessary. Another fine paraphrase is that of Psalm C, which is generally used with a variation by Charles Wesley, on the first verse:—

WATTS.	WESLEY.
"Nations attend before His throne, With solemn fear and sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create and He destroy."	"Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create and He destroy."

This was in reality the second verse of Watts' psalm, for the first stood thus:—

"Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land His name adore,
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore."

Space will not permit us to give more specimens of his metrical psalms, but if our readers will turn to their hymn books and look at "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun" (Psalm lxii); "Lord of the worlds above" (Psalm lxxxiv); and "From all that dwell below the skies" (Psalm cxvii), they will see ample reason to join with us in our high opinion of this portion of his works. Such verses as these have become the church's heritage for ever, and although among our later hymnists there may be more variety and greater beauty of diction, we know of no two stanzas which have more of the true ring of praise about them than the well-known lines, almost rivalling in popularity the Old Hundredth itself, to the tune of which they are often sung:—

"From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

"Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more."

It has been well said that the great feature of Watts' paraphrases is the thoroughly Christian tone which he imparted to the psalms, and although the herculean task of versifying the whole psalter proved beyond his powers, he must be credited with having produced some of the finest specimens of workmanship ever supplied by a Christian poet.

Turning to his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" we find them divided into three parts, the first founded on, or paraphrases of, passages of Scripture; the second consisting of hymns "whose form is mere human composure;" and the third, intended "only for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, we might sing a hymn after we have partaken of the bread and wine." The hymns were published long before the psalms, which were only added to the seventh edition." Where there is so much that is full of beauty, and so much that is well known, it is difficult to select specimens of the author's style, and we need only mention such hymns as "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," "There is a land of pure delight, "Come holy Spirit, heavenly dove," and "When I survey the wondrous cross" (fitly described by Professor Pearson as his "finest hymn"), in order to recall to our readers the unquestionable merit of his purely original work.

A still more beautiful hymn, though not so widely known, is that commencing "Join all the glorious names." Its length—twelve six-line verses—has, doubtless, caused it to be excluded from many hymnals, and we can easily understand that an editor would scarcely like to break the golden thread running through it, as each verse refers to the Saviour under one of His special titles. Selections have been made, however, though scarcely of the most beautiful verses, and appear in Kemble's, Alford's, Bickersteth's, and other collections. A few verses must serve as a specimen of the whole:—

"Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore.
All are too mean to speak his worth
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

"I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul, among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

"My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power: behold I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.

"Should all the hosts of death
And powers of hell unknown
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace."

Sung to such a tune as Dr. Steggall's fine composition, "Christchurch," this hymn is admirably adapted for congregational use.

Among the happiest of his "Spiritual Songs," in which he often paraphrases the Gospel story, are the verses founded on the Beatitudes, which we give in full:—

"Bless'd are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

"Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

"Bless'd are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

"Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness,
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

"Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

"Bless'd are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin;
With endless pleasures they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

"Bless'd are the men of peaceful life
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

"Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph of the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward."

The third part of the hymnal was "prepared exclusively for the holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper." What a lesson surely to those who, in the Church, regard with distrust any proposition to make this holiest service choral, and who, in their hymnals, make no provision for its musical celebration. A few extracts will, doubtless, be of interest to our readers. From the second hymn we take:—

"For food He gives His flesh,
He bids us drink His blood;
Amazing favour, matchless grace,
Of our descending God."

From the fifth:—

"Bless'd be the Lord that gives His flesh
To nourish dying men,
And often spreads His table fresh
Lest we should faint again."

From the sixth:—

"The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine and bless the God."

The seventh hymn is the splendid conception of the crucified Saviour:—

"When I survey the wondrous cross."

The fourth verse of which is seldom used, and runs as follows:—

"His dying crimson, like the rose,
Spreads o'er His body on a tree;
There am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me."



The eighteenth hymn, entitled "Incomparable Food; or, the Flesh and Blood of Christ," contains the following:—

"Jesus, we bow before thy feet,
Thy table is divinely stored;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread; we thank Thee, Lord.

"And 'ere we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord; 'tis gen'rous wine.
Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of Thine.

"On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food,
In vain we search the grove around
For bread so fine, for wine so good."

These extracts, like Wesley's Eucharistic Hymns, speak for themselves, and we therefore leave them without comment, and say a word in conclusion on the well-known Children's Hymns, which have, perhaps more than any other of his works, served to make the name of Watts "a household word." The first edition of the "Divine Songs for Children" was published in 1715. They are said to have been written at the request of Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, and although the view of Christianity set forth is frequently of the grim and forbidding rather than of the attractive type, many of them possess high merit. As Dr. Johnson said of their author, "For children he condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion and systems of instruction adapted to their wants and capacities, from the dawn of reason through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man acquainted with the common principles of human action will look with veneration on the writer, who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year. A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is, perhaps, the hardest lesson that humility can teach." The theology of the hymns may not square with our views, but no one can deny that, like Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," they stand alone as a worthy monument of their writer. A spurious edition, for the use of Unitarians, was published in 1785, and was generally attributed to Mrs. Barbauld, but we are in a position to prove that she had no connection with the book. It was the work of Mrs. Jane Disney; and Mr. Sedgwick has in his possession a

copy given by the editor to her daughter, Frances Mary Disney, with an inscription which sets the question at rest.

Here we must close our already lengthy paper. Of the Doctor's elaborate Treatise on Logic (1724), of his Catechisms, his Sermons, his Philosophical Essays, and his numerous other prose works, we have no space to speak, but we have, we trust, said enough to prove that he was not only an earnest preacher and an able writer, but one of the most active thinkers of his age. To those who would charge him with the adoption of Unitarian principles at the close of his career, we can offer no better refutation than the evidence of his latest works and the opinions of his contemporaries. While speaking generally of his life we can use no better words than those of Dr. Johnson, who says, in his life of the hymnist, "Few men have left behind such purity of character and such monuments of laborious piety."

Dr. Watts wrote his own epitaph, which was placed over his grave. It runs as follows:—

"Isaac Watts, D.D., pastor of a church of Christ in London, successor to the Rev. Mr. Joseph Caryl, Dr. John Owen, Mr. David Clarkson, and Dr. Isaac Chauncey, after fifty years of feeble labours in the gospel, interrupted by four years of tiresome sickness, was at last dismissed to his rest.

"In uno IESU omnia.

"2 Cor. v. 8.—'Absent from the body and present with the Lord.'

"Col. iii. 4.—'When Christ, who is my life, shall appear, then shall I also appear with Him in glory.'"

There is also a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.



WESTWARD HO!

BY THE REV. J. J. DANIELL.

PART II.

SOUTHWARD Ho! up the Torridge to Bideford! A fresh breeze and a flowing tide! Who'll go? Only three miles—run it in twenty minutes. Mamma shakes her head; she has no confidence in the crew. Aunty hesitates, asks who is to manage the boat—then declines decidedly. Even Lily thinks she would rather not go—she does not like steering, and that sail is always flapping across her hat. Only Granny and Grandpapa will trust themselves with such inexperienced sailors. Very little wind—ignorance how best to take advantage of that little—sailing and tacking and rowing, and shifting this sail and that, Granny complains that the cottages on the bank have not moved for half an hour, while the tide is turned, and we are actually running back. 'Tis very strange and mortifying and humiliating that we cannot make that point. So we take in our sail and row, and at length reach Bideford. How well the clean old town lies upon the slope, shut in safely from the west. And if ancient, so historical: the merchants of Bideford had sailed into almost every famous port of Europe in early days; in Charles I.'s time had commerce with Spain, Holland, France, Genoa, Venice, Smyrna, and Constantinople; traded so largely with Newfoundland in 1699 that they sent out more ships than any other port, except London and Topsham. The bridge is formed of twenty-four arches, said to have been built in the fourteenth century. "This stately bridge is hardly paralleled in any part of this kingdom; the foundation and structure is very firm, yet it shakes, or seems to do so, with the slightest step a horse makes. The foundation is not certainly known, but this tradition delivers:—The people passed the river a long time through the ford (the town hath for its ancient name Bytheford), and ofttimes miscarried, and were in jeopardy: thereupon the inhabitants many times began to erect a bridge, but could never

effect it, in regard they wanted a firm foundation, until a priest of the place, one Sir R. Gourney, was admonished by a vision to begin this excellent work, and to lay his foundation where he should see a stone fixed in the ground. Walking by the river he espied such a stone or rock, there rolled and fixed firmly, and therefore, upon some meditation, did suppose it rolled thither by divine power. Whereupon, in regard of the vision, Peter Quevil, Bishop of Exeter, zealously furthered so pious a work, and people offered largely of their devotion, some far remoted, money; others near, workmen and carriage; so, with the assistance of Sir Theobald Grenville, the chiefest inhabitant and prime glory of the town, a name and family of long antiquity, this excellent work was finished."

There is but one church in the town, that of St. Mary, a large structure of three aisles, lately rebuilt in good Perpendicular, with daily service. On the eastern side of the river is Chudleigh Fort, captured by Colonel Digby after he had defeated the rebels at Torrington: eight old cannon remain unmounted. Higher up the river is Annery, "a pleasant and noble seat it is, on the west side of the Turridge, and takes a delightsome prospect of the river, once the residence of Sir William Hankford, that noble and famous justiciary who dared to commit young Prince Henry to the Fleet." He was shot by his keeper while walking in his park at night. He left two sons; Richard of Annery, and John. Richard married, first, Thomasine Stapleton; secondly, Anne, daughter of John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, by whom he had issue—Margaret, married to Sir Thomas Boleyn, Knight, whose daughter was Anne, married to King Henry VIII., and "mother of that renowned Princess Elizabeth, of immortal memory: whereby it appears that this most illustrious Queen derived her original from the county of Devon." And if Devon is proud that the blood of her maidens ran in the veins of a princess, and that princess Elizabeth, she may also with a just exultation lift the heraldic trump and proclaim the names of that noble family of peers, prelates, statesmen, divines, warriors, patriots, who have been suckled at her breasts through many a storied age—Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, mighty names of world-wide renown in arts of peace, and in arts of war, "in those days when the crown of England had long and glorious conflicts with Spain, and the English captains gave the haughty Don such shrewd knocks about his ears as made him stagger then, and go stooping ever



since;" Peter Blundell, founder of Tiverton School; John Davies, navigator, who gave his name to Davies' Straits; Bishop Stapledon, founder of Exeter College, Oxford; the immortal Richard Hooker, author of "Ecclesiastical Polity;" Lord William Brewer, honoured servant of four monarchs, founder of Tor Abbey and many hospitals; Thomas Bodley, founder and builder of the Bodleian Library, Oxford; Archbishop Langton, the chief instrument in wringing the Great Charter from King John; James, Lord Audley; Lord William Bonvill, Lieutenant of Acquitaine; Sir Bernard Drake; Bishop Brewer, who led an English army to the Crusades; Bishop Branscombe, founder of Glasney College, Penryn; John Wadham, founder of Wadham College; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, swallowed up with his gallant ship in a tremendous storm, but nothing daunted, standing on deck to the last, in his hand the holy Book, in his heart trust in Jesus, and crying with a loud and cheerful voice to all his company, "We are as near to heaven by sea as on land;" Captain Cocke, only man of note who died in the attack on the Armada; "but pity it is," says Fuller, "his memory should ever be forgotten:" Frederick de Crediton, Bishop of Utrecht, "whom at his consecration the Emperor Ludovicus invited to dinner, and directing his conversation to him, exhorted him to be mindful of his duty in preaching truth to all, without respect of persons; which holy bishop, with humble look, answered, 'My Lord Emperor, I, a weak man, am encouraged by your holy exhortation; but I beseech your Majesty, resolve me a difficulty: Shall I begin to carve this fish at the head or the tail?' 'At the head, doubtlessly,' replied the Emperor, not perceiving the subtlety of the question. ''Tis right, 'tis right, O Emperor,' cries the saint, with pious heat and boldness, 'and therefore, your Majesty being our head, let me now rebuke your errors and offences, which are many and scandalous; let Christian faith and piety oblige you to amend your ways, lest your subjects by your evil example be despisers of Christ and His religion;" the Grenvilles, a family of heroes, long residents in Cornwall, but drawing their early blood from Devon; the Pomeroys, lords of the great castle near Totnes, of which it was a day's work for a serving-man to open and shut the casements; the Courtenays, descended from the Emperors of Constantinople, allied to the royal Plantagenets, and all the most noble barons of England—a Courtenay fought by sea and land under the banners of the Edwards and Henrys

—a Courtenay married a daughter of Edward IV.—a Courtenay broke lance with the French King on the Field of the Cloth of Gold—a Courtenay (it is a sad and romantic tale) was loved by two English queens—and still a Courtenay is Earl of Devon, and bears the old arms and the plaintive old motto—"*Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?*—the Rolles, the Giffards, the Bassetts, the Wreys, the Crockers—

> "Crocker, and Cruwys, and Coplestone,
> When the Conqueror came were at home,"

the Cruwys "anciently possessed of vast estates, but Sir Alexander, in Edward III.'s reign, quarrelling with a Carew on Bickleigh Bridge, ran him throow, and the rails breaking, threw him into the river; whose pardon cost him twenty-two manours; yet for twelve generations the family has lived in the same house at Cruwys Morchard, with a good estate, without the least help of a gown, a petticoat, or an apron, *i. e.*, any augmentation by lawyer, heiress, or trade: and though in the time of Sir Robert the family was heavily burdened, yet having returned from the wars with spoils, he took off all incumbrances from the estate, and payed all his just and honourable debts in the church porch soon after his arrival;" the Oxenhams, Fulfords, Edgecombes, Chichestors, Leighs, Glanvilles, Prideaux, Coffins, Herles, Careys, Champernownes, Fortescues, Cliffords, Morices, Aclands, Yards, Petres.—What county in England can show another muster-roll like this?

Higher up the Torridge is Torrington; the scene of many fierce struggles between the Cavaliers and Roundheads. Here Colonel Digby won a brilliant victory, which led to the capitulation of all the forts in North Devon; here Hopton made a last fruitless stand against Fairfax, had his horse shot under him, and lost his private baggage. On the south wall of the church is affixed a stone, inscribed, "This Church was Blowen up with powder, Feb. ye 16th, anno 1645, and rebvilt anno 1651." Higher still is North Lee, the birthplace of the famous Nathaniel Carpenter, who ranged over the whole arena of the sciences. Amongst other most learned tractates, he wrote a book on Optics: "it had been a masterpiece, if truly and perfectly printed; but to his great chagrin, having sent it to his printers, and going thither to dine, he found his choice MSS. underlaying Christmas pies (pearls are no pearls to cocks), and could never after from his scattered notes recover the true original. On his



death-bed it did much repent him (being a divine) that he had courted the maid, and not the mistress, *i. e.*, that he had given so much time and thought to philosophy, and had slighted religion and the study of Holy Writ."

Brentingham, Bishop of Exeter, a native of these parts, had a quarrel with Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, about visitations, which ran to such excess that the bishop's servants, meeting the apparitor at Topsham, would needs examine his boxes and fardles, and finding amongst other things a certain instrument with the archbishop's seal affixed, they fell upon the poor sumner, beat him very sore, and after that caused him to eat the said instrument, wax and all. Nor ought we to pretermit the story of one Child, fortuning to hunt on the moors, who being in hot pursuit of his game, though in a cold and sharp season, casually lost his way and his company in a very bitter snow. Left in this wild and desolate place, the poor gentleman, being exceedingly benumbed with the cold, killed his horse, and having embowelled him, crept into his belly for a little heat; but the same night he was frozen to death.

"Be sure to bring 'Westward Ho!' from the library, and some mazzards for the children." "Westward Ho!" was brought from the library, and some mazzards from the market—mazzards, a small black cherry, growing on particular soils in wonderful quantities—of which, as of other fruits, there was a wonderful supply (seeing no rain had fallen in the west since May), in that wonderfully small, crowded, declivous market-house of Bideford. And now Northward Ho! down to Instow. Wind and tide fair—something gained by experience—a floating hat recovered after a skilful chase—boat obedient to the helm, and running down the river with good speed—the pier already in sight—Granny allows that after all the crew deserves confidence, and that the boat is conducted under very respectable management. The next moment, and she is fast on a sandbank. Crew out into water—tide running down very rapidly—water very shallow, only a few inches—all hands to the bows—throw out ballast—now heave ho! away!—but she won't stir—she's aground on the top of a ridge, and soon she'll be dry. Granny is very good—not at all alarmed—sits patiently, and consoles herself with a few mazzards, while all hands are out, wading knee-deep, searching for the channel. "Hoist a signal of distress," directs Granny: a white pocket handkerchief is displayed, and a boat puts off. "Now, Granny, shoes and stockings off, and

wade to the boat—only fifty yards—cannot come nearer, and the channel narrowing every minute." But Granny protests emphatically she is not equal to such an undertaking—it is unreasonable to expect it of an old woman of seventy-six—she should surely die of cold—with sundry other pregnant objections.

Such the course of events in the middle of the river. On the pier and quay, all eyes on the unhappy boat, where now, quite on an elevation, Granny sits in solitary state: sailors smile, and frightened women and maidens stretch out their necks at doors and windows. Presently Aunty looks out of the window of the sitting-room. "Annie, I do believe they are stranded." "Oh, Emily," replies Annie, maliciously, "they are always stranded, whenever I look at them." "But they are actually wading in the water, and making signals for help." Hereupon in runs Lily, "Oh, mamma!—oh, aunty, they are stuck on a sandbank, and they cannot get off—a sailor told me so." Bonnets and shawls—hurry and fright—away to the pier—all the place in commotion. Granny still sits in the boat—resolutely affirms she cannot wade—but at last consents to be carried. This is no trifling matter for the bearers, seeing Granny is far above the ordinary weight of women, and the sands afford a very uncertain footing; however, by stages steady and slow, and a rest on the way, Granny is safely deposited in the boat—all safely reach the pier—anxious fears are dissipated—the public alarm subsides—protruded heads withdraw within windows and doors, like snails into their shells—the stranded boat is left mocking on the ridge for two tides—the crew's character for seamanship is gone for ever, save that a kind-hearted old fisherman casts a crumb of sympathy and comfort, "Aye, aye, sir; better sailors than you have struck on that bank before."

Westward Ho! Steamer to Lundy! Sea as smooth as a mill-pond; and well—for in stormy weather, "immured with rocks and impaled with beetle-browed cliffs, there is neither entrance for friend or foe." "Over against Clovelly rideth at anchor the Isle of Londy, about five leagues off. The most profit that is now made of it is by hogs, conies, and sea-fowl; of the last, in breeding-time, in some places, you shall hardly know where to set your foot but on eggs. Timber and wood it hath none, only a few stunted elders, which are haunted with a multitude of stares. It serveth the inhabitants with fresh water, walming out of springs, though itself be on all sides circum-



passed about with the sea." Thus the chronicler in 1567. This lonely rock-bound islet contains about 2,000 acres, is 2½ miles from north to south, 1½ from east to west. A mass of granite, with some portion of grauwacke, rising out of an ocean whose shores no granitic rocks enclose, it stands a geological mystery. In Edward the Third's reign it belonged to the Luttrels—afterwards to the Grenvilles—in later times to the Warrens—is now the property of W. H. Heaven, Esq., who has built a house, and here resides with his family. The soil is almost wholly pasturage; the population, engaged on the farm, in netting birds for their feathers, and in lobster-fishing, ordinarily amounted to about thirty: this number is probably increased tenfold since the opening of the granite quarries. A small steamer carries off the granite, and a boat every Wednesday comes over from Clovelly with letters and provisions. If any immediate succour is needed from the mainland, a beacon is fired as signal. St. Anne's or St. Helen's Chapel is in ruins. A service for the islanders is occasionally held in the hall of the mansion. Other ruins bear the name of Marisco Castle, from an old Norman family, once the proprietors. William de Marisco was charged with an attempt on the life of Henry III. He had made entrance at a window, but passing through an anteroom which led to the king's bedchamber, disturbed Mistress Byset, one of the queen's women, sitting up late at night to her devotions, who, shrieking wildly at the fearful sight of him ranging through the palace with a naked sword, disturbed the king's guard. He fled to Lundy and fortified it, followed a savage, piratical life, was captured by one of the king's cruisers, and hanged, with sixteen of his buccaneering companions.

Edward II. is said to have found a brief refuge here. Sir Lewis Stukeley, who betrayed Sir W. Raleigh as he attempted to escape from the Tower, having been convicted of clipping the coin, which he had received as the reward of perfidy, in the king's own house of Whitehall, was sentenced to the gallows, but selling himself to the shirt, saved his life, and died a contemptible beggar on that desolate rock at the mouth of the Severn Sea. During the rebellion the castle was repaired, and held by a Royalist garrison. The French, *temp.* William III., effected a landing by a singular stratagem. A ship of war, under Dutch colours, lay off the isle; it was jealously watched, but on the representation that the captain was dangerously ill, was supplied with milk and provisions daily. At length it was said he had

died, and the lieutenant obtained permission to bury his body in the little piece of sacred ground around the chapel. The coffin was brought ashore—a great part of the crew followed in funeral order—they entered the church—suddenly the coffin is burst open—it contains not a corpse, but arms—each man seizes cutlass, pistol, gun, ready charged—they plunder and burn the dwellings, strip the islanders of their clothes, and carry off the pillage and cattle to the ship. A lighthouse, with a tower of eighty feet, and standing nearly 500 feet above the sea level, was built in 1819.

Woodcocks and snipes come very early in the season into Lundy, and are shot in coveys. Guillemots, razor-bills, and all the families of gulls breed in large numbers. Gannets, formerly abundant, are becoming rare visitants. The puffin, called the Lundy Parrot, arrives in April, breeds amazingly, and leaves in August. That bold, busy, saucy, useful bird, the house-sparrow, has not yet found a home in the isle. The spotted eagle has been shot. The black rat, now a rare species on the mainland, exists in large numbers, but as the brown rat has effected a lodgment, it will soon also establish a mastery, and will pursue the weaker race to relentless extermination. Seals frequent the coast in summer; cod and grey mullet are taken in the Clovelly trawlers. A specimen of the great auk, now believed to be extinct, was picked up dead on the shore in 1829. "Here also," writes Prince, "no venomous worm or beast liveth, as is said of Ireland."

Westward Ho! to Westward Ho! *vid* Appledore and Northam. The men of Northam have dedicated a noble new sanctuary to the honour of Jehovah. But where all seems done well, why is the east end of the nave filled from wall to wall with a huge, gaudily painted organ, while the altar is set at east of the south aisle? an arrangement highly condemnable. And except that the hymn, "The roseate hues of early dawn" (S. P. C. K., 269), was sung by a small choir of ladies and maidens to a sweetly thrilling tune, with that pathos and purity and grace with which only ladies can sing, the services of this noble church, with a large and influential congregation, were cold and spiritless. The deadhouse in the churchyard suggests saddened thoughts, and we turn involuntarily to look toward the shore. Beneath us lies the Northam Burrows, a large plain of nearly 1,000 acres, over which all the inhabitants of Northam parish, by ancient royal charter, have a right of pasturage. The far greater part of this

area is perfectly level and smooth. Nearer the sea lies a long range of sand-hills, separated from the finest beach in the west by a grand pebble ridge. This noble barrier to the wild waves of the great western deep is the chiefest of God's wonders upon these storm-stricken shores. How many generations of men have lived and died while these countless fragments of the hard sandstones of the adjacent carbonaceous rocks have been rolled and ground and rounded into their present form! When this grand bulwark was thrown up, and by what tremendous and convulsive agencies its position was established, only that great and mighty One can tell who built that glorious wall, and said to the fierce, impetuous wave, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." Behind the Pebble Ridge are the famed West of England Golf Links. Golf is an old Scotch game, played by two, three, or four persons, who strike a solid gutta-percha ball, of the size which is used at tennis, with a golfing club or mallet, into certain holes called links. Northam Burrows is one of the few levels in Great Britain suitable for the game. The surface of the ground is so varied that the ball may be traversing a smooth unbroken area of turf, or be buried in sand, or lost in water, moss, grass, bents, or rushes. The game is won by driving the ball into the links (eighteen in number, and all named) in the fewest number of strokes: the distance between each link varies from 150 to 250 yards. The whole circuit of the links is 3½ miles. A first-rate player will make all the links in ninety strokes. The golfing-link is about three inches in diameter, neatly cut out of the turf. The golfing-club is made of hiccory, with metal or wooden foot, leaded, and shod with horn. Golf is played in all seasons, even in time of snow. Ladies also play, but over a less extended area, and with fewer links.

Fifty years, and Westward Ho! will be the Brighton of the West. Its splendid position on that grand slope (when, however, as yet, only a large hotel, several spacious lodging-houses, and some handsome villas, represent the embryo town named after Kingsley's tale), its balmy air, its glorious open sea, its unrivalled beach, its contiguity to places of natural, antiquarian, and historical interest, clearly predict what its future must be. But Rome was not built in a day, and Westward Ho! must have its time. Now, the glory and beauty of Westward Ho! are its stillness, and wildness, and solitude. The scramble up the zigzag paths, amidst heather, and gorse, and fern, is delicious; the air luscious; the views all along the ridge superb. The

great need of Westward Ho! is a church; the company who are the proprietary have allotted a valuable piece of ground for a site. The vicar of Northam, in which parish the new town lies, has made preparation towards the building, and will be glad to correspond with any generous Churchman who is disposed to aid in its erection or endowment. Meanwhile service is held in a room. But see Westward Ho! on the day of the Horse, Dog, Poultry, and Flower Show! Hill, and brake, and beach, and Pebble Ridge are swarming with visitors, bivouacking and picnicking in every available position, under every imaginable inconvenience. Even the great Thousand Acres is dotted with human beings, and all along the landward side of the Pebble Ridge fires are blazing and kettles boiling amongst the boulders, and the huge boulders themselves are cracking with the intensity of the heat, and a thousand people are drinking tea.

Westward Ho! to Clovelly. "But before we proceed further," and as we take Burrows in our way, "it may not be unacceptable (suggests Prince), by a pardonable digression, to insert here a memorable accident which happened in the manour of Burrough, A.D. 1616. There was an old well, long neglected, which one had a purpose to cleanse, and so caused a man to go down for the scouring thereof, who suddenly fell dead in the pit; whereupon a second person was employed to go down after him, and he also presently died: a third, adventuring himself, as he thought, to preserve his friend, had likewise perished if with all haste he had not been drawn up again; who, almost dead, was, by rowling and pouring oil and stronge waters into his mouth, preserved. Divers were the conjectures what the occasion of this might be: some supposed it was a cockatrice which lay hid in the pit"! And perhaps, by another pardonable digression, it may not be unacceptable to quote what Prince's brother historian and antiquary, relates of a certain "curious West Indian fly," which he found in the Scilly Islands. "There is no adder or venomous creature of any kind," writes Borlase, "in these islands, so that we ranged through the high grass briers, and ferns with the greater boldness. In some houses, however, they have very troublesome flies, though not poisonous, as far as I could learn. They hide themselves by day, but come forth in swarms by night, and (as soon as the people are in their beds, and the house is quiet) spread themselves over the kitchen and pantry, and devour all the eatables they can come at. There is no other time for killing them than whilst they are



thus busily employed, they being exceedingly voracious as well as prolifick. This fly is called the cock-roche"!

Every Englishman at least once in his life should see Clovelly. There is no other place like it in the world. Get at it how you like—by boat from Appledore, or by cliff and rock and beach, climbing and clambering along the coast, and gazing in ecstatic rapture at the grandeur and loveliness which meet you at every turn; or by the turnpike road on foot, or horseback, or in carriage,—but get to Clovelly. You will pass Portledge, the ancient inheritance of the Coffins, now Pinecoffins. Hear a tale of one of them, A. D. 1529. "Passing by a churchyard, Sir W. Coffin saw a multitude of people standing idle. He inquired the cause thereof, who reply'd, they had brought a corpse thither to be buried, but the priest refused to do office unless they first delivered him the poore man's cow (the only quicke goods he had left) for a mourtuary. Sir W. Coffin sent for the priest, and required him to do his office for the dead, who peremptorily refuseing without the mourtuary, thereupon he caused the obstinate priest to be put into the poor man's grave, and earth to be throwne upon him until he was well-nigh suffocated. Now thus to handle a priest in those days was a bould adventure."

A narrow, deep, precipitous, darkly wooded ravine; houses ancient and modern, all strange and quaint in site or form, clutching hold on the rock like limpets; a narrow and narrowing gulley, pitched with pebbles, easily to be mistaken for the bed of a mountain stream, but in Clovelly called euphoniously "the street;" dark, weather-beaten men, and weird women; a little rude, old, grotesque pier, of unhewn gigantic boulders; fishing-boats at anchor and fishing-boats stranded; sailors catching prawns, and boys gathering seaweed, as on the shores of Thrace in the days of Homer; a heavenly sea and a divine sky; heather-clad cliff; black, wild, savage, storm-rent crag; copse, and brake, and lofty woods; walks and drives, creeping, meandering, curvetting, round rock and brow, up vale and over rivulet, in sunshine and in shade—this was Clovelly in July, 1868.

Clovelly Court long owned as its lord a Carey, and sent out from its buttressed and battlemented walls many a son of that noble family to do good service in camp and court. Argent, on a bend sable, three white roses, the arms of Aragon, were won by a Carey in single combat with an Aragonese knight, temp. Henry V. "And here I will repeat a pretty facete apothegm of

a fair young gentlewoman of the Carews, married to a Carey. The day after her marriage her father, a very discrete gentleman, seeing her to look sadly, awaked her with this question,—'How now, daughter? what, sad the second day!' to which she presently replied, no less wittily than pleasantly, 'And have I not good reason, father; for yesterday it was Care—you, but to-day it is Care—I.'" Of one of the family, George Carey, Dean of Exeter, it is recorded—"Bis vocante Carolo Secundo, bis humillime respondit, Nolo episcopari."

Westward Ho! for the last time—into Cornwall—to the battle-field of Stratton—to Sir Beville Grenville's grave. The lines of the entrenchments still may be traced—the fallen fragments of a memorial column still strew the ground—an old rusty cannon "repeats the story," In this place ye Army of ye Rebells under ye command of ye Earl of Stamford received A Signall overthrow by the Valor of Sir Bevill Granville and ye Cornish Army, on Tuesday, ye 16th of May, 1643." 'Twas a desperate struggle against fearful odds—take down your Clarendon and read the tale—how with half the number of men, and they half famished, and under arms all night, Grenville and Hopton, Godolphin and Berkeley, Trevanion and Bassett, for nine mortal hours fighting up hill, beat the rebel off his ground, "and all met together near the top of the hill, where they embraced with unspeakable joy, each congratulating the other's success and all acknowledging the wonderful blessing of God." The grass grows rank and wild where brave men bled and died for their God, their country, and their king; but the place, though a battle-field, is sacred, for on that same height, after that hard-won fight, that beautiful May evening, a thousand knees were bent,—a thousand thankful hearts sent up a Te Deum to God, who giveth the victory.

Instow Pier—Saturday morning—the market women are going over to Appledore. Listen to the confusion of tongues; country, town, cottage, field, river, sea, market, all contributing to the mixed medley of dialectic varieties, and producing a jargon indescribable. Singularly strange, expressive, and un-English are many of their words, especially the names of animals and plants:—

Angletwitch, an earthworm.
Cubaby, a ladybird.
Soursops, sorrel.
Chibbol, an onion.
Gladdie, a yellow-hammer.
Quick-beam, mountain ash.
Wardship, a wagtail.
Yew Brimmel, dog-rose.
Asneger, an ass.
Corniwillin, a lapwing.



Skir, a swift.
Welgar, a willow.
Leather bird, a bat.
Heymaiden, ground-ivy.

The foxglove is *cowslop*, for, alas! owing to the deficiency of lime in the soil, there are no *cowslips* in North Devon—what do the children do for *tisty-tosties?*—no sweet violets, no mistletoe.

Glidder, ice.
Conker bells, icicles.
Pilm, dust.
Rewtrotter, a cradle.
Docity, aptness.
Oustis, a blow with a rod.
Loplolly, lounging, idle.
Simathin, affection.
Chrisemore, an unbaptized child.
Gulamouth, a pitcher.
Haydigees, high spirits.
Inkle, tape.
Whisht, very dismal.
Kecks, dry stalks.
Upsetting, a christening.
Uprising, a churching.
Gastable, unruly.
Samsarved, parboiled.
Suant, even and smooth.
Elsh, raw, uncouth.

Brudle means "to be only half awake;" as, "*Purty dear, the cheild hathn't brudled yet;*" *craze*, "to crack," as, "*You've crazed our new taypot;*" *peart*, "quick," as, "*Doe be peart a bit;*" *creudle*, "to gather up one's self," as, "*Doan't be a creudling auver the vire.*"

Now Eastward Ho! and Homeward Ho! and thank God for a month's happy holiday! Up the Vale of the Taw, and farewell to Devon!

There stands Heanton Court, described of yore as "a sweet and pleasant seat, a very handsome pile, well furnished with every variety of entertainment which the earth and air and sea can supply." It afforded refuge to many distressed cavaliers and ejected clergy, and Arthur Bassett, its lord, though engaged in almost all the chivalric struggles in Devon and Cornwall, remained here unmolested, and seems to have kept up the service of the Common Prayer in the parish church almost uninterruptedly to the Restoration. Hither escaped Dr. W. Hakewill, Rector of Exeter College, Oxford; he saw Charles die in January, his own loyal heart broke in April, and by his will he desired that his body might be buried in the chapel of Exeter College, which he had built; if not his body, yet his heart, under the altar, or under the desk where the great Bible lay, with this inscription, "*Cor meum ad Te Domine!*"

Barnstaple, or Barum, as called by the peasantry, the capital of North Devon, very ancient, once renowned for the great number of its religious buildings. "The most miraculously fortified place I know," says Clarendon, is a clean, bustling,

prosperous town. "It furnishes us," notes the chronicler, "with barges, single and double fricadoes, and such like; and Pilton, adjoining, vents cottons for lining, and cloth of so coarse a stuff, as there was a Vœ, or Woe, pronounced against them in these words:—

"Woe unto you, Piltonians, that make cloth without wove!"

Thomas à Becket's chapel on Barnstaple Bridge, said to have been built by William de Tracy, Allhallows Chapel near the North Gate, St. Nicholas on the Strand, after passing through various stages of desecration, have all disappeared; St. Anne's, still standing in the churchyard, was used from 1685 to the middle of last century as a place of worship by French Protestants, who settled in Barnstaple in large numbers.

Still Eastward Ho! up the Taw Vale. "Now passing Chumleigh," records Westcott, "I'll tell you a tale, commonly spoken and constantly believed. A poor labouring man, inhabiting the town, had many children, and thought himself overburdened by such a multiplied blessing of God in that kind. But lo! at her next lying-in his wife was well delivered of a very fruitful birth, viz., seven sons. He, despairing of divine providence (that giveth meat to every mouth), resolveth to let them swim in our river, and to that purpose putteth them all into a large basket, and goeth forth. It happened that the Countess of Devon, abroad taking the air, or doing rather some pious work, meeteth him with his basket, and by some (no doubt) divine inspiration, demandeth what he carried. The silly man, stricken dead well-nigh with that question, answereth, 'They are whelps.' 'Let me see them,' quoth the lady. 'They are puppies,' replieth he again, 'not worth the rearing.' 'I will see,' quoth the countess. Whereupon the man, falling on his knees, disclosed his purpose, with all further circumstances; which understood, she hasteth home with them, provideth nurses, and all things necessary; breedeth them up in learning, and being come to man's estate, giveth each a prebend, whereof the seven crosses at Tiverton are witness."

Well, what shall we say of the Vale of the Taw?

Say that no one has seen North Devon who has not seen this vale. It presents many a glorious picture of hill and dale, meadow, water, and wood, hardly to be surpassed even on the banks of Torridge or Tamar, Exe or Teign, Dart or Plym.

BRITISH JUDAISM IN CONTACT WITH CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JEWISH REFORMATION AND THE TALMUD."

(*Concluded from p.* 506.)

REFERENCE has been made to the case of a man who, violating nearly all of the principles of his religion, will yet protest that "the spirit of Judaism" works powerfully in his soul. Such a man is not an unbeliever. Far from it. He reverences the laws which he has not moral force enough to keep. But there is another class, neither few in number nor void of influence, who are at best only half-hearted believers in the distinctive articles of their creed, and who, in safe company and with closed doors, will not scruple to say that Moses and his teaching must be taken for what they are worth, and that as to a future state of reward and punishment nothing certain is revealed about it. To hear him run on in this strain it might be supposed that he had been a student of Voltaire, or that he were accustomed to sit at the feet of some infidel lecturer. Not a bit of it. He has never read a line of sceptical philosophy in his life, and as to listening to atheistical demagogues, he would as soon think of a pilgrimage to Mecca, or starting as a proselyte for the Salt Lake city. Whatever infidelity he may avow seems to be generated in his own system. It is likely enough to turn out on enquiry that the representative of this class may have borne office among his people—he may have been warden or treasurer of the synagogue, —and it is certain that if anything should be on foot to the disadvantage of his brethren, he will be the first to rise up with indignation, and will proclaim that the instincts of Judaism are much too strong within him to suffer him to sit tamely by and put up with the affront. Your Jew of this class can be very pugnacious when he likes. But there is this further conviction cleaving tenaciously to an Israelite—not, be it observed, as the speciality of any peculiar set or class, but attaching alike to all grades of life and all ways of thought—that he does not believe in conversions.

Something, no doubt, may be said in excuse for his incredulity, when examination shows that of the names of converts trumpeted forth to the world by over-zealous preachers, a damaging percentage must needs be set aside as worse than doubtful, while of the remainder not a few make haste to dishonour the creed of their newer choice as surely as they have heaped discredit upon the faith in which they were reared. None but the blindest of missionaries would care to stand forward and affirm that catechumens from the synagogue are invariably such as a heated fancy would desire to paint them. The Jew notes all this with an instinct that seizes unerringly upon every flaw in his apostate brother's character. He can catalogue his frailties with a subtlety of precision that leaves nothing untold. More is the pity that weak-brained zealots should so often give him room to exercise his skill! He cannot and will not believe in the bare possibility of conversion; and his unbelief is quite real and unaffected. "Converts, indeed!" he will exclaim. "Why look at the men you talk of! We know them a thousand times better than you do—for are they not of our own race and kindred? With you, they are the chance acquaintances of yesterday—with us, they are our own flesh and blood. And which law of Moses have they not broken? Which precept of the Rabbis have they not trodden under foot? Is it, then, just because they have taken upon their lips the words of your faith, and because they have yielded their bodies to the sprinkling of your baptism, that they are so changed on the instant as to be turned from bad Jews into good Christians?"

It is possible that there may be just enough truth in our friend's indignant remonstrance to leave a nasty little sting behind, which will cause a smart by and by when the promising convert's evil deeds have raised a blister in the community that has the misfortune now to claim him. Vainly will you point to names which all the world allows to stand out clear and sharp above the vapours of suspicion. Acknowledged integrity and honour are both to no purpose, for your ready-witted objector will have you in another way. He cannot with any show of decency suggest that men like these have thrown Moses over for a bribe. But he has his answer ready. While admitting their learning, ability, and virtues, he will coolly turn round and say that their Christianity is no better than a newly-cut mantle flung over the grand old robe of Judaism, but that the convert's heart is no more touched by the doctrines he pro-

fesses than his soul would be affected by such clothes as he might please to put upon his body. In this case our objector will protest, and, what is more, will show every sign of being in earnest when he protests, that the man's heart still beats true to his earlier faith, that he is still a Jew in all his instincts, and that even if he dies professing Christianity with his latest breath, there will be a reserve deep down in his inner consciousness in favour of the one unchanging faith of his fathers. Thus, then, he may become a preacher of the new doctrine, he may build churches, and may compass sea and land in search of proselytes, but his kindliest affections will still warm towards the unalterable truths of Judaism, as surely as the needle turns to the pole. Whatever his outward profession may be, he will live and die a Jew. So, at least, his people say. But is he, therefore, an impostor in their eyes? Not of necessity. He is not wicked—he is not mad—he is not even insincere. He is merely given up for a time to the full tide of an impulse which hurries him to a distance from the church of his fathers, but which one day or other will as surely float him back again. So that, though his body may be laid to rest with Christian burial, it is sacred in Jewish estimation—even if the cross should lie upon the breast in place of holy "tallis"[1]—as the remains of one who, when purified from the stains of life, will rise again a dutiful and faithful child of Abraham.

It is necessary to bear this well in mind, or it will be impossible to understand the point of view from which an Israelite persists in regarding conversions. He simply treats them with scorn. If there is one idea present above another to his brain, and which no amount of friction against the outer world seems capable of wearing away, it is that he must remain at the same point of belief where his fathers stopped long centuries ago, until Messiah comes. His notions of what Messiah will do for him may be of the haziest,—he may, indeed, go so far as to doubt whether the Deliverer will come at all; but this will not in the least hinder him from stoutly holding his ground against all assailants. If the Messiah that he has been taught to believe in should fail him, so much the worse for his hopes, but why should he learn to trust in the Saviour of Christians as his stay?

Without attempting, therefore, to analyse the list of converts

[1] This is a kind of woollen scarf, bordered with blue and edged with a fringe, which is worn by male Jews at their morning prayers. They are buried in it.

claimed by missionaries whose speciality lies among the Jews, it is enough to know that united Jewry protests with one voice against the reality of conversions from among its people. "Convert me?" exclaimed a foreign rabbi of some distinction, "Well, I will not say but that perhaps you may. Who knows? But this I tell you—and mark my words, nay, write them down if you please, and I will subscribe my name—that if I ever come forward to your font and seek to be baptized, or even if I go further and desire to obtain a share of your ministry and bow my head to receive your laying on of hands, know beforehand that my heart does not go with my lips. This I swear; and I charge you to denounce me as an impostor, for whatever I may profess to the contrary for gain or fear, my fixed resolution is to die true to the Law of Moses."

But while declining to believe in the conversion of their own people, Jews are equally stubborn in refusing credit to the religious convictions of the very men who try to win them over to another faith. There is a wide-spread feeling among them that Christians are at best only lukewarm believers in their own religion. This incredulity is not founded on any special laxity of life and irregularity of morals—blemishes which the thoughtful Israelite perceives to attach as closely to his own people as to the disciples of other creeds all the world over. Neither is it due to the cynical scepticism of professing Christians, which thinly veils the underlying arrogance of heartless infidelity; for this, again, he has long had reason to deplore in the most favoured families of Israel. His refusal is based on the ineradicable impression that the doctrines of Christianity are opposed not only to reason, but to revelation itself, and that before any one can heartily accept the teaching of the New Testament, he must have made up his mind to throw over the authority of the Old. To argue with him is mere waste of time. It only furnishes fresh food for opposition when he is told that his objections have been refuted a hundred times over from Justin Martyr downwards. It matters little to him that he is out of harmony in what belongs to man's highest instincts with all that is most noble and intelligent in the world. He glories in his isolation. Ply him with what arguments you will, and he still cleaves firmly to his opinion that the central truth of Christianity—God manifest in the flesh—involves a contradiction too enormous to be reconciled with his belief of what belongs to the Almighty, while the preaching of Christ crucified remains to

him what it has ever been to long generations of his people,—a stumbling-block against which he trips and falls. Instances are known in which pious Jews have been led to study the New Testament until they have learnt to speak of it with a dim kind of reverential awe. They are not prepared either to receive or reject it in its fulness. It is to them a good deal less than the Word of God, and at the same time a good deal more than the word of man. They may possibly go further. Being borne down with evidence that He whom Christians worship is really the Messiah, they may seem to be making up their minds to acknowledge Him as the Redeemer of Israel. But reading, argument, and evidence are in an instant flung to the winds when you call upon your listener to receive Him of whom you speak not only as Son of Man, but as Son of God. He rises in a rage and cries out "Blasphemy! This I cannot and will not believe."

But this is not all. Because the Jew cannot receive the doctrine he rushes to the conclusion that Christians themselves do not in their inner hearts believe it. Education, habit, association, superstition, and fifty other things are answerable in his eyes for the prevalence of what is supposed to stand amongst Christians for faith. Speak to him about the martyrs, or of men and women whose lives of patient self-denial have set forth examples of sacrifice hardly less heroic than martyrdom itself, and he will admit it all—fully and freely—while in the very next breath he will tell you that such as these were not Christians at all, in the sense in which public opinion has faultily learnt to use the term, but that they were every one of them Jews at heart, and that they needed nothing but circumcision to unite them to the family of the chosen people.

Utterly disbelieving, then, in the convictions of those who desire to lead him over to their own faith, and satisfied in his heart, that the only excellence about them is such as has been drawn from contact with the grand and unchanging truths of Judaism, an Israelite is not likely to look with much favour on the hopes and promises towards which Christian missionaries may strive to direct his eyes. The things offered are not of the kind he wants, and he has no confidence in the men who offer them.

But there is another obstacle in the way of bringing in the Jews which must not be overlooked, and that is the almost entire apathy of the female element in the nation to the claims of religion.

The case may be stated in half-a-dozen words as thus :—That the rabbis do not expect women to be pious, not, at least, in what is commonly understood to be the meaning of the term. They are under no obligation to join in the public prayers. With the single exception of the feast of Esther (Purim) they need never show themselves within the synagogue door. They would never be called to account for their absence, though it lasted through a lifetime. Private prayers fare the same; they may be said or not at pleasure. There is no sin in omitting them, and no merit in reciting them. In fasts and feasts woman-kind has no share. With true Oriental instinct they are banished to their own apartments while male Jewry weeps or rejoices. It is the same with funerals; they dare not follow a corpse beyond the outer step of the house. And so with alms-giving; they must be content to offer the merest trifle, lest they should be moved to lay hands upon what does not belong to them, in order to keep up appearances. But have they no recognised duties? Yes, there are three precepts which they are bound to fulfil. They must light the household candles on the eve of Sabbath and feast; they must make the offering of dough or bread every Friday night, and they must be careful about certain rites of purification. This is all—so that they are cut off from that intimate association with religion which belongs to the women of other creeds, and which is in itself, perhaps, the best preparation for the work of the missionary.

Then, again, though Jews mingle freely with Christians in business or pleasure, they are to all intents and purposes a separate people. This separation (which is wholly on the side of religion, and has little or nothing to do with politics or profession) is kept perpetually before their eyes by certain observances which they cannot systematically disregard without forfeiting all claim to be reckoned among "the chosen people." Thus, then, a man may please himself about going to the synagogue; he may prune down his prayers with such unsparing hand as to leave but an outlying slip here and there to mark their periodical recurrence; he may sink all scruple about the "fences"[1] of the Rabbis, and may look on placidly while they are being rooted up; he may rush through the gaps into the most astounding vagaries of furniture, company, books and apparel, he may fly the St. George's cross over his country mansion, and, being on friendly terms with the clergyman of his parish, may lay the

[1] These are laws devised for the better observance of Biblical precepts.

foundation stone of his new schools, and present him with a service of communion plate for his church; such things have been done before, and may be done again without apparent damage to the "spirit of Judaism," which our friend will continue to hold in dutiful esteem. Or, again, should his tastes happen to lie in another direction, instead of favouring Christian parsons and schools, he may become the patron of the turf and ballet, he may show himself in the betting ring, and in places of still more questionable resort; he may haunt casinos, he may drive jewel-bedizened actresses in the park, and may perform those thousand other eccentricities that are bound up with "seeing life" in London; all this he may do, and the rulers of his synagogue may be standing by without reproof. When his time comes to die, he will get his funeral oration as a matter of course, and a flaring inscription on his tombstone will proclaim as much of his lineage and virtues as can be crammed into the space. Why not? Is he not one of "the peculiar people?" He is circumcised, and that is enough, and a great deal more than enough, to mark him off from the rest of the unbelieving world. Who shall dare to gainsay the hallowed mark of election, which his people alone of all the nations of the earth are privileged to bear upon their person?[1]

Then, again, he has his Sabbath. Its observance, indeed, may have dwindled down to closed shutters and best clothes. Our Jew may be balancing his books inside the darkened shop, or, horror of horrors! he may be placidly smoking a cigar, or he may have driven out in his four-wheel, or he may have started on an excursion to the sea, or he may have gone to a concert, or he may have taken his wife and children to the play. But there the Sabbath is, a perpetual witness to the exclusiveness of his religion, and he cannot get rid of its weekly testimony if he would. It is different from the day observed by Christians—fundamentally different in origin and design—and however lax he may be in keeping it, the standing fact that the day of rest is with him the seventh, and not, as with all Christian nations, the first, is in itself an enduring memorial of his own spiritual isolation. As long, therefore, as he closes the shutters of his place of business from sundown on Friday till the stars begin to show on Saturday, he erects an outward and visible barrier between himself and the rest of mankind.

[1] The Mohamedans are circumcised, but their rite differs in an important particular from that of the Jews.

But the last and, probably, the greatest obstacle remains. He may hide his circumcision, he may forget his Sabbath, but still, in the teeth of all his laxity and indifference, he is a JEW. This is not written down as intending to convey a reproach, but merely as recording a fact. Do what he will, go where he will, talk as he will, mix with whom he will, the odour of Judaism will hang about him yet. Nothing that he can do—not even conversion, will get rid of it. Convert or no convert, it will be made plain to the last that the man belongs to another race. This will be brought home to him in a hundred little ways, and every now and then in some great ones also. There never will be any security, no not even for generations after he himself is laid to rest, that his lineage may not be rudely cast into the teeth of his childrens' children.

It is not the same with other nations; or, at all events, not to the same extent. A German or Frenchman may gradually lose all distinctive signs of nationality, and fuse with the people among whom he lives, so that in the course of a quarter of a century little but the foreign flavour of his name may remain to mark out the Teuton or Latin from the Anglo-Saxon crowd. Well-known cases, indeed, could be cited where foreigners resident in this country have so thoroughly cast their Continental skin as to become more English than the English themselves. But somehow or other the Jew (in the British Islands at all events) never escapes detection. He is always discovered, and, being discovered, he is always more or less regarded with suspicious reserve. Parliamentary honours, university distinction, and extensive legal practice do not in the least blind his eyes to the fact that he does not stand on perfectly level terms with the rest of Great Britain. And it is all the same if he changes it, for while his former friends will howl him down as "bastard" and "apostate," his newer allies, when the first fervour of petting is over, will offer him but a chilly welcome. Why, then, unless his heart be really touched, should he trouble himself about conversion? If, after all, Christianity promises him little that in his heart of hearts he cares to have, and if the transition from synagogue to church, while it does not advance his worldly hopes an inch, fails altogether to secure him against enmity and reproach—may he not as well stay where he is, and take his chance among the people with whom his birthright lies?

So, at least, he reasons: and he remains a Jew.

HE BURIAL OF THE WIDOW'S ONLY CHILD.

WRITTEN WHILST THE SOBS ECHOED IN THE EAR.

BY THE REV. W. E. HEYGATE, M.A.

RECTOR OF BRIGHSTONE, AUTHOR OF "THE FUGITIVE, AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

A MOTHER'S heart is in that grave,
A widow's heart was there;
The two-fold joy her marriage gave,
A two-fold sorrow bare.

First to the husband clung the wife
With constant love and pride,
Her very life was as his life,
And then her husband died.

But right amid her widow's woe
Her child—*His* child—was born;
His infant dress of spotless white
Shone by her garb forlorn.

In him the mother day by day
His father's face discerned,
And towards the child at work, or play,
Her bosom doubly yearned.

Oft to the churchyard hand in hand
Mother and child repaired,
And soon he learned to understand
And mourn the loss they shared.

And should he live, and should he grow
As like that father still,
What other joy remained below,
What object to fulfil?

Sure he would be a praise in youth,
And champion bold of right;
And grown to man, uphold the truth
With all his manhood's might.

And he would marry, and her place
Beside his fire would be,
That she might still behold his face,
His lovely children see.

And he should close her failing eyes,
And lay her in her grave,
Blessed be God, both kind and wise,
Who took, but also gave.

But *she* has closed *his* eyes! Below
Her feet lie both her dead;
And all that double weight of woe
Is pressing down her head.

Speak softly, friends. Two graves are there,
Her two hearts buried lie;
She lives a double grief to bear
Alone until she die.

May He who sent that double grief
A double grace bestow,
To feel in Him a sure relief,
And balm for all her woe.

Him may she meet who stopped of yore
The sad funereal train,
Who bade the widow weep no more,
But kiss her child again.

And resting here a little space,
Outside the city gate,
Behold once more their joyful face
Who now her coming wait.



GENTLEMAN GRAY'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XII.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

"UNCLE," said Eliza Wentworth, more than two months after William Gray's first visit to Half-moon Street, "I think you ought to send for Maria to stay with us for a time. I heard fine accounts of mamma's doings when I was at Mary's last week; I think they are all mad."

"Why, what are they doing, my dear?" said her uncle, who knew the very censorious character of his learned niece and her great powers of exaggeration.

"Well," she replied, "you remember that you left Half-moon Street in July, and the very next Sunday after you were gone, instead of going to church, as you know mamma did all the time you were in London, she took the girls off to that Methodist chapel again."

"My dear," said her uncle, "I have no right to control your aunt in her religious tendencies; and you know she was always a lady who insisted upon having her own way, therefore I cannot interfere."

"But, uncle, you do not know all; mamma has been inviting some of the tinkers or tailors who belong to the chapel to take tea with her, and one of them, I believe, has fallen in love with Maria."

There was always in the ring of Eliza's voice, when displeased, something so very irritating in its pettishness, that she often defeated her own purpose when she wished to find fault with others. It vexed Sir Henry now, and he said, quietly,—

"Your mother and sister are too sensitively refined to endure the society of coarse, vulgar people; so I think you must have been misinformed, Eliza. Who told you all this? or at least, how did Mary hear of it?"

"Through her lady's-maid," she replied, more gently; for she was conscious with what meanness she had questioned her on

the subject. "The woman had been sent with a message from Mary to mamma, and the new housemaid told her all about it."

Sir Henry Arundel looked grave. There was, no doubt, some foundation for these reports. At all events, he would invite his sister and the girls as soon as most of the present visitors had left; at present it was impossible to do so, as the house was full.

"London is always dull in November," he said; "by that time I shall be at liberty to receive your mother and sisters. I suppose the wedding day is not settled yet," he added, laughing.

"Oh, uncle, it is no laughing matter, I assure you," exclaimed the young lady. "But I suppose there is no such particular hurry; mamma is not likely to allow Maria to marry without consulting you, who have been such a friend to her."

"I think not," was the reply; "besides, November will soon be here, we are nearly half through October already, so don't make yourself uneasy, Eliza; you shan't have a 'tinker' for a brother-in-law."

The young lady tossed her head as she left the room, but the baronet, although to Eliza he had derided the idea that his delicate-minded niece would ever choose a man of coarse or vulgar habits or position, made a determination to invite them on the very first opportunity, and find out from his sister what it all meant.

Just as Sir Henry Arundel had stated, the latter part of July, the whole of August and September, and nearly half of October, had passed since he left town. Much had occurred during that time in Half-moon Street of which he would most likely disapprove, but nothing so serious as Eliza Wentworth seemed to suppose. As soon as she found her uncle had written to her mother, she hastened to accept her sister's invitation to join her at Brighton. Eliza had no particular wish to be detected as the principal informant in this case.

Mrs. Wentworth was seated at breakfast with her daughters when Sir Henry's letter arrived; she flushed a little as she read it, for she knew the invitation which it contained had a meaning; some one, no doubt, had been alarming her brother about the visitor at Half-moon Street. For a few moments she felt indignant, and determined to decline an invitation which she felt might lead to unpleasantness between them. Then, suddenly, a thought struck her; yes, she would go, and take the girls; this would be an excellent opportunity to carry out a scheme she

had in view; and if successful, all the better, and if not, then she would be guided by her own judgment.

"Mamma, how thoughtful you look!" said Harriet; "what can uncle Henry's letter be about?"

"Nothing to make me particularly thoughtful, my dear," was the reply; "it contains an invitation for us to spend a few weeks at Upton Park after the 10th. Should you like the change, Harriet?"

"Oh yes, mamma, very much; you know I have not been to Upton for two years.—Don't you remember, Maria, you and I were there together in the midsummer holidays? and it was such glorious weather."

"You will not find Upton Park quite so pleasant in November as it is in June," said her sister, in a tone that sounded rather sad.

"Don't you wish to go, Maria?" said her sister.

Mrs. Wentworth looked up at the question, and observed Maria anxiously.

"I think I should almost prefer to stay in London," she said, truthfully. "Mamma, do you think there will be much company at Upton?"

"No, Maria; your uncle says all their visitors will leave before the 10th, except Squire Evelyn and James and his young wife. You like Mrs. James Evelyn, I think, Maria?"

"Oh yes, mamma, very much indeed; although I have seen so little of her, it will indeed be a pleasant opportunity for us to become better acquainted."

"I think you like Mr. James Evelyn too, Maria," said Harriet; "at least, you ought to."

Maria's blushes became so painfully distinct that Mrs. Wentworth asked what Harriet meant.

"I will tell you some day, mamma," said Maria; "don't ask me now."

Mrs. Wentworth said no more, and Harriet, bending towards her sister, said, in a whisper,—

"Pray forgive me, Maria; I forgot."

"Your thoughtlessness makes you unkind sometimes, Harriet," said her sister; "I shall be afraid to tell you anything again."

"I will be more careful, I will indeed," said the young sister, as they left the room together soon after; "but I know you must like James Evelyn for telling Eliza that story about 'Gentleman Gray,' which you overheard."

"Don't talk about it any more, Harriet; and above all things,

promise me you will not mention William Gray's name at Upton."

"I will not, indeed I will not," she replied, throwing her arms round her sister's neck; "you are so good and gentle, it is a shame to make you unhappy."

The letter arrived on the 4th, so that there was nearly a week to elapse before the day of starting. Would William Gray visit them again before they left? These were Maria's thoughts. It was now Friday; they would see him and speak to him on Sunday; but would her mother tell him they were going away? She could not feel sure of this, for these Sunday meetings were a trial to Maria no less than to the young man himself. Mrs. Wentworth would stop and shake hands kindly in the chapel, or outside the door, but after a few minutes' conversation she would wish him good morning, in a tone that said unmistakably that he was not to walk home with them, although his own house was in the same direction. The young man's feelings were so sensitive, that he was not slow in taking a hint.

It was not pride that actuated Mrs. Wentworth when she thus summarily dismissed the young man, but a feeling that, until his real intentions and her decision were known, it would not be advisable to allow her daughter's name to be mixed up with his by the congregation at the chapel. The time came when he fully appreciated her good sense in this.

On the Sunday evening, however, when they met after the service, she told him of their intended visit. "We shall only be absent a few weeks, Mr. Gray," she said, kindly, "and on our return we shall hope to see you as usual."

They shook hands in a most friendly manner and parted, but the news almost stunned him. Had he really lost his chance? He had allowed all this time to pass without a word, and now Maria Wentworth was going away to society such as that in which he had once seen her at St. George's Church; and would she think of him at Upton Park? He returned to his home overcome with regret for the time he had lost. After a sleepless night he rose and tried to divert his thoughts by attention to business, but he found it impossible. After constraining himself to attend to some matters which imperatively demanded his opinion, he called his foreman, and giving him a few directions respecting an important order, he left the shop to his care and entered the house. As he passed up-stairs his housekeeper met him.



"Dinner is not quite ready yet, sir," she said, "but I will have it on the table for you in a very few minutes if you are going out."

"No, no," he said, hurriedly, and passing her two stairs at a time, "I cannot stay now. Have something ready for me when I return about three; I am going out on important business."

"Important business indeed!" muttered the old lady as she descended the kitchen stairs; "I can guess where you're going, sir; I expect you'll end by marrying a fine lady after all, and be miserable for the rest of your life."

"Tact is talent" is an aphorism often quoted, and, among other qualifications, William had tact enough to observe that well-bred people generally assumed a quiet style of dress, especially in the early part of the day; therefore, when he presented himself at the house in Half-moon Street his appearance was thoroughly that of a gentleman.

"Who can that be?" said Maria to herself, as she heard the double knock. "I hope Lucy will say mamma is out, for I do want to finish this drawing before we leave."

"My mistress is not at home, sir," said the young housemaid, whose thoughtless gossip with Mrs. Herbert's lady's-maid had created such a consternation at Upton Park; "but Miss Maria is in, will you see her?"

There was a pause. The opportunity he wished was open to him, and yet he shrunk from embracing it. The girl, who little thought how her description of the visitor from the chapel had been misrepresented, and who had as much respect for Mr. Gray as for any other of her mistress's friends, settled the matter:—

"Won't you walk in, sir? Mistress and Miss Harriet won't be long, they are coming home to dinner at three."

"Now or never," thought William, as he followed her in; but when he found himself in the drawing-room, and heard Hannah say she would tell Miss Maria, he felt almost as nervous as while waiting to see the white witch ten years before. He even recalled his feelings with some amusement as the thought suggested itself that he was himself *bewitched* now. Were it not so, what could have brought him to that house on such an errand? An impulse as strong as that which had induced him to come made him now determine to fly from the house. He had even risen from his chair with the purpose strong upon him, when the door opened, and Maria Wentworth entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Gray," she said, with more evident

trepidation than he had ever before observed in her; "mamma is not at home, but if you would like to wait, she will soon be in."

The timid, almost trembling tones of Maria's voice gave William Gray courage; he took the hand held out to him, and led her to a seat. Then he stood before her, and said,—

"I will gladly wait, Miss Wentworth; I have something to say to your mother which I cannot allow another day to pass without telling her."

Then he paused. The impulse was strong upon him to open his heart to this gentle girl, who, taken by surprise, sat in blushing confusion, not knowing what to say. At last she rose, and said,—

"You will wait, then, Mr. Gray? Shall I send you the newspaper to look over? and perhaps you will excuse me, I am very busy with a drawing which I am anxious to finish before we leave home."

Maria, in her innocence, had done the very thing necessary to fix the young man's decision.

"Miss Wentworth," he exclaimed, as she turned from him, "don't go, I beseech you; I ought not, perhaps, to speak to you first, but I must;" and then, feeling more painfully than ever the difference of position between himself and the young lady to whom he spoke, he added, "Will you be offended at what I am going to say to you?"

Maria, arrested in her progress across the room, now stood blushing before him. Did she not instinctively know what he wished to say to her? Did she not readily understand why he feared she might be offended? Come what may, she must not let him imagine her so proud as this. Without raising her eyes, she said, gently,—

"Mr. Gray, you cannot possibly say anything to offend me."

"Not if I tell you, Miss Wentworth," he exclaimed, in rapid accents and agitated tones, "that to me you are the dearest and best of women upon earth, and that the hope of one day making you my wife would be the highest happiness I could ever aspire to? Will you not be surprised to hear that a tradesman, who attends a little Dissenting chapel, yearns for the companionship of a refined and well-bred woman?"

He paused, almost breathless with excitement, and looked earnestly at her as she stood before him. He saw the deepening flush on her cheek, the trembling of the downcast eyelids, and

the heaving bosom which told of strong emotion. His calmness returned, his courage rose.

"Miss Wentworth, does my presumption offend you? Only say if it is so, and I will go."

Then she raised her eyes, and said, softly,—

"How can I be offended, Mr. Gray, at what you have told me?"

This was enough. He led her to a seat and took a chair by her side. His success overpowered him. The hand he had ventured to take was not withdrawn; while the silent and evident agitation of the gentle girl by his side convinced him that her heart was all his own. For a time he remained silent, too much overcome to speak; then he remembered that he had not, as he intended, spoken first to her mother, and that he ought to give a reason for so suddenly making known his wishes.

"Miss Wentworth," he said at last, "I have hitherto tried to avoid any word or look which might lead you to expect what I have now told you. I was anxious to be known by the other members of your family before I offered myself to you; but when I heard yesterday that you were going to Upton Park, I could not part from you without knowing my fate. I could not spare you to society so much more suitable to your position than my own, while I thought there was the slightest hope that you could love me well enough to take me as I am; and I did think sometimes that you loved me a little, and I well knew that, with all my caution, I must have sometimes betrayed to you how dearly I loved you. Miss Wentworth," he continued, "you have made me too happy, even if we are separated for ever by the iron rules of society. I shall always remember that there was one whose position in society raised her so far above me, by whom I was not despised."

"Mr. Gray," said Maria at last, raising her eyes to his face, and speaking gently yet firmly, "you must not talk of me in this way; you speak of yourself as if——"

"As if what?" he asked, bending over her.

At this moment a knock at the street door announced the return of Mrs. Wentworth.

"Oh, there is mamma," she exclaimed, rising hastily.

"May I speak to her?" he asked, also rising.

"I thought you came with that intention," she said; and then holding out her hand as she heard her mother's step in the hall,

she added, quickly and timidly, "Good-bye, Mr. Gray; how could you think I should be offended?"

For all answer he clasped the hand she offered in both his, drew her towards him, and stooping, kissed the fair brow that was not turned away from him. The next moment he was alone.

"I heard you were here, Mr. Gray," exclaimed the voice of Mrs. Wentworth, as she entered in her walking dress; "I hope my daughter has taken care of you. Is not Maria here?" she added, looking round the room in surprise.

"Miss Wentworth has this moment left the room," he replied, and as he spoke she observed his unusual agitation and want of self-possession. She then also noticed that he remained standing.

"Will you not sit down again, Mr. Gray?" she said. "I believe your visit was to me, I am quite ready to attend to you; and then, perhaps, when our business is over, you will remain and dine with us."

William Gray seated himself. This interview was more formidable than the one he had just ended. He already regretted the impulse which had carried him so far with Maria before speaking to her mother; yet he mastered his feelings so as to be able to say in reply to her invitation to dinner,—

"You are very kind, Mrs. Wentworth, but I am not quite sure that I shall be a welcome guest at your table after what has occurred this morning."

Mrs. Wentworth looked serious now, but he did not allow her to speak. Having made the first plunge, his courage rose.

"I have this morning told Miss Wentworth that it would be the proudest moment of my existence in which I could call her my wife. I ought to have spoken first on the subject to you, and I called this morning with that intention. I wished to have your decision upon it before you left London for Upton Park, where I knew your daughter would meet with gentlemen much more suitable to her in position than myself. Mrs. Wentworth, I never before regretted the fact of my being a tradesman; perhaps my parents were wrong in allowing me to be so educated as to wish for society superior to my position. But so it is, and I shall never marry unless I can obtain for a wife such a one as your daughter."

All this was uttered with so much rapidity that Mrs. Wentworth scarcely knew how to reply; she was sorry, for many reasons,

that the *dénouement* had occurred just now, yet she had been quite prepared to expect it when she first invited the young man to her house.

"I trust you will pardon my presumption," said William Gray, after a pause; "your kindness in inviting me to your house, perhaps, led me to entertain false hopes."

"Mr. Gray," said Mrs. Wentworth at last, "you have certainly taken me by surprise; yet I am not offended at your proposal for my daughter. With your tastes and education, I can quite understand your preference for a refined and educated woman, but I cannot decide on the subject until I have spoken to my brother. At all events, do not make yourself uneasy; I will not, for a trifling objection, oppose my daughter's wishes, if I find they are in accordance with your own. Maria has been, to me always a loving and dutiful daughter, even beyond her sisters."

She saw the flush of pleasure in the young man's face at this testimony, and her strong prejudice in his favour was increased. To say that she really and truly liked this young tradesman is saying very little of her real opinion respecting him. As she finished speaking she rose, and said kindly,—

"Mr. Gray, pray sit still; I will go and take off my things, and you will stay to dinner."

"Pardon me, madam," he said, also rising, "whilst there is the shadow of a doubt as to the result of my wishes, I feel it would be unwise for me to be much in your daughter's society; and I am sure you will forgive me for saying that after my interview with Miss Wentworth this morning, I cannot again enter your house but as her affianced husband."

"You are right in your decision," replied Mrs. Wentworth, who now, for the first time, understood how far matters had gone. "Well, wait patiently, I will talk it over with my brother, and write to you; you shall not be kept in suspense long."

She held out her hand, he took it without a word, and after a warm pressure, which made it tingle for some minutes afterwards, he hastily descended the stairs and let himself out, before the servant, who had been summoned by the drawing-room bell, could reach the door to open it for him.

"Well," thought Mrs. Wentworth, as she heard the door close, I have a task before me now, no doubt. I invited the young man to know more of him, and to give him and Maria an oppor-

tunity of becoming better acquainted with each other, for I knew she would never love an unworthy object. They have stolen a march upon me, certainly, and I shall have a hard battle to fight with my family. But let them say what they like, I would rather my daughter should marry a man like William Gray than one of those empty-headed fellows she meets at her uncle's, though they may be rolling in wealth and be allied to the bluest blood in the kingdom."

A few days after this Mrs. Wentworth and her daughters left Half-moon Street for Upton Park, and William Gray, as he sat in his counting-house in Down Street, felt the leaden sky and the dull, foggy atmosphere of November to be fit emblems of the dark, cold inner world of doubt and uncertainty in which he lived.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIR HENRY ARUNDEL IN A DILEMMA.

THE house at Upton Park was a large square building of red brick, totally devoid of ornament, with the exception of its handsome bay-windows, an addition of modern times. The park in which it stood had been already encroached upon for the Great Western Railway, then in course of formation. Sir Henry for a long time withstood the offers of the railway company to pay him a large sum for thus spoiling the estate, which had belonged to his ancestors for so many centuries, and he only submitted at last for the sake of his only son. The baronet had succeeded to a property which his great-grandfather's extravagance had very much impoverished. This advance from the railway company was therefore a great consideration. At present the progress of the line did not interfere with the view so as to spoil its undulating, graceful curves, nor the beauty of the fine old trees with which the ground was dotted. Now, however, they were gradually losing their bright colouring, and the golden, crimson, and brown leaves lay scattered in faded heaps around them. It was always a pleasant treat to Mrs. Wentworth's daughters to pay a visit to Upton, to Harriet especially, for she had not been in England since her midsummer holidays two years before. They were warmly welcomed, and Maria retired to rest the first night in great satisfaction at finding all the

visitors gone except old Squire Evelyn and his son and daughter-in-law. A day or two passed, and then Mrs. Wentworth felt it absolutely necessary to speak to her brother about Maria. "It would be not only unkind, but impolite," she reflected, "to keep Mr. Gray long in suspense; besides, she had promised." She little thought that her brother also was as anxious as herself to talk about Maria, and equally puzzled how to make a beginning. However, on the third day after her arrival she heard that the Evelyns intended to return home before the end of the week, and of all her brother's visitors she knew none were so likely to influence him in favour of William Gray, if all she had heard respecting their acquaintance with him were true. On the morning of the day when the fact that they were about to leave slipped out at breakfast, she ascertained that Sir Henry was in the library. Making the want of a book an excuse, she went in, and while choosing the volume she wanted, mentally asked herself how she should begin the subject, for in truth she had a difficult task before her. She almost started as her brother spoke:—

"If you have half an hour to spare, Eliza, I should like to have a little talk with you about Maria."

"With pleasure," she replied, seating herself, while her thoughts flew rapidly in wonder as to what he could have heard to make him speak so seriously. It almost took away her presence of mind, and yet it was a relief not to be obliged to begin the subject.

"I have heard," he said, gently, "that Maria has refused an offer from Captain Merton; is it true?"

"Yes, quite true," she replied; "she did not appear to care for him, and I have no wish to force her inclinations."

"No, certainly not; but Charlie Merton is a fellow any girl might like; she would have learnt to love him in time."

"I think not, Henry; Maria has peculiar tastes, and she is of a nervous, timid character, requiring a strong arm to protect her and a strong will, founded on high principles, to guide her; Charles Merton has neither."

"Well, perhaps not; but this is the second offer she has refused."

"Oh, don't speak of the first," said Mrs. Wentworth; "I could not wish her at eighteen to marry a man old enough to be her father."

"Well, no, no; but, Eliza, seriously, it is a mistake for Maria to lose her chances of a good marriage; she is, as you say, not

fit to battle with the world alone, as either of her sisters might have done. Of course, should anything happen to you, there is a home for them all here; but I am older than you, and we shall not live for ever."

"There is a great deal of truth in what you say, Henry," said Mrs. Wentworth, "and I feel deeply the kind promise you have made as well as all the brotherly affection you have always shown me; yet still I think we should study Maria's tastes a little, and, at all events, let her decide for herself."

"Now it is coming," thought the baronet; "Eliza was right, there is a 'tinker or a tailor' in the way. I am afraid," he remarked aloud, "that the new-fangled notions on religion which she learns at that chapel to which you have taken her will influence that decision; I cannot think what possesses you to continue that folly. Whom will she ever meet with there but some coarse, low, psalm-singing tradesman?"

"I thought you knew Maria better than to suppose she could be attracted by a low, coarse man in any class of society," said Mrs. Wentworth; "and the fact is, there is a young tradesman who attends that chapel whom I should be proud to call my son-in-law."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Sir Henry. "Eliza, what are you talking about? What—do—you—mean?" he added, lengthening out the question in disgust.

"I mean what I say," she repeated, for now she had broached the subject she was determined to go on. "Tradesman as he is, the young man is as well educated and as much a gentleman as yourself."

Sir Henry sat and looked at his sister in blank astonishment; he had scarcely believed Eliza's account, and here was palpable proof.

"Eliza," he said at last, "I can scarcely credit my senses; that you, whom I have always looked upon as a woman of keen penetration and good judgment, should be so deceived, perfectly amazes me."

"I am not deceived," she said, "and could you see the young man your opinion would be the same as mine."

Sir Henry appeared not to hear the remark; he spoke again, as if to himself,—

"And this young shopkeeper is after our Maria; like his impudence, indeed. See him! yes, if I see him I shall tell him my mind. Eliza, you are a greater fanatic than I thought, if

you can allow that sweet daughter of yours to marry one of these low fellows because he is up to all the canting humbug of the chapel-goers——"

"Hush, Henry!" said Mrs. Wentworth, gravely, "you do not know what you are talking about. However, it is absolutely necessary that you should know the facts of the case, for the young man has asked me to allow him to pay his addresses to Maria. I have not yet asked her, but I have every reason to believe she is really attached to him."

"I believe you are both gone mad," was the reply.

"Mad or not," she said, "I would rather my daughter became the wife of such a man, than give her to one of the proudest and wealthiest visitors at Upton Park."

"And pray to what trade does he belong?" asked Sir Henry, after a pause.

"He is an upholsterer," she said, quietly.

Sir Henry gave a prolonged whistle, expressive of unbounded astonishment.

"Eliza," he said, "I once thought you the proudest of proud women, what can have lowered you like this?"

"I do not feel lowered," she said, "by my approval of a man whom I consider suitable as a husband for my daughter."

"But," he said, more calmly, for his sister's firmness in the matter puzzled him, "these unequal marriages always end in misery."

"Yes," she said, hastily interrupting him, "for Maria to marry a coarse, vulgar, uneducated tradesman, or a weak-minded spendthrift as I did, would be productive of misery, no doubt."

There was a pause. Mrs. Wentworth's last remark was a home-thrust. Then she changed her tone to one of entreaty.

"Henry," she said, "I am here to seek your advice; it would break my heart to err in my judgment on such an important matter. I want you to see this young man, to invite him here; I have no fear that he will neutralize by his conduct any single word I have said in his favour."

"But, Eliza," said the baronet, "who is he? where does he come from? what are his antecedents? You have not even told me his name. A London upholsterer may of course be a respectable man, but I am not used to invite unknown shopkeepers to my table."

"Henry," she said, "I have told you nothing, because I wish you to find it all out for me you have the means close at hand

This young man's name is 'William Gray;' his father has been for many years a tenant of Squire Evelyn's; and James, I have heard, knows him well. These gentlemen are both now in your house; without compromising Maria in any way you can find out from them all you wish."

"Gray, Gray," said Sir Henry, "is that the name? why, I have heard Evelyn speak of him. It must be the man who furnished the house for Augusta."

"It is the same."

There was a pause.

"It all appears very absurd to me in the present aspect of affairs," said Sir Henry, "but, my dear sister, you know I am not unreasonable, and I would do anything to secure the happiness of dear Maria. Leave it to me; this evening, while you are in the drawing-room, I will find out all I can respecting this paragon of tradesmen."

Mrs. Wentworth pressed her brother's hand in silence, and left him to his own reflections.

That evening, when the gentlemen were alone, the conversation turned upon a subject which led indirectly to the matter which Sir Henry wished to introduce. Squire Evelyn, a man advanced in years, belonged to the same type as Sir Henry Arundel, being in very truth a gentleman of the old school. The custom of wearing powder had by this time disappeared, but the white, soft hair gave a venerable look to the fair, smoothly shaved, benevolent face, which still wore a healthy, happy expression. In the present day young people would have termed him "jolly." James Evelyn, who sat next his father, was equally light-hearted and bright-looking, yet his dark eyes were not brighter, although his hair still waved in the purple blackness which marked the difference between youth and age. Sir Henry Arundel in these days would have been called a Liberal-Conservative in politics, but his visitors, father and son, were out-and-out Liberals, and the coming Reform Bill was eagerly discussed as they sat over their wine. The new theory on educating the lower classes, and the advantages to accrue therefrom, the establishment of mechanics' institutes, the new plans introduced in the British and national schools, were then spoken of in the country as the march of intellect.

The period in which these events of our story occurred was indeed one of stirring excitement. The introduction of gas and macadamized roads, of police instead of watchmen in London

streets, the substitution of cabs and omnibuses for the old hackney coaches, steam-vessels on our rivers and across the Channel, machinery instead of labour in our factories, and the opening of the first railway between Manchester and Liverpool, were the beginnings of that progress which has continued ever since to invoke the aid of science and art in the discovery of wonders which astonish the world.

We need not be surprised, then, that these "Radicals," as they were called, felt proud of results which they considered were caused by the wisdom of their own political opinions.

"I am no enemy to improvement, as you know, squire," exclaimed Sir Henry, "but I think we are going on a little too fast. What do the children of the lower classes want with history and geography, and the higher branches of arithmetic? and I believe the absurdity is being carried still farther. French and singing and I know not what else are taught at our national schools more thoroughly than at half the schools for tradesmen's sons in the kingdom."

"I do not doubt it, Sir Henry," was the reply; "all the better. Something of this nature was required to rouse the middle classes to see the value of education, and to cause a revolution in the old worn-out systems adopted in private schools. You and I may not live to see it, but most surely the next generation will be a far more educated and intelligent race than the present, especially in the middle and lower classes. As it now stands, very few men can be called well-educated who have not been to a public school or the university."

"Well, and is it not the very thing to distinguish a gentleman from a tradesman?" said Sir Henry. "What would be the use of a classical education to a man in trade, a mechanic, for instance, or one who retails his goods over the counter?"

"There will arise another aristocracy soon, Sir Henry," said the squire, "the aristocracy of wealth. Already our London merchants have their sons at Eton and Harrow and the universities, and why not? I never could understand why a refined education should unfit a man for commerce. You will see we shall have as gentlemanly men in years to come in the counting-house, as could be found now among the oldest county families in England, and you know my own is among that number."

"The distinctions of society will be destroyed," replied Sir Henry; "and as to the education in the schools for the poor, the promoters of it will find out their mistake by and by."

"It is not unlikely the new system will be carried to an extreme, like every other novelty, but it will right itself in time, and the next generation will reap the benefit."

"Perhaps so," said Sir Henry, passing the wine. As he filled his own glass he asked, "Have you one of these new-fangled schools in your neighbourhood, squire?"

"Yes, we have; but until within the last few years no place in England less needed such a school. We have had residing with us for a quarter of a century a village schoolmaster of the most wonderful powers. He has sent more clever young men to London from our village who have made their fortunes, than any other village or town for miles round could boast of."

"Did he find materials among the rustics for such success?"

"Indeed he did; and what is more astonishing still, he is a man of high classical attainments, and evidently a university man. I once got access to his library, and saw books there that none but a man of deep reading would choose to call his own."

"And did he teach the clodhoppers Latin and Greek?" asked Sir Henry, in a slight tone of satire.

"No, he had too much good sense; except in one instance, he never tried to raise a lad beyond the position of his parents."

"Ah, Sir Henry," said James Evelyn, who, till now had entered very little into the subject, "that one instance would be an answer to your doubt as to what a tradesman could do with a classical education. There is not a more intelligent nor more thorough man of business than the boy whom our schoolmaster educated in such a superior manner. He has more taste and refinement than you will often meet with in many men considered above him in society, for the old gentleman took such a fancy to the boy, that he seemed determined to make a gentleman of him; and he certainly has succeeded, although the man is only a mechanic. He's a handsome fellow too, if that's of much consequence."

"What is his father?" asked Sir Henry, who felt sure they must be talking of the man he objected to so much for his niece.

"His father is a farmer," said the squire, "a plain homely man, with some little property, and one of my tenants. I believe our old schoolmaster wished the boy to study for some of the professions, but his father would not hear of it, and the young man showed his good sense by submitting to his wishes."

"It was too bad, though," said James Evelyn, "for old Farmer Gray's father was a clergyman, a curate in Cornwall, who married upon such a stipend as you know curates get, the pretty daughter of a Cornish farmer. I believe he died during the former's infancy, and when the young widow wrote to her late husband's friends, asking their advice about her boy, they took not the slightest notice of her letter. She had some spirit, for she wrote again, and then she received a letter through a lawyer, telling her that the friends of the Rev. John Gray knew nothing of his marriage nor of any wife, and that therefore they must decline replying to her letters. She wrote again, enclosing a copy of her marriage certificate, but no further notice was taken. Then the pride of the woman rose, and she foolishly injured her child to be revenged on his father's relations. 'He shan't grow up a fine gentleman with no money in his pocket,' she said; and she kept her word. She turned him out when quite a lad amongst the farm labourers at her brother's farm, and she taught him to feel the greatest contempt for any one who set up to be a gentleman because he was educated or well born, if he had no money in his pocket. She died before her son had reached his twentieth year, and then he found his way into Devonshire. With all his indifferent education he is a man of great shrewdness and intelligence, and in a very few years he raised himself by his industry to be the owner of Maplewood Farm."

"How came such a man to allow his son to be educated so much above himself?" asked the baronet.

"Oh, I believe he regretted his own deficiencies, and wished his only boy to know more than himself; but I should think the youth's intellect and intelligence, and his mother's wishes, had a great deal to do with it.

"I cannot see how the child of such a father could turn out so well," said Sir Henry.

"It can only be attributed to his constant association with a refined and polished man like the old schoolmaster. From eight years of age he was with him daily, and the old man seemed to mould him as he pleased. For years in our village the boys called him 'Gentleman Gray,' and after all, Sir Henry," said James, "if you argue from your own theory that the qualities of parents are hereditary, this young man may inherit some of these characteristics naturally from his grandfather, who knows?"

There was a pause, during which Sir Henry pushed the decanter towards the squire, and then he said,—

"Squire Evelyn, I know some little of this young man of whom you have been speaking; now I am going to make you prove your principles. If I invite this Mr. Gray here to spend a few days as a visitor, will you stay and meet him at my table, and—stop one moment, squire, will your son allow him to be introduced to his young wife?"

"Stay and meet him!" exclaimed the squire, "to be sure I will. Sir Henry, I shall be delighted to prove that a man need not be vulgar and coarse and uneducated because he is in trade."

"As for your question to me, Sir Henry," said James Evelyn, laughing, "as my wife is already Mrs. James Evelyn, there is, of course, no danger; but I should not advise you to invite William Gray here if you do not intend to take the consequences with Mrs. Wentworth's daughters."

"And now those ladies have been mentioned I think we may as well join them," said Sir Henry, adding, as he walked through the hall, "I should not invite the young man if I had not considered the consequences."

"You intend to do so?" asked the squire.

"Yes, I shall write to him this very evening."

After hastily drinking a cup of tea Sir Henry quickly left the drawing-room. On his return, not very long after, he walked up to his sister and placed a letter in her hands.

"I thought you would like to see what I have written," he said; "after you have read it please seal it, and perhaps you will put it in the post-bag yourself."

Mrs. Wentworth glanced at the address, she flushed a little, and then replied,—

"I will take care that it goes safely, Henry."

All this passed in an undertone. The squire sat in an arm-chair near the fire dozing, the sweet voices of Maria and Mrs. James Evelyn were heard in one of the beautiful duets from "Don Giovanni," while James Evelyn stood by the piano, turning over the leaves of the music. Harriet sat near the lamp at work. her quick eyes saw not only the letter, but the flush on her mother's cheek. What could it be that was first to be read and then so carefully posted? Low as were the tones in which her mother and uncle spoke, her sharp ears heard every word; and as she sat quite oblivious to the music at the piano, her imagination

was busy in forming conjectures which were not very far from the truth. These conjectures seemed likely to be realized, for a few moments after the two girls had retired for the night, Mrs. Wentworth, in passing to her own room, opened the door, and said, gently,—

"Maria, my dear, come into my dressing-room for a few minutes, I wish to speak to you."

"Yes, mamma," said Maria, but her colour deepened as she spoke. It seemed always an absurdity to speak of Maria Wentworth as blushing, her colour was always a delicate blush, like the bloom of a rose.

Harriet looked at her with a glance that seemed to say, "I know all about it," but the sisters did not speak to each other.

On the day of William Gray's unexpected visit to Half-moon Street Harriet's curiosity had prompted her to ask Maria what he wanted, but for once Maria hesitated to make a confidante of her young sister, so she merely replied, "He has a message for mamma, Harriet; perhaps she will tell you if you so much wish to know." But the shrewd little girl, who was half French in her intense enjoyment of a mystery, could not help seeing the burning cheeks and the bright look in the violet eyes that were generally so soft and timid. "There's a something," said the precocious young lady to herself; "I shall find it out, *ma petite*, without your help. *N'importe.*"

Mrs. Wentworth, after her interview with William Gray on the day to which we refer, stood for some time in the drawing-room after his departure in a state of complete irresolution. Should she question Maria at once, or wait till she had seen her brother? She decided on the latter. Therefore when they met at dinner she said calmly,—

"Mr. Gray asked my advice this morning, Maria, respecting some undertaking he has in hand, and I think I shall mention it to your uncle, he will be better able to decide than I on the subject."

Maria did not reply, and Harriet, although she could not avoid noticing that her sister seemed unusually agitated and nervous, asked no questions.

Mrs. Wentworth saw enough in the manner of her elder daughter to satisfy her as to her feelings respecting what had passed that morning, but in no way did she refer to it. Although fully determined that if she really loved this young man no opposition from her family should prevent the marriage, yet she felt that to gain over her brother as an ally would clear

the way of all greater difficulties. And now she had read his letter of invitation to William Gray, she must learn her daughter's real sentiments.

Maria, as she passed along the corridor which led from her own room to her mother's, guessed what questions she intended to ask her, for she knew of the interview that morning in the library with her uncle. The dressing-room when she entered looked bright and cheerful, and as Mrs. Wentworth stirred the fire into a blaze, the light flickered and danced on the richly furnished room. Maria cast her eyes round and thought of the plain, simple home which might be hers as the wife of William Gray, but she did not shrink from the prospect.

"You can go, Dennis," said Mrs. Wentworth to the maid whom Sir Henry always appointed to wait upon her during her visits to Upton Park; "Miss Wentworth will do all I require to-night."

The woman left the room, and then Mrs. Wentworth turned to her daughter.

"Maria, my dear, bring a chair and sit down by me; I want to talk to you."

Maria obeyed, and her mother, without hesitation, plunged into the subject.

"My dear, what did Mr. Gray say to you on the morning he called during my absence?"

Mrs. Wentworth's tones were most gentle as she spoke. There was a pause, and then Maria rose, and kneeling by her mother, buried her face in her lap. It was a favourite attitude of the timid girl when in sorrow or anxiety; she seemed as if better able to utter her thoughts in such a position.

"Mamma," she said, just raising her face to speak, "he told me that he loved me, he asked me to be his wife."

"Well, Maria?"

"Oh, mamma!" and then she raised her head, though the drooping curls partly concealed her face, "he thought I should be offended at his presumption. Mamma, how could I be?"

"And would you marry him, my child?—a tradesman and a farmer's son, remember,—and could you endure to live over a shop which belonged to your husband?"

"Mamma," she exclaimed, for her mother's words gave her courage, "I would marry him even if he were poor and despised, but not," she added, sadly, "without your consent and approval; but oh, mamma, if you meant to disapprove, why did you invite

him to your house? You know how good and clever he is, and how different from other tradesmen; no one would be ashamed of him, and I know you like him," she added, looking at her mother and smiling through her tears.

Mrs. Wentworth smiled too.

"I like Mr. Gray so well," said her mother, "that I have spoken of him to your uncle, and this is the result," she added, taking the letter out of her pocket. "You may read it, my dear, I have promised your uncle to send it to the post early to-morrow morning."

Maria, with a flushed, astonished face, arose from her knees and stood before her mother; then she took the letter and turned to the lamp to read it. Her mother watched her as she read. With the tears streaming down her cheeks she turned and gave back the letter; then, to her mother's surprise, for Maria was too timid to be often demonstrative, she threw her arms round her neck and wept. Mrs. Wentworth held her close for a few moments, and then she said,—

"Come, my dear, you must not excite yourself; besides, you must remember that your uncle has not yet quite conquered his prejudices, and if Mr. Gray should fail to realize all his friends the Evelyns have said about him, his visit here will only make matters worse."

"Have they spoken kindly of him to uncle, mamma? Oh, how good of them! I know now what Mr. James Evelyn meant when he said this evening they had been talking of a friend of ours. Mamma, I am not afraid;" and the gentle face glowed with that confidence which a loving heart feels in the one beloved; "William Gray will never fail."

"Suppose he should refuse to come,—for you know it is rather humiliating to feel that he is sent for to be looked at and criticised as to his fitness to be received as a member of the family; and he may resent it."

She paused for a moment with a look of fear, and then said, while her earnest fearlessness surprised her mother,—

"Mamma, he *will* come for my sake, I know he will."

"Well, my dear, perhaps you are right; but it is getting late, you had better go to bed. Mr. Gray will receive this letter to-morrow, so we are sure of a reply by Wednesday morning at all events. Good night, my dear, and do not forget that whatever happens will be ordered by Him who makes all things work together for good to them that love and trust Him."

SPRING RETURNS BUT NOT YOUTH.

BY R. W. BADDELY, B.A.

Ah, is it over, the season of youth?
The careless time, is it over and done?
Yet, nevertheless, the spring's sweet month
Comes singing out of the glorious south,
And the hills shine under the sun.

And morning comes, with the flower-giver,
The sooner forth from her golden door;
Yes! flowers are new by the dreamy river,
And new on the hills where the blue-bells quiver,
But alas! I am young no more.

And all my singing is full of sorrow,
And wearier stems life's weary way,
And Hope of Memory must borrow;
Once yesterday was sweet, and to-morrow,
Now only yesterday.

Ah, fragrant pathway that none retraces!
Ah, careless laughters no more that ring!
Ah, dreams I dreamt in pleasant places!
O rapid time! not thine the race is,
For youth is fleeter of wing.

O foolish spirit of man and blind!
If life's thread ran not from gold to gray,
Too sweet were earth unto mortal kind,
For even as grass or a bough follows wind,
Youth followeth any way.

The voice of Pleasure, and, under the skies,
As a siren's perilous song is hers,

And men must be like to one who plies
Her oar, for as death are her melodies
To loitering mariners.

Tho' sorrow darken the serious years,
Yet, remembering joy, a smile
Befits his memory more than tears;
To our ages his bloom shall return, to our ears
His music, after a while.

For, all beyond the shadowy river,
Where amaranths bloom in the happy land,
Joy waits, with guerdon for life's endeavour,
And sweetness welleth, for ever and ever,
From a golden harp in his hand.

THE MONTH: IN THE CHURCH AND IN THE WORLD.

MR. GLADSTONE, like too many other spoilt children of fortune, who when they find themselves unable to attain their ends by fair means resort to foul, has obtained a royal warrant for the abolition of purchase in the army in consequence of the determination of the House of Lords to reject the incomplete scheme in discussing which the session has been wasted. Even the *Times* describes the act of the Prime Minister as "a violent wrench to the constitution which must tend to damage the Government;" and on all sides, except among the journalists who earn their bread by truckling to the Liberal party, the same opinion has been expressed. In any case the proceeding is indefensible. If the Cabinet had decided to carry the measure at all risks, common honesty would have suggested that they should have said so at the outset, as the silence they preserved as to their intended *coup d'état* until the evening after the Lords' division can only bear a dishonourable construction. Thus to treat the peers with utter contempt is a policy which can never stand, and is far less straightforward than to proceed after the manner of the St. James's Hall demagogues, who threatened to expel the bishops from Parliament because they declined to listen to their noisy requests. Scarcely less discreditable was the attitude assumed by the Government when they were called to account for their proceedings; but by the attempt to throw on the majority of the peers the responsibility of the course they have pursued they can only cover themselves with shame. If the Upper House is to be nothing more than a mere debating club for hereditary peers, or a safe retreat for apotheosized members of the House of Commons, the sooner it understands the fact the better, as, apart altogether from the merits of the present question, such a position is untenable; and if, as long as Mr. Gladstone remains in office, every measure which the peers refuse to pass they are to be compelled afterwards to swallow in spite of their better judgment, they had better retire altogether into private life, and allow the English communists full sway. That such a

proceeding would, however, be acceptable to the country we can scarcely believe; and when the *John Bull* last Saturday described the Premier as digging his own grave in connection with this repulsive transaction, we believe the writer was not very far from the truth. Meanwhile the Ballot Bill stops the way, and thus the session is closing without a single complete measure of real practical value to the English nation having been carried.

Owing to the opposition of Lord Cairns, the clause in the Private Chapels Bill, which would have enabled a clergyman to open a building for church services without the consent of the parochial incumbent, was withdrawn in committee, although it was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. Thus the measure as it now stands will simply prevent the parochial clergy from interfering with the provision of religious ministrations in schools and other public institutions; the original proposal referred to above being at any rate shelved for another year, during which there will be time to consider it in all its bearings.

Sir Roundell Palmer's suggestion for the establishment of a legal university deserves attentive consideration. Although the simple qualification of eating dinners preparatory to admission to the bar is not all that is now required of candidates, there is practically no test of competency, as a man can obtain the needful certificate without passing an examination. It is true that no test will make a man a good counsel, but at the same time a recognised course of study, carrying with it a diploma, would exclude mere quacks from the profession, and is therefore much to be desired.

Ecclesiastically the month has been dull, which is equivalent to saying that there have been no fresh scandals, and that bishops and clergy have been occupied in the ordinary duties of their office. The letter of Canons Gregory and Liddon to the Bishop of London, in which they invited his lordship to make them the first objects of any prosecution he might institute or sanction, in connection with the Purchas case, has been replied to in language at once dignified and firm, but which at the same time makes it extremely improbable that their request will be granted, inasmuch as the bishop declines to proceed unless the authorities of the cathedral invite him to do so. As it is very unlikely that the Dean, the Archdeacon (Bishop Claughton), and Professor Lightfoot will lend themselves to the Church Association, such a result can scarcely be arrived at, and thus we have

the unhappy spectacle of a house divided against itself in the very central temple of the metropolis. How long such a state of affairs can exist it is impossible to say, but certain it is that the present position is most distressing to conscientious men of all schools, and to none, we are convinced, more than to the parties to this correspondence. Perhaps the best course that can be taken will be to secure a further trial of the question which has given rise to the contention; and if, as it is said, certain churchwardens intend to present their clergy to the Bishop at the ensuing visitation, for various offences against the judgment, an early opportunity will be afforded of bringing the whole matter once more into court. There never was a question to which there were more obviously "two sides;" and as the Privy Council has adopted a view which is not only opposed to the commonly accepted meaning of the words, but is declared by high legal authorities to be incapable of defence, it is not surprising that men should conscientiously decline to obey. If, on the other hand, the judgment is, like the decision in the Gorham case, simply to pass into a dead letter, it will only render the Church the laughing-stock of the sects; and we therefore once more renew our counsel that the clergy should appeal to the bishops as a body, not individually; and that on their lordships, as the legitimate leaders, the responsibility of further action should rest.

The formal resignation, by Bishop Jenner, of the see of Dunedin, to which he was legally appointed and consecrated, although the people of the diocese refused to accept his authority, has terminated one of the most unhappy passages in modern Church history. Those who know Dr. Jenner are well aware that he is the personification of a manly English prelate, with an instinct, it is true, in favour of church order and discipline, but with no inclination or intention to compel his brethren to adopt any hard and fast line in their interpretation of the Prayer Book rubrics. The views he holds are those of the school of which Ken was one of the brightest ornaments, and of which Keble, in these later days, was the well-loved representative; and we have yet to learn that they are in themselves sufficient to disqualify a man from filling the highest office in the Church. The absurd allegation that the bishop was identified with ritualism was founded on nothing more than the fact of his having taken part in a dedication festival at St. Matthias, Stoke Newington,—a proceeding for which, in connection with equally

advanced churches, the Bishop of Winchester might also be brought to book; and yet the Dunedin laity raised their objections to him on this very ground, and supported, it is to be feared, by other bishops whose "views," although in another direction, are more extreme, they have gained their end. The persons really injured are the Churchmen in the diocese, who have lost an honest and true-hearted leader, and, coupling the action in this case with the equally scandalous opposition of the Church Missionary Society to Mr. Baynes's appointment to Madagascar, we are inclined to ask whether, after all, these gentlemen are not acting the part of sectarians, and are thus losing all claim to the title of Churchmen.

Not the least striking feature in the daily newspapers of the past month has been the large number of appeals for money to aid in providing excursions for the poor. As to the object itself, nothing can be more desirable, but it is open to grave question whether there is not a good deal that is unsatisfactory in connection with such proceedings, owing to the readiness of certain journals to insert letters and advertisements, and the willingness of the public to lend their aid without proper investigation. In one case which has been brought under our notice the incumbent of a suburban church, whose local resources are amply sufficient for such purposes, adopted this comparatively easy means of raising the needful funds, and having thus established a precedent, we do not doubt that when the next summer comes round he will follow a similar course. To write a begging letter is far more pleasant than to ask for the money from those who ought to provide it, and thus a practice which is laudable in itself becomes actually mischievous. Far be it from us to stay the hand of any one who is inclined to give to others the annual holiday which he so richly enjoys himself, but we believe that in this, as in all responses to charitable appeals, the utmost caution and discretion are needed. Begging is now an art, and its most successful professors are often those who are the least worthy of aid.

Among the noblest of modern gifts for the poor of London is the princely benefaction of George Peabody for the erection of clean and airy dwellings for artisans, and scarcely less admirable than the object itself is the manner in which it is being gradually attained. In striking contrast to the administration of the Patriotic Fund, which is a standing disgrace to the Royal Commission, who are nominally, if not really, responsible for the large outlay for [office and other expenses, is the balance-

sheet furnished by the trustees of the Peabody Fund; and as another block of buildings in the Blackfriars Road is to be opened on the 1st of August, we gladly take the opportunity of calling attention to the fact. At first sight, and judging from the very small amount of attention bestowed upon the subject by the promoters of and subscribers to charitable institutions, such a matter may seem scarcely worthy of attention; but when we reflect on the startling announcement in *Low's Handbook*, that more than three millions and a half are annually expended on London charities, we begin to realize the importance of a careful examination of the working expenses.

A word of warning may well be said, in conclusion, to all who have any influence, either with those who act as parochial legislators, or with the poor themselves, on the necessity for a strict observance of sanitary regulations in the face of the by no means improbable prevalence of cholera during the ensuing autumn. It is already making its way towards us, and with our enormous commercial transactions with Eastern countries and with all European ports, we may at any moment find a paragraph in our newspapers announcing that the dread visitor is at our doors. In regard to this, as well as to the still more terrible scourge of small-pox, which is at last beginning to relax its hold on our large towns, it is surely needless to add that "prevention is better than cure;" but, remembering the fearful results of the neglect of parish officials previous to the last epidemic, we earnestly entreat our readers to use their influence as generally as possible for the public good. If Mr. Bruce's Water Bills had passed, one chief agent in spreading the disease would have been removed, by the compulsory and constant supply of pure water by the public companies; but as these measures were doomed to make way for greater schemes, the work must be done in each district by those who will immediately suffer if precautionary measures are neglected.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Canadian Dominion. By CHARLES MARSHALL. Longmans, Green, and Co.

IT is a curious fact that while book-writers and book-makers—and this is by no means a distinction without a difference—have provided us with endless descriptions of American scenery and Yankee manners and customs, very few trustworthy writers have attempted to supply a succinct account of the Canadian Dominion, which, from its more immediate connection with this country, naturally possesses a strong interest for Englishmen. To supply the want, pen and pencil are alike employed by the author of this volume with considerable success; and as he stands before us in the frontispiece in a Red River costume, his face at once prepossesses us in his favour. His book, although not overloaded with facts and statistics, contains ample information as to the products and commerce of the country, and one of the most interesting chapters is that describing the lumber, or tree-felling trade, which not only provides timber for export and home use, but clears the way for new settlers in the dismantled forests. Even his experiences of the backwoods were pleasant, and in a remote inn he noticed among a collection of books on the landlady's table Faber's "All for Jesus," "Gil Blas," and the Waverley novels; while at another settlement he fell in with a party whose gaiety outlasted that of the most genuine of our home pleasure-seekers, inasmuch as "after dancing all night they danced all the next day on a poop without rails to save the giddy couples from a waltz into the river." After a careful perusal of the volume, to which the luxuriously large type is a considerable inducement, it is difficult not to agree with Mr. Marshall that, despite the prevalent opinion that every year in Canada has thirteen months' winter, it is in many ways a most desirable home for English emigrants; and the success and happiness of the parties sent out by Miss Rye and the Rev. A. Styleman Herring, of Clerkenwell, go far to support his view. To use the author's words, "The fact of the generally healthy condition of the people, the splendid development of the men, the preservation of the English type of beauty of the women, may be taken in proof of the excellence of the climate, and may well be allowed to influence the choice of an Englishman who seeks a new home for his family." Added to this it is asserted that the popular feeling in Canada is strongly in favour of its continued union with England; and thus with only a week's passage from the

mother country it can scarcely be regarded as a distant land. For further particulars as to the scenery and the people we must refer our readers to the author's sketches; and we would suggest that in those districts where emigrants' clubs are forming, good service might be done by reading in public some selections from his pages.

The Age of Stucco. A Satire in three Cantos, and Invocation to my Pipe. By HENRY O'NEIL, A.R.A. Chapman and Hall.

EVERY one who is not a hopelessly prejudiced admirer of the present age, its leaders, its manners, and its customs, should read this book; inasmuch as the author indulges in a freedom of criticism, which is positively refreshing after the unwholesome laudations so readily bestowed upon our popular men and our popular habits. Although his poetry is by no means as good as his painting, Mr. O'Neil writes in a thoroughly attractive style, and there is a dash of genuine humour in many of his most pointed allusions. At the politicians of the day he is specially indignant:—

"How prone to falsehood and to scurvy tricks
Are they who make a trade of politics!
A statesman sees no good in any measure
Brought in by foes, and yet the same's a treasure;
For when he hurls its author from the throne
Of office, he adopts another tone,
And, with unblushing impudence, proclaims
The bill he thought so worthy of the flames
Complete in every sense,—so free from flaw,
'Twere wisdom straight to pass it into law.
But, to gain office, men must not be nice,
Or look on falsehood as a vice."

His diatribes on Mr. Gladstone are the most severe portion of the book; but it must be admitted that, caustic as they are, there is a great deal of truth in them. On Mr. Ayrton he is naturally unmerciful, his own devotion to art rendering him the more ready to impale the unhappy member for the Tower Hamlets:—

"For one so void of judgment or of grace,
Classic Whitechapel is the proper place.
Not in St. Stephen's can your worth be shown,
Ayrton!—in vestry halls erect your throne;
There you may reap no end of power and fame,
In more enlightened precincts—only shame."

But while many pages are thus filled with what is truly called "satire," there is a great deal of sound truth in all parts of the work; as, for instance, when he says:—

"Perfect equality is but a dream—
Nay, were it possible, no man, I deem,
Would care to see it realized. The hope
To prosper in life's struggle gives a scope
To human energy, and has its share
In what renown a nation has to bear."

Again, when speaking of the absence of concentration which marks men in the present day, he says :—

"There lies the highest wisdom,—just to do
Your proper work, and not another's too.
Man's time on earth for reaping is so brief,
Who sows his wheat with tares will to his grief
Find that the harvest, though it may be mickle,
In quality is scarcely worth the sickle."

The prevailing sensationalism which has left its mark on the painting, the music, the literature, and even the ordinary occupations and amusements of this "age of stucco" the author never spares; and if the reading of his book produces no other effect, it can scarcely fail to tear away to some extent the veil which hides from the world's votaries the flimsy unreality of their pursuits, and thus its perusal is calculated to do good in all quarters. The volume is inscribed to Anthony Trollope.

An Historical Review of Literature and Art in Great Britain, from the Accession of the House of Hanover to the Reign of Queen Victoria. By J. MURRAY GRAHAM, M.A. Longmans, Green, and Co.

THE plan of this work may be deemed ambitious, and it undoubtedly is a bold scheme to combine within a single volume a survey of literature and art extending over a century and a half, but at the same time the result of the author's labours proves that he was well qualified for his task, and that he was therefore amply justified in undertaking it. His reading must have been systematic and thorough, and he gives us, briefly and comprehensively, the chief characteristics of the literary and artistic workers of the reigns of the four Georges and of William the Fourth, staying his hand on reaching the productions of authors and artists who are still amongst us, although in a few cases he departs—perhaps unwisely—from this salutary rule. The design thus carried into execution is most useful to the student, inasmuch as while the past of English literature and art has furnished the subject of many text-books, its recent history has been comparatively neglected. In the arrangement of his topics Mr. Graham has been studiously systematic, and literature, architecture, painting, and sculpture, are treated in succession with unquestionable ability, the historical details being accompanied in many cases by critical remarks, to the

general fairness and accuracy of which we have great pleasure in bearing testimony. The chapters on literature are arranged under the heads of History and Biography, Fictitious Narrative, Poetry, The Drama, Periodicals and Essays, Epistolary Writing, Voyages and Travels. The architectural notices are divided under the Palladian and Gothic Schools. Of our national school of painters the rise and progress are carefully traced, and the author writes with intelligent appreciation of the works of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, passing on to the consideration of landscape, rustic, and animal painting, book illustrations, historical and portrait painting, and the later school of social and domestic painting, or, as he terms it, "life and manners painting;" concluding with a notice of recent landscape painters, water-colour artists and engravers. Sculpture is effectively dealt with from the time of Flaxman, who may be described as the father of the higher school of English workmanship, down to the current year, when poor Munro passed away to an untimely grave at Cannes. In such a vast field several names will naturally occur to the reader as being worthy of a passing note which have been altogether omitted by the author; but on the whole he may be congratulated on having grappled most successfully with a very difficult subject, and on having presented us with a volume which, for independent research and fairness of criticism, has seldom been surpassed. The only point open for regret is that while every other branch of the fine arts was included in his investigations, he did not carry his notices one step further, and do for Music what he has done for Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture. In a future edition such an addition to the volume would add materially to its value.

Hours of Exercise in the Alps. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. Longmans, Green, and Co.

To encounter the celebrated professor and lecturer of the Royal Institution as an ardent mountain climber, will perhaps at first astonish the reader who associates with the man of science the retirement of the study and the researches of the laboratory rather than the excitement of the summer tour, but certain it is that without the "hours of exercise in the Alps" which are here so effectively described, we should never enjoy the services of our Tyndalls and our Owens. The laborious task of investigating into the hidden things which make up the mysteries of life necessitates relaxation in one form or other, and thus the old schoolboy experience is realized, and he who plays best proves in the end to be the best worker. In this case, however, Professor Tyndall has combined with a very pleasant record of his Swiss tours a vast amount of that scientific information which he so well knows how to present in an attractive form, and his theories as to the

agencies which have produced the present conformation of the Alpin range occupy a considerable portion of the volume. To the general reader, however, the chief attraction of the work will lie in the graphic descriptions of the dangers of mountain life; and aided by the illustrations, for the publication of which the author tells us we have to thank Mr. William Longman, he will be able very fairly to realise the enjoyments and the risks of a trip to the glaciers and the snow-peaks. Added to the volume are two papers which will be read with general interest,—by Mr. Vaughan Hawkins and Mr. Philip Gossett, both dealing with exciting experiences of the same character.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE handsome reprint of *J. and C. Wesley's Sacramental Hymns* and *Eucharistic Manuals* (Bull, Simmons, and Co.), edited by W. E. DUTTON, is not only a welcome addition to our stock of devotional works, but is also useful from the evidence which it affords as to the real views of the Wesleys on this all-important point. No one who looks through the hymns can question the belief of the two celebrated brothers in the doctrine of the Eucharist, as it is set forth in our Communion Office in contradistinction to the mere Zuinglian view, which unhappily still finds a place in the creed of many of our clergy; and at the present moment this unanswerable testimony is specially valuable when such strenuous efforts are being made to prove that the Wesleys apostatised from the faith. A word of praise must be given to the editor for his interesting introduction, and for the care with which the work is presented with strict fidelity to the original text.

The eleventh half-yearly volume of the new series of *The Monthly Packet* (J. and C. Mozley) contains the usual varied supply of tales and articles, chiefly appealing to the younger members of our families, and all distinguished by their adherence to the old standard of Churchmanship which has made for the magazine so many friends. Among the best papers are the historical sketches, but the tales are fairly written, and taken as a whole the reputation of the periodical is well kept up.

From Messrs. Griffin and Co. we have received the first volume of *Spenser and his Poetry*, by Dr. CRAIK, which is to form the conclusion of the admirable series of *Bell's British Poets*, already recommended to our readers. The work is admirably done, and the explanations of the text are as clear as they are reliable.

A school edition of *Cicero's Pro Sexto Roscio Amerino*, by the Rev. JAMES DAVIES (Lockwood and Co.), forming an additional volume of *Weale's Classical Series*, has been published for the use of candidates for the Cambridge Local Examinations, but it will prove a valuable aid

to the study of the work in all schools where it is generally read. The notes are concise and clear.

A pleasant proof that whatever may be the general rule as to the treatment of *employés* in large metropolitan establishments, there are cases where their spiritual as well as their temporal interests are cared for, is furnished by a volume of lectures on *The Religion of Daily Life*, by the Rev. R. H. A. BRADLEY (Longmans), which were delivered during Lent at Her Majesty's Printing Offices. The author's apology in the preface for the comparatively rough style of the work is needless, for the directly personal interest which his earnest words prove that he felt in the welfare of his audience amply atones for any apparent hastiness in the writing. Although they were Lent lectures, they deal almost exclusively with the duties of home life in its relation to temporal happiness, and thus the absence of definite Church teaching will strike the reader; but this is explained by the author, who tells us that the spiritual aspect of personal religion was treated in a previous series of lectures. At the same time, while we cordially approve of the practical and manly tone of the whole book, so invaluable in speaking to men who, like the compositors and others engaged in such an establishment as Messrs. Spottiswoode's, are necessarily acquainted with the hard realities of the struggle for bread, we cannot help feeling that a more definite setting forth of the functions of the Church in relation to the every-day duties of the home and the workshop would have been an improvement.

A Few Short Prayers for those living in the World, by the Rev. OSWALD J. REICHEL (Longmans), is the title of a little book of family prayers to which we can give unreserved praise. Chiefly taken from the Prayer Book, it provides the family as well as its head with the opportunity of taking an audible part in the home matins and evensong, while its brevity fits it for use in every household. It is a little book which Churchmen may safely distribute, and which gives no uncertain sound.

The celebration of the Scott Centenary has suggested to Mr. George Croal the publication of a collection of six songs by the great poet and novelist, set to appropriate music. The *Centenary Souvenir*, as it is termed, is issued by Messrs. Houlston and Sons, and the handsome style in which it is printed, coupled with the very attractive nature of the songs and accompaniments, renders it a most charming gift, thoroughly appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Croal may be congratulated on the spirited manner in which he has carried out his design.









